THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOME

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

Homerus

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A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

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MDCCXCVI.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulyſſes from Calypſo.

PALLAS in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulyſſes in the iſland of Calypſo; whereupon Mercury is ſent to command his removal. The ſeat of Calypſo deſcribed. She conſents with much difficulty, and Ulyſſes builds a veſſel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempeſt, in which he is ſhipwrecked, and in the laſt danger of death; till Leucothea a ſea-goddeſs aſſiſts him, and after innumerable perils he gets aſhore on Phæacia. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

ULYSSES makes his firſt entry in this book. It may be aſked where properly is the beginning of the action? It is not neceſſary that the beginning of the *action* ſhould be the beginning of the *poem*; there is a natural and an artificial order, and Homer makes uſe of the latter. The action of the Odyſſey properly begins neither with the poem, nor with the appearance of Ulyſſes here, but with the relation he makes of his departure from Troy in the ninth book. Boſſu has very judiciouſly remarked, that in the conſtitution of the fable, the Poet ought not to make the departure of a prince from his own country the foundation of his poem, but his return, and his ſtay in other places involuntary. For if the ſtay of Ulyſſes had been voluntary, he would have been guilty in ſome degree of all the diſorders that happened during his abſence. Thus in this book Ulyſſes firſt appears in a deſolate iſland, ſitting in tears by the ſide of the ocean, and looking upon it as the obſtacle to his return.

This artificial order is of great uſe; it cuts off all languiſhing and unentertaining incidents, and paſſes over thoſe intervals of time that are void of action; it gives continuity to the ſtory, and at firſt tranſports the reader into the middle of the ſubject. In the beginning of the Odyſſey, the gods command Mercury to go down to the iſland of Ogygia, and charge Calypſo to diſmiſs Ulyſſes: one would think the poem was to end in the compaſs of a few lines, the Poet beginning the action ſo near the end of the ſtory; and we wonder how he finds matter to fill up his poem, in the little ſpace of time that intervenes between his firſt appearance and his re-eſtabliſhment.

This book, as well as the firſt, opens with an aſſembly of the gods. This is done to give an importance to his poem, and to prepare the mind of the reader to expect every thing that is great and noble, when Heaven is engaged in the care and protection of his heroes. Both theſe aſſemblies are placed very properly, ſo as not to interrupt the ſeries of action: the firſt aſſembly of the gods is only preparatory to introduce the action: and the ſecond is no more than a bare tranſition from Telemachus to Ulyſſes; from the recital of the tranſactions in Ithaca, to what more immediately regards the perſon of Ulyſſes.

In the former council, both the voyage of Telemachus and the return of Ulyſſes were determined at the ſame time: the day of that aſſembly is the firſt day both of the *principal action*, (which is the return of Ulyſſes) and of the *incident*, which is the voyage of Telemachus; with this difference, that the incident was

immediately put in practice, by the descent of Minerva to Ithaca; and the execution of it takes up the four preceding books; whereas the principal action was only then prepared, and the execution deferred to the present book, where Mercury is actually sent to Calypso.

Eustathius therefore judges rightly when he says, that in the first council, the safety alone of Ulysses was proposed; but the means how to bring it about are here under consultation, which makes the necessity of the second council. P.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ſaffron morn, with early blùſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light.
Then met th' eternal Synod of the ſky, 5
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, ſublime in majeſty.

NOTES.

Ver. 1.] The verſion would have been better confined, like it's original, to a couplet, thus:

Now roſe *Aurora* from Tithonus' bead,
And *her* new *beams on gods and mortals ſheds*

or as Ogilby, who is very good:

Aurora, leaving Tithon's golden bed,
Ore heaven and earth daies glorious luſtre ſpread.

Pallas, to theſe, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wiſe Ulyſſes, and his toils relates;
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying pow'r, 10
The nymph's ſeducements, and the magick bow'r.
Thus ſhe began her plaint. Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the bliſsful ſeats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy ſway,
Or bleſs a people willing to obey, 15
But cruſh the nations with an iron rod,
And ev'ry monarch be the ſcourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulyſſes you remove,
Who rul'd his ſubjects with a father's love.
Sole in an iſle, encircled by the main, 20
Abandon'd, baniſh'd from his native reign,
Unbleſt he ſighs, detain'd by lawleſs charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way. 25

Ver. 8.] There ſeems too much fanciful expanſion here. He ſhould have comprized the period in a couplet, thus:

There Pallas, *mindful of her* hero's fates
In the nymph's bower, his *endleſs woe* relates.

Ver. 14.] The reader may compare Brome's tranſlation of the ſame verſes of their original, in book ii. verſe 261 to verſe 267. but in all theſe compariſons, we ſhould recollect the impoſſibility of proving to what degree of finiſh the verſion of his coadjutors might be retouched by the delicate pencil of our conſummate artiſt.

Ver. 20.] Fenton's tranſlation, correſpondent to this and the *two* ſucceeding couplets, may be ſeen at book iv. verſe 757 to verſe 761.

And now fierce traitors, ſtudious to deſtroy
His only ſon, their ambuſh'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To ſacred Pylos and to Sparta came.
What words are theſe (reply'd the Pow'r who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with ſtorms)
Is not already in thy ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot Wiſdom do? Thou may'ſt reſtore
The ſon in ſafety to his native ſhore;
While the fell foes who late in ambuſh lay,
With fraud defeated meaſure back their way.
Then thus to Hermes the command was giv'n.
Hermes, thou choſen meſſenger of heav'n!
Go, to the Nymph be theſe our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree Ulyſſes ſhall return:

Ver. 28.] It is impoſſible, I ſhould think, for an Engliſh reader to annex the ſenſe required by his author to the language of this verſe; that of "going in queſt of ſome intelligence concerning his father:" nor, I preſume, did our Poet mean to be underſtood thus, but was miſled either by the common Latin tranſlation *poſt patris famam*, or by Chapman's verſion:

——————— ſince *his father's fame*
He puts in purſuite, and is gone as farre
As ſacred Pylos.

Ver. 32.] I cannot elicit a legitimate grammatical conſtruction from this ſentence. We might correct as follows:

Has not thy ſoul already *this* decreed—.

Ver. 40.] Theſe rhymes are inaccurate. Thus?

The chief ſhall honour as ſome heav'nly gueſt,
And ſwift tranſport him to his place of reſt.
His veſſels loaded with a plenteous ſtore 50
Of braſs, of veſtures, and reſplendent ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful iſle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble ſpoil)
His friends, his country, he ſhall ſee, tho' late;
Such is our ſovereign will, and ſuch is fate. 55
He ſpoke. The god who mounts the winged winds
Faſt to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main.

Ver. 52.] Theſe rhymes cannot be deemed correctly true. Thus?

A richer prize, than if *his ſhare had come*
Of Ilion's noble ſpoil *in ſafety home.*

Ver. 56. *The god who mounts the winged winds.*] This is a noble deſcription of Mercury; the verſes are lofty and ſonorous. Virgil has inſerted them in his Æneis, lib. iv. 240.

— — — "pedibus talaria nectit
"Aurea: quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſupra,
"Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant:
"Tum virgam capit: hâc animas ille evocat Orco
"Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit;
"Dat ſomnos adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat."

What is here ſaid of the rod of Mercury, is, as Euſtathius obſerves, an allegory: it is intended to ſhew the force of eloquence, which has a power to calm, or excite, to raiſe a paſſion, or compoſe it: Mercury is the god of eloquence, and he may very properly be ſaid θελγεῖν, καὶ ἀγείρειν, to cool or inflame the paſſions according to the allegorical ſenſe of theſe expreſſions. P.

The ſame paſſage has already occurred in Iliad xxiv. verſe 417.

He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly, 60
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heav'n to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So wat'ry fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood, 65
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
'Till now the distant island rose in view:

Ver. 63.] More exactly,

And *skims with winged speed* the rolling deep.

Or, as the same rhymes so soon recur, would not a variation be preferable here?

Then, *shot* from heav'n, Pieria's steep he gain'd,
And his swift course o'er ocean's breast maintain'd.

Ver. 64. *So wat'ry fowl.*] Eustathius remarks, that this is a very just allusion; had the Poet compared Mercury to an eagle, though the comparison had been more noble, yet it had been less proper; a sea-fowl most properly represents the passage of a deity over the seas; the comparison being adapted to the element.

Some ancient criticks marked the last verse τῷ ἴκελος, &c. with an obelisk, a sign that it ought to be rejected: they thought that the word ὀχήσατο did not sufficiently express the swiftness of the flight of Mercury; the word implies no more than *he was carried:* but this expression is applicable to any degree of swiftness; for where is the impropriety, if we say, Mercury was borne along the seas with the utmost rapidity? The word is most properly applied to a chariot, ἵππῳ ὄχος, ὃ ἐστὶν ἅρμαλος. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 66.] Thus Ogilby:

Like a sea fowle, whose fanning pinions *sweep*
The furrow'd visage of the frowning *deep*.

Ver. 68.] Our Poet might be indebted for this elegance to Chapman:

— — — he past a *world* of wilderness.

Then swift ascending from the azure wave, 70
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot in which the nymph he found,
(The fair hair'd nymph with ev'ry beauty crown'd)

Ver. 72. *The nymph he found.*] Homer here introduces an episode of Calypso: and as every incident ought to have some relation to the main design of the poem, it may be asked what relation this bears to the other parts of it? A very essential one: the sufferings of Ulysses are the subject of the Odyssey; here we find him inclosed in an island: all his calamities arise from his absence from his own country: Calypso then, who detains him, is the cause of all his calamities. It is with great judgment that the poet feigns him to be restrained by a deity, rather than a mortal. It might have appeared somewhat derogatory from the prudence and courage of Ulysses, not to have been able by art or strength to have freed himself from the power of a mortal: but by this conduct the Poet at once excuses his hero, and aggravates his misfortunes: he is detained involuntarily, but it is a goddess who detains him, and it is no disgrace for a man not to be able to overpower a deity.

Bossu observes, that the art of disguise is part of the character of Ulysses: now this is implied in the name of Calypso, which signifies *concealment*, or *secret*. The Poet makes his hero stay seven whole years with this goddess; she taught him so well, that he afterwards lost no opportunities of putting her instructions in practice, and does nothing without disguise.

Virgil has borrowed part of his description of Circe in the seventh book of the Æneis, from this of Calypso.

— — — "ubi solis filia lucos
"Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
"Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
"Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas."

What I have here said shews likewise the necessity of this machine of Mercury: it is an established rule of Horace.

"Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
"Inciderit:"

Calypso was a goddess, and consequently all human means were insufficient to deliver Ulysses. There was therefore a necessity to have recourse to the gods.

She ſat and ſung; the rocks reſound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a riſing blaze: 75
Cedar and frankincenſe, an od'rous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the iſle;
While ſhe with work and ſong the time divides,
And thro' the loom the golden ſhuttle guides.
Without the grot, a various ſilvan ſcene 80
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;

Ver. 74.] The latter clauſe is added by our tranſlator, who has found this thought a commodious interpolation in many former inſtances. Thus? with more fidelity:

There trill'd her voice divine enchanting lays.

On the preſent occaſion, he had recourſe to Dryden's verſion of the parallel paſſage in the Æneis, vii. 15.

— — — the goddeſs waſtes her days
In joyous ſongs; *the rocks reſound her lays.*

Ver. 76.] Thus Chapman:

Of cedar cleft, and incenſe was the *pile,*
That breath'd an odour round about the *iſle:*

And Ogilby:

Burning ſweet incenſe in a heap'd-up *pile,*
Which ſpread a ſweet perfume through all the *iſle.*

Ver. 80. *The bow'r of* Calypſo.] It is impoſſible for a painter to draw a more admirable rural landſcape: the bower of Calypſo is the principal figure, ſurrounded with a ſhade of different trees: green meadows adorned with flowers, beautiful fountains, and vines loaded with cluſters of grapes, and birds hovering in the air, are ſeen in the livelieſt colours in Homer's poetry. But whoever obſerves the particular trees, plants, birds, &c. will find another beauty of propriety in this deſcription, every part being adapted, and the whole ſcene drawn agreeably to a country ſituate by the ſea. P.

Milton, Par. Loſt, iv. 140.

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene:

Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;
On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form, 85
The chough, the ſea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And ſcream aloft, and ſkim the deeps below.
Depending vines the ſhelving cavern ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing thro' the green.

---

and it is manifeſt, that our epic bard throughout that paſſage had this part of the Odyſſey before him. But Dryden's verſion of that paſſage in Virgil, which has ſome reſemblance to the lines before us, was more expreſsly adumbrated by Pope:

> Betwixt two rows of rocks, *a ſylvan ſcene*
> *Appears* above, *and groves for ever green.*

Ver. 82.] Thus at the beginning of his *ſecond Paſtoral:*

> Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters *play'd,*
> And verdant *alders* form'd a *quiv'ring ſhade.*

Ver. 88.] A more faithful adherence to his author would have avoided the leſs elegant jingle of two participles in one line:

> *Luxuriant* vines—.

With unexceptionable accuracy, thus:

> Round the ſmooth grotto creeps a mantling vine;
> Through the green foliage purple cluſters ſhine.

Ver. 89. *The purple cluſters bluſhing thro' the green.*] Euſtathius endeavours to fix the ſeaſon of the year when Ulyſſes departed from that iſland: he concludes it to be in the latter end of autumn, or the beginning of winter; for Calypſo is deſcribed as making uſe of a fire; ſo is Arete in the ſixth book, and Eumæus and Ulyſſes in other parts of the Odyſſey. This gives us reaſon to conclude, that the ſummer heats were paſt; and what makes it ſtill more probable is, that a vine is in this place ſaid to be loaded with grapes, which plainly confines the ſeaſon of the year to the autumn. P.

Four limpid fountains from the clefts diſtil, 90
And ev'ry fountain pours a ſev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A ſcene, where if a God ſhou'd caſt his ſight, 95
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the meſſenger of heav'n: he ſtay'd
Entranc'd, and all the bliſsful haunt ſurvey'd.
Him ent'ring in the cave, Calypſo knew;
For pow'rs celeſtial to each other's view 100
Stand ſtill confeſt, tho' diſtant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or ſea, or ſky.
But ſad Ulyſſes, by himſelf apart,
Pour'd the big ſorrows of his ſwelling heart;

Ver. 92.] Or rather, to introduce more variety of thought,

In *ſilvery mazes* wand'ring down the hill:

as in his Eloiſa, verſe 157. very beautifully:

The wand'ring ſtreams that *ſhine* between the hills.

Ver. 93.] Thus Ogilby:

Inviron'd with delightful meads, which *round*
Soft violets, and pleaſant ſmallage *crown'd*.

Ver. 94. I prefer a more rapid enunciation of the word, and would thus adjuſt the verſe:

And glowing *violets* threw *their* odours round.

Ver. 102.] The meaning conveyed by this verſe is not very conſpicuous to me, nor has it any reſemblance to it's original. More ſimilarity may be produced thus:

Immortals 'scape not an immortal's eye.

Ver. 103. *But ſad Ulyſſes, by himſelf apart.*] Euſtathius ima-

All on the lonely ſhore he ſat to weep, 105
And roll'd his eyes around the reſtleſs deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coaſt he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Now graceful ſeated on her ſhining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun. 110
God of the golden wand! on what beheſt
Arriv'ſt thou here, an unexpected gueſt?

---

gines, that the poet deſcribes Ulyſſes abſent from Calypſo, to the end that Calypſo might lay a ſeeming obligation upon Ulyſſes, by appearing to diſmiſs him voluntarily: for Ulyſſes being abſent, could not know that Mercury had commanded his departure; ſo that this favour appears to proceed from the ſole kindneſs of the Goddeſs. Dacier diſlikes this obſervation, and ſhews that decency requires the abſence of Ulyſſes; if the Poet had deſcribed him in the company of Calypſo, it might have given ſuſpicion of an amorous diſpoſition, and he might ſeem content with his abſence from his country: but the very nature of the poem requires that he ſhould be continually endeavouring to return to it: the Poet therefore with great judgment deſcribes him agreeably to his character; his mind is entirely taken up with his misfortunes, and neglecting all the pleaſures which a Goddeſs could confer, he entertains himſelf with his own melancholy reflections, ſitting in ſolitude upon the ſea-ſhore. P.

Ver. 106.] He ſeems to have glanced on Ogilby:

And *reſtleſs* ſeas as reſtleſs there beheld.

Ver. 107.] This appears to me a very inferiour couplet, and has no praiſes of fidelity to challenge. The following preſumptuous ſubſtitution is preferable in that reſpect:

There, pin'd with ſorrows, many a live-long d
The penſive chief had ſobb'd and wept away.

Ver. 109.] Theſe vile inſufferable rhymes our tr
borrowed from Ogilby:

But when Calypſo in her golden *throne*
Had Hermes plac'd, the Goddeſs thus *begun*

Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour 115
Approach, and taſte the dainties of my bow'r.
Thus having ſpoke, the nymph the table ſpread,
(Ambroſial cates, with Nectar roſy-red)
Hermes the hoſpitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then recruited, ſpoke. 120
What mov'd this journey from my native ſky,
A Goddeſs aſks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command
Unwilling, have I trod this pleaſing land;
For who, ſelf-mov'd, with weary wing wou'd ſweep 125
Such length of ocean and unmeaſur'd deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or ſacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will ſubmiſſion we muſt pay;
What pow'r ſo great, to dare to diſobey? 130
A man, he ſays, a man reſides with thee,
Of all his kind moſt worn with miſery:

Ver. 124.] There exiſts an obvious incongruity between the ſentiment and expreſſion of this verſe. Thus?

Here an unwilling meſſenger I ſtand.

Ver. 125.] Or thus?

For who, ſelf-mov'd, with *painful* wing would ſweep
The barren, wild, immeaſurable deep?

Ver. 130.] Too many trivial words. Thus?

What pow'r *preſumes that will* to diſobey?

The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years employed
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckless hour, 135
With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's pow'r:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
With storms pursued them thro' the liquid world.
There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave! 140
Sav'd from the jaws of death by heav'n's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss; so Destiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends, 145
And calls him to his country, and his friends.
Ev'n to her inmost soul the Goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke.

Ver. 133.] Thus Ogilby:

One of those hapless chiefs, *nine years imploy'd*
Beleag'ring Troy, which they *the tenth destroy'd*.

Ver. 137.] Our Poet again profits by Ogilby:

Whom in return offended Pallas *hurl'd*
With raging tempests *through the watry world*:

but changes the epithet *watry* into a less pleasing term *liquid*.

Ver. 139.] So Chapman, very quaintly:

Since Pallas they incenst; and she, the *waves*
By the winds powre, that blew ope their *graves*.

Ver. 147.] A substitution of the *present tense* would mend the rhymes:

Ungracious Gods! with ſpite and envy curſt!
Still to your own ætherial race the worſt! 150
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only ſweet of life, deſtroy.
Did ever Goddeſs by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora ſought Orion's love, 155
Her joys diſturb'd your blisful hours above,

Ev'n to her inmoſt ſoul the goddeſs *ſhakes*;
Then thus her anguiſh and her paſſion *breaks*.

Or thus:

He ſpake; deep horrour chill'd Calypſo's frame;
Then from her lips theſe ſalt'ring accents came.

Ver. 152.] I ſhould wiſh to ſee this open vowel baniſhed; thus:

And love, the *pureſt* ſweet of life, deſtroy.

Ver. 155. *Orion.*] The love of Calypſo to Ulyſſes might ſeem too bold a fiction, and contrary to all credibility, Ulyſſes being a mortal, ſhe a Goddeſs: Homer, therefore, to ſoften the relation, brings in inſtances of the like paſſion, in Orion and Iäſion; and by this he fully juſtifies his own conduct, the Poet being at liberty to make uſe of any prevailing ſtory, though it were all fable and fiction.

But why ſhould the death of Orion be here aſcribed to Diana: whereas in other places ſhe is ſaid to exerciſe her power only over women? The reaſon is, ſhe ſlew him for offering violence to her chaſtity; for though Homer be ſilent about his crime, yet Horace relates it.

——— "Integræ
"Tentator Orion Dianæ
"Virgineâ domitus ſagittâ."

Euſtathius gives another reaſon why Aurora is ſaid to be in love with Orion. He was a great hunter, as appears from the eleventh book of the Odyſſey; and the morning or Aurora is moſt favourable to thoſe diverſions. P.

'Till in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield, 160
Scarce could Iäsion taste her heav'nly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty pow'rs!
Am I the envy of your blissful bow'rs?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave, 165
It was my crime to pity, and to save;

Ver. 159.] So Chapman:

——— and the grace did *yield*
Of love and bed amidst a three-cropt *field*,
To her Iasion.

And Ogilby after him:

And so when Ceres did *to passion yield*,
Enjoying Jason in a thrice-plow'd *field*.

Ver. 161. *Scarce could* Iäsion, *&c.*] Ceres is here understood allegorically, to signify the earth; Iäsion was a great husbandman, and consequently Ceres may easily be feigned to be in love with him: the thunderbolt with which he is slain signifies the excess of heat, which frequently disappoints the hopes of the labourer. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 165. *A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,*
It was my crime to pity, and to save, &c.]

Homer in this speech of Calypso shews very naturally how passion misguides the understanding. She views her own cause in the most advantageous, but false light, and thence concludes, that Jupiter offers a piece of injustice in commanding the departure of Ulysses: she tells Mercury, that it is she who had preserved his life, who had entertained him with affection, and offered him immortality; and would Jupiter thus repay her tenderness to Ulysses? Would Jupiter force him from a place where nothing was wanting to his happiness, and expose him again to the like

When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And ſunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid-ocean toſt,
The ſport of winds, and driv'n from ev'ry coaſt,
Hither this man of miſeries I led, 171
Receiv'd the friendleſs, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe. 174
'Tis paſt: and Jove decrees he ſhall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but ſlaves to Jove.
Go then he may; (he muſt, if he ordain,
Try all thoſe dangers, all thoſe deeps, again)
But never, never ſhall Calypſo ſend 179
To toils like theſe, her huſband and her friend.
What ſhips have I, what ſailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the ſafeſt means to go;
That laſt advice is all I can beſtow.

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dangers from which ſhe had preſerved him? this was an act of cruelty. But on the contrary, ſhe ſpeaks not one word concerning the truth of the cauſe: *viz.* that ſhe offered violence to the inclinations of Ulyſſes; that ſhe made him miſerable by detaining him, not only from his wife, but from his whole dominions; and never conſiders that Jupiter is juſt in delivering him from his captivity. This is a very lively, though unhappy picture of human nature, which is too apt to fall into errour, and then endeavours to juſtify an errour by a ſeeming reaſon. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 169.] The rhymes are inaccurate, thus:

By winds and waters in mid-ocean driven,
Alone, ſad out-caſt he, from earth and heaven.

Ver. 183.] This inelegant eliſion may be avoided thus:

Yet *will* I *tell* the ſafeſt means to go.

To her, the pow'r who bears the charming rod.
Diſmiſs the man, nor irritate the God; 185
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what ſo dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having ſaid, he cut the cleaving ſky,
And in a moment vaniſh'd from her eye. 190
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To ſeek Ulyſſes, pac'd along the ſand.
Him penſive on the lonely beach ſhe found,
With ſtreaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native ſhore; 195
For now the ſoft enchantreſs pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and conſtrain'd by charms,
Abſent he lay in her deſiring arms,

Ver. 189.] This couplet is fabricated from a ſingle verſe of his author to the following purport:

> The mighty Mercury with theſe words departs.

Thus, with leſs deviation:

> Thus ſpake the God, nor waits the nymph's reply;
> But wings through air his paſſage to the ſky.

Ver. 193.] The Greek is exquiſitely beautiful here. I ſhall venture a plain exact tranſlation:

> Him on the beach ſhe found: with ceaſeleſs woe
> Still ſtream'd his eyes, ſtill ran to waſte in tears
> His precious life; the nymph diſtaſteful grown.

Ver. 197.] The literal beauties of his author might have been tranſplanted, I think, with ſucceſs into the verſion, thus:

> For, *ſated* now *with her cæleſtial charms*,
> He lay *unwilling* in her *willing* arms.

In ſlumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and ſhores conſum'd the tedious day;

Chapman has a pretty line:

The willing goddeſſe and th' unwilling gueſt.

Ver. 198. *Abſent he lay in her deſiring arms.*] This paſſage has fallen under the ſevere cenſure of the criticks, they condemn it as an act of conjugal infidelity, and a breach of morality in Ulyſſes: it would be ſufficient to anſwer, that a Poet is not obliged to draw a perfect character in the perſon of his hero: perfection is not to be found in human life, and conſequently ought not to be aſcribed to it in poetry: neither Achilles nor Æneas are perfect characters: Æneas in particular, is as guilty, with reſpect to Dido, in the deſertion of her, (for Virgil tells us they were married, *connubio jungam ſtabili*) as Ulyſſes can be imagined to be by the moſt ſevere critick, with reſpect to Calypſo.

But thoſe who have blamed this paſſage, form their judgments from the morality of theſe ages, and not from the theology of the ancients: Polygamy was then allowed, and even concubinage, without being eſteemed any breach of conjugal fidelity: if this be not admitted, the heathen Gods are as guilty as the heathen heroes, and Jupiter and Ulyſſes are equally criminals.

This very paſſage ſhews the ſincere affection which Ulyſſes retained for his wife Penelope; even a Goddeſs cannot perſuade him to forget her; his perſon is in the power of Calypſo, but his heart is with Penelope. Tully had this book of Homer in his thought when he ſaid of Ulyſſes, *Vetulam ſuam prætulit immortalitati.* P.

Ver. 200.] The following attempt is a literal exhibition of theſe *five* verſes:

By day midſt rocks and cliffs he ſate, and tore,
With tears, and ſighs, and griefs, his inmoſt ſoul;
Still eyes the ſea, and, eying, ſtreams with tears.

Our Poet might think on Dryden's verſion, at Virgil's Georg. iv. 738.

By Strymon's freezing ſtreams he ſat alone,
The *rocks* were *moved to pity* with his moan.

There ſat all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone, 201
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
'Till dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Here, on the muſing mood the Goddeſs preſt,
Approaching ſoft; and thus the chief addreſt. 206
Unhappy man! to waſting woes a prey,
No more in ſorrows languiſh life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon' lofty grove, 210
And form a raft, and build the riſing ſhip,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To ſtore the veſſel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and roſy wine,
And life-ſuſtaining bread, and fair array, 215
And proſp'rous gales to waft thee on the way.
Theſe if the Gods with my deſires comply,
(The Gods alas more mighty far than I,
And better ſkill'd in dark events to come)
In peace ſhall land thee at thy native home. 220

Ver. 203.] See the remark at verſe 107 above.

Ver. 211.] A wretched rhyme! Accuracy in this reſpect, and additional fidelity may be conſulted with little difficulty, thus:

And form a raft, and raiſe *it's lofty ſides*,
To bear thee *ſafely* o'er the gloomy *tides*,

With ſighs, Ulyſſes heard the words ſhe ſpoke,
Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke.
Some other motive, Goddeſs! ſways thy mind,
(Some cloſe deſign, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way, 225
On a ſlight raft to paſs the ſwelling ſea
Huge, horrid, vaſt! where ſcarce in ſafety ſails
The beſt built ſhip, tho' Jove inſpire the gales.
The bold propoſal how ſhall I fulfil;
Dark as I am, unconſcious of thy will? 230
Swear then, thou mean'ſt not what my ſoul fore-
bodes;
Swear by the ſolemn oath that binds the Gods.

Ver. 221.] His original rather dictates,

With *horrour thrill'd*, he heard the words ſhe *ſpake*.

Ver. 222. *Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke.*] It may be aſked what occaſions this conduct in Ulyſſes? he has long been deſirous to return to his country, why then his melancholy at the propoſal of it? this proceeds from his apprehenſions of inſincerity in Calypſo: he had long been unable to obtain his diſmiſſion with the moſt urgent entreaties: this voluntary kindneſs therefore ſeems ſuſpicious. He is ignorant that Jupiter had commanded his departure, and therefore fears left his obſtinate deſire of leaving her ſhould have provoked her to deſtroy him, under a ſhew of complying with his inclinations. This is an inſtance that Ulyſſes is not only wiſe in extricating himſelf from difficulties, but cautious in guarding againſt dangers. P.

Ver. 224.] The latter clauſe is interpolated by our ſatiriſt.

Ver. 225.] Theſe rhymes are inadmiſſible. Thus:

Not my return. Shall ſuch a raft convey,
So ſlight! in ſafety through the wat'ry way?

Ver. 227.] He might think on Milton, Par. Loſt. vii. 212.

Outrageous as a *ſea, dark, waſteful, wild*,

Him, while he ſpoke, with ſmiles Calypſo ey'd,
And gently graſp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
This ſhews thee, friend, by old experience taught, 235
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought.
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe?
But hear, oh earth, and hear ye ſacred ſkies!
And thou, O Styx! whoſe formidable floods
Glide thro' the ſhades, and bind th'atteſting Gods!
No form'd deſign, no meditated end 241
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practice, were my fate the ſame.

Ver. 233.] This open vowel is peculiarly ungraceful. Better, perhaps,

— — — with ſmiles *the goddeſs* ey'd.

Ver. 238. *But hear, oh earth, and hear ye ſacred ſkies!*] The oath of Calypſo is introduced with the utmoſt ſolemnity. Rapin allows it to be an inſtance of true ſublimity. The ancients atteſted all Nature in their oaths, that all Nature might conſpire to puniſh their perjuries. Virgil has imitated this paſſage, but has not copied the full beauty of the original.

"Eſto nunc ſol teſtis, & hæc mihi terra precanti."

It is the remark of Grotius, that the like expreſſion is found in Deuteronomy, *Hear, oh ye heavens, the words that I ſpeak, and let the earth hear the words of my mouth.* Which may almoſt literally be rendered by this verſe of Homer.

Ἴστω νυν τόδε γαῖα, καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθεν. P.

Ver. 239.] Theſe are the incorrect rhymes of Ogilby alſo;

I ſwear by heaven, and earth, and Stygian *floods*,
An oath ne'er violated by the *Gods*.

Heav'n has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel, 245
But giv'n the ſenſe, to pity, and to feel.
Thus having ſaid, the Goddeſs march'd before:
He trod her footſteps in the ſandy ſhore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their ſtate;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had ſat, 250
For him, the nymph a rich repaſt ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man ſuſtains;

Ver. 245.] Thus Ogilby:

My heart is ſoft, not adamant, nor *ſteel*,
So I on thy concern compaſſion *feel*.

From Chapman:

Nor beare I in my breaſt a heart of *ſteele*,
But with the ſufferer willing ſufferance *feele*.

Ver. 251. *For him, the nymph a rich repaſt ordains.*] The paſſion of love is no where deſcribed in all Homer, but in this paſſage between Calypſo and Ulyſſes; and we find that the Poet is not unſucceſsful in drawing the tender, as well as the fiercer paſſions. This ſeemingly trifling circumſtance is an inſtance of it; love delights to oblige, and the leaſt offices receive a value from the perſon who performs them: this is the reaſon why Calypſo ſerves Ulyſſes with her own hands: her damſels attend her, but love makes it a pleaſure to her to attend Ulyſſes. *Euſtathius.*

Calypſo ſhews more fondneſs for Ulyſſes, than Ulyſſes for Calypſo: indeed Ulyſſes had been no leſs than ſeven years in the favour of that goddeſs; it was a kind of matrimony, and huſbands are not altogether ſo fond as lovers. But the true reaſon is, a more tender behaviour had been contrary to the character of Ulyſſes; it is neceſſary that his ſtay ſhould be by conſtraint, that he ſhould continually be endeavouring to return to his own country; and conſequently to have diſcovered too great a degree of ſatisfaction in any thing during his abſence, had outraged his character. His return is the main hinge upon which the whole Odyſſey turns, and therefore no pleaſure, not even a Goddeſs, ought to divert him from it. P.

Before herſelf were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambroſial banquet, and celeſtial wine.
Their hunger ſatiate, and their thirſt repreſt, 255
Thus ſpoke Calypſo to her God-like gueſt.
Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
O ſprung from Gods! In wiſdom more than man.
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part? 260
Farewel! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be,
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah Ulyſſes! wert thou given to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

Ver. 253.] Thus, more accurately:

Her damſels place for her the cates divine.

Ver. 257.] Thus, Chapman:

The nymph Calypſo, this diſcourſe *began:*
Jove bred Ulyſſes! many-witted *man!*

Ver. 262.] This line is from the tranſlator only; and reminds us of a paſſage in his Eloiſa, verſe 291.

Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.

Ver. 263. *But ah, Ulyſſes! wert thou given to know*
What fate yet dooms thee.]

This is another inſtance of the tyranny of the paſſion of love; Calypſo had received a command to diſmiſs Ulyſſes; Mercury had laid before her the fatal conſequences of her refuſal, and ſhe had promiſed to ſend him away; but her love here again prevails over her reaſon; ſhe frames excuſes ſtill to detain him, and though ſhe dares not keep him, ſhe knows not how to part with him. This is a true picture of nature; love this moment reſolves, the next breaks theſe reſolutions: ſhe had promiſed to obey Jupiter, in not detaining Ulyſſes; but ſhe endeavours to perſuade Ulyſſes not to go away. P.

Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe, 265
And ev'n theſe ſlighted charms might learn to
pleaſe.
A willing Goddeſs and immortal life,
Might baniſh from thy mind an abſent wife.
Am I inferiour to a mortal dame?
Leſs ſoft my feature, leſs auguſt my frame? 270
Or ſhall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heav'nly fair?
Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Againſt Ulyſſes ſhall thy anger riſe?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddeſs as thou art, 275
Forgive the weakneſs of a human heart.
Tho' well I ſee thy graces far above
The dear, tho' mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the diff'rence know,
And the ſhort date of fading charms below; 280

Ver. 277. *Tho' well I ſee thy graces far above*
The dear, tho' mortal, object of my love.]
Ulyſſes ſhews great addreſs in this anſwer to Calypſo; he ſoftens the ſeverity of it, by firſt aſking a favourable acceptance of what he is about to ſay; he calls her his adored Goddeſs, and places Penelope in every degree below the perfections of Calypſo. As it is the nature of women not to endure a rival, Ulyſſes aſſigns the deſire of his return to another cauſe than the love of Penelope, and aſcribes it ſolely to the love he bears his country. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 279.] A fine couplet; but the following effort is a more faithful repreſentation of the original:

Her charms are mortal charms, and fade away;
Eternal thine, nor ſubject to decay.

Yet ev'ry day, while abſent thus I roam,
I languiſh to return, and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods ſhall deſtine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the wat'ry war,
'Tis mine to maſter with a conſtant mind; 285
Enur'd to perils, to the worſt reſign'd.
By ſeas, by wars, ſo many dangers run;
Still I can ſuffer: their high will be done!
Thus while he ſpoke, the beamy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night her friendly ſhade extends. 290
To the cloſe grot the lonely pair remove,
And ſlept delighted with the gifts of love.
When roſy morning call'd them from their reſt,
Ulyſſes robed him in the cloak and veſt.
The nymph's fair head a veil tranſparent grac'd,
Her ſwelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd 296
With flow'rs of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In ſnowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground.

Ver. 283.] Neither the rhyme nor the ſenſe can be commended for accuracy. Thus?

Me ſhould ſome God in vengeance plunge again,
From the wreck'd veſſel in the raging main.

Ver. 287.] Thus, with more fidelity:

I, who by war and ſea ſuch conflicts bore,
Will bear, unterrified, one conflict more.

Ver. 290.] This epithet, *friendly*, ſeems to me as foreign to the purport of his author, as it is unauthenticated by his language. I ſhould like better,

And riſing night her *ſhadowy veil* extends.

Forth-iſſuing thus, ſhe gave him firſt to wield
A weighty ax, with trueſt temper ſteel'd, 300
And double edg'd; the handle ſmooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's eaſy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with ſweepy ſway:
Then to the neighbouring foreſt led the way,
On the lone iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood 305
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the ſkies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heav'nly fire:
(Already dry'd.) Theſe pointing out to view,
The nymph juſt ſhew'd him, and with tears withdrew: 310
Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the foreſts groan:

Ver. 303.] There is a forced artificial elevation in this verſe, too pompous for the ſubject. A modification of Ogilby might poſſibly be more acceptable to the reader:

And next, a *rending* wedge. She *then* convey'd,
Where a tall foreſt *ſpred it's ample* ſhade.

Ver. 308.] Theſe are the fancies of the tranſlator. Ogilby is more accurate, as well as ſimple. The following couplet is corrected from him:

Where alders *grew*, and poplars, *light* and dry,
For ſailing fit; and firs *that* ſcal'd the ſky.

Ver. 309.] Ogilby is more exact, and might eaſily be rendered unexceptionable. I give him without alteration:

When ſhe had ſhew'd him where the largeſt grew,
The Goddeſs to her manſion thence withdrew.

Ver. 311, &c. *Ulyſſes builds his ſhip.*] This paſſage has fallen under cenſure, as outraging all probability: Rapin believes it to

Sudden, full twenty on the plain are ſtrow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles theſe diſpos'd to join, 315
He ſmooth'd and ſquar'd 'em, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles for the work Calypſo found)
With thoſe he pierc'd 'em, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a ſhipwright forms 319
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the ſtorms,

be impoſſible for one man alone to build ſo complete a veſſel in the compaſs of four days; and perhaps the ſame opinion might lead Boſſu into a miſtake, who allows twenty days to Ulyſſes in building it; he applies the word εἴκοσι, or *twenty*, to the days, which ought to be applied to the trees; ἡμέρας is underſtood, for the Poet immediately after declares, that the whole was completed in the ſpace of four days; neither is there any thing incredible in the deſcription. I have obſerved already that this veſſel is but Σχεδία, *a float*, or *raft*; it is true, Ulyſſes cuts down twenty trees to build it; this may ſeem too great a proviſion of materials for ſo ſmall an undertaking: but why ſhould we imagine theſe to be large trees? The deſcription plainly ſhews the contrary, for it had been impoſſible to have felled twenty large trees in the ſpace of four days, much more to have built a veſſel proportionable to ſuch materials: but the veſſel was but ſmall, and conſequently ſuch were the trees. Homer calls theſe dry trees; this is not inſerted without reaſon, for green wood is unfit for navigation.

Homer in this paſſage ſhews his ſkill in mechanicks; a ſhipwright could not have deſcribed a veſſel more exactly; but what is chiefly valuable is the inſight it gives us to what degree this art of ſhip-building was then arrived: we find likewiſe what uſe navigators made of aſtronomy in thoſe ages; ſo that this paſſage deſerves a double regard, as a fine piece of poetry, and a valuable remain of antiquity. P.

Ver. 317.] (*The wimbles for the work Calypſo found.*) And

So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it strong
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;
These form'd the sides: the deck he fashion'd last;
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind; 325
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd.
(With yielding osiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course)
Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales. 330

Ver. 329.] *Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails*
Supply'd the cloth.]

It is remarkable that Calypso brings the tools to Ulysses at several times: this is another instance of the nature of love; it seeks opportunities to be in the company of the beloved person. Calypso is an instance of it: she frequently goes away, and frequently returns: she delays the time, by not bringing all the implements at once to Ulysses; so that though she cannot divert him from the resolutions of leaving her, yet she protracts his stay.

It may be necessary to make some observation in general upon this passage of Calypso and Ulysses. Mr. Dryden has been very severe upon it. "What are the tears," says he, "of Calypso "for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there "the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be "found, in the languishing episode of the Odyssey?" Much may be said in vindication of Homer; there is a wide difference between the characters of Dido and Calypso; Calypso is a Goddess, and consequently not liable to the same passions, as an enraged woman: yet disappointed love being always an outragious passion, Homer makes her break out into blasphemies against Jupiter and all the Gods. "But the same process of love is not found in Ho-"mer as in Virgil;" it is true, and Homer had been very injudicious if he had inserted it. The time allows it not; it was necessary for Homer to describe the conclusion of Calypso's passion,

With ſtays and cordage laſt he rigg'd the ſhip,
And, roll'd on levers, lanch'd her in the deep.
Four days were paſt, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her ſacred ſeat
The nymph diſmiſt him, (od'rous garments giv'n) 335
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heav'n:

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not the beginning or proceſs of it. It was neceſſary to carry on the main deſign of the poem, *viz.* the departure of Ulyſſes, in order to his re-eſtabliſhment; and not amuſe the reader with a detail of a paſſion that was ſo far from contributing to the end of the poem, that it was the greateſt impediment to it. If the Poet had found an enlargement neceſſary to his deſign, had he attempted a full deſcription of the paſſion, and then failed, Mr. Dryden's criticiſm had been judicious. Virgil had a fair opportunity to expatiate, nay, the occaſion required it, inaſmuch as the love of Dido contributed to the deſign of the poem; it brought about her aſſiſtance to Æneas, and the preſervation of his companions; and conſequently the copiouſneſs of Virgil is as judicious as the conciſeneſs of Homer. I allow Virgil's to be a maſterpiece: perhaps no images are more happily drawn in all that Poet; but the paſſages in the two authors are not ſimilar, and conſequently admit of no compariſon: would it not have been inſufferable in Homer, to have ſtepped ſeven years backward, to deſcribe the proceſs of Calypſo's paſſion, when the very nature of the poem requires that Ulyſſes ſhould immediately return to his own country? Ought the action to be ſuſpended for a fine deſcription? But an oppoſite conduct was judicious in both the Poets, and therefore Virgil is commendable for giving us the whole proceſs of a love-paſſion in Dido, Homer for only relating the concluſion of it in Calypſo. I will only add, that Virgil has borrowed his machinery from Homer, and that the departure of Æneas and Ulyſſes is brought about by the command of Jupiter, and the deſcent of Mercury. P.

Then fill'd two goat-ſkins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with ſable wine:
Of ev'ry kind, proviſions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands ſtor'd. 340
The Goddeſs, laſt, a gentle breeze ſupplies,
To curl old Ocean, and to warm the ſkies.
And now rejoicing in the proſp'rous gales,
With beating heart Ulyſſes ſpreads his ſails;
Plac'd at the helm he ſat, and mark'd the ſkies,
Nor clos'd in ſleep his ever-watchful eyes. 346

Ver. 339.] Thus Ogilby:

Next pureſt wine, and water puts *aboard*,
And him with cates and good proviſion *ſtor'd*.

Ver. 341.] An elegant couplet, amplified from this verſe of his author:

And ſent before a ſafe and gentle breeze.

But as the ſame rhymes occur very ſoon, I ſhould like an alteration of the paſſage, thus:

A ſafe and gentle breeze at her command
Roſe on his ſtern, to waft him from the land.

Ver. 344. — — — *Ulyſſes ſpreads his ſails.*] It is obſervable that the Poet paſſes over the parting of Calypſo and Ulyſſes in ſilence; he leaves it to be imagined by the reader, and proſecutes his main action. Nothing but a cold compliment could have proceeded from Ulyſſes, he being overjoyed at the proſpect of returning to his country: it was therefore judicious in Homer to omit the relation; and not draw Calypſo in tears, and Ulyſſes in a tranſport of joy. Beſides, it was neceſſary to ſhorten the Epiſode: the commands of Jupiter were immediately to be obeyed; and the ſtory being now turned to Ulyſſes, it was requiſite to put him immediately upon action, and deſcribe him endeavouring to reeſtabliſh his own affairs, which is the whole deſign of the Odyſſey. P.

There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the ſky
The bear revolving, points his golden eye: 350
Who ſhines exalted on th' ætherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left thoſe radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he ſail'd the deep.
Full ſev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way; 355
The diſtant land appear'd the following day:

Ver. 347.] Theſe verſes have already occurred in Iliad xviii. verſe 561, with no important variation.

Ver. 355. *Full ſev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way.*] It may ſeem incredible that one perſon ſhould be able to manage a veſſel ſeventeen days without any aſſiſtance; but Euſtathius vindicates Homer by an inſtance that very much reſembles this of Ulyſſes. A certain Pamphylian being taken priſoner, and carried to Tamiathis (afterwards Damietta) in Ægypt, continued there ſeveral years; but being continually deſirous to return to his country, he pretends a ſkill in ſea affairs: this ſucceeds, and he is immediately employed in maritime buſineſs, and permitted the liberty to follow it according to his own inclination, without any inſpection. He made uſe of this opportunity, and furniſhing himſelf with a ſail, and proviſions for a long voyage, committed himſelf to the ſea all alone; he croſſed that vaſt extent of waters that lies between Ægypt and Pamphylia, and arrived ſafely in his own country: in memory of this prodigious event he changed his name, and was called μονοναύτης, or the *ſole ſailor*; and the family was not extinct in the days of Euſtathius.

It may not be improper to obſerve, that this deſcription of Ulyſſes ſailing alone, is a demonſtration of the ſmallneſs of his veſſel; for it is impoſſible that a large one could be managed by a ſingle perſon. It is indeed ſaid that twenty trees were taken down for the veſſel, but this does not imply that all the trees were made uſe of, but only ſo much of them as was neceſſary to his purpoſe. P.

Then swell'd to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost:
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the wat'ry waste. 360
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solymé's aërial brow,

Ver. 357.] The rhymes of both these couplets are inaccurate, and the passage itself is too much dilated. The following adjustment is more closely expressive of his original:

Full sev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way;
Phæacia's *nearest point* the following day
Rose up, her dusky *cliffs by clouds embrac'd,*
Like a broad shield——.

Ver. 360. *Like a broad shield amid the wat'ry waste.*] This expression gives a very lively idea of an island of small extent, that is of a form more long than large: Aristarchus, instead of ῥινὸν, writes ἰνῶν, or resembling a *fig*; others tell us, that ῥινὸν is used by the Illyrians to signify ἀχλὺν, or a *mist*; this likewise very well represents the first appearance of land to those that sail at a distance; it appears indistinct and confused, or as it is here expressed, like a mist. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 362. *From Solymé's aërial brow.*] There is some difficulty in this passage. Strabo, as Eustathius observes, affirms that the expression of Neptune's seeing Ulysses from the mountain of Solymé, is to be taken in a general sense, and not to denote the Solymæan mountains in Pisidia; but other eastern mountains that bear the same appellation. In propriety, the Solymæans inhabit the summits of mount Taurus, from Lycia even to Pisidia; these were very distant from the passage of Neptune from the Æthiopians, and consequently could not be the mountains intended by Homer; we must therefore have recourse to the preceding assertion of Strabo, for a solution of the difficulty. Dacier endeavours to explain it another way; who knows, says she, but that the name of Solymæan was anciently extended to all very elevated mountains? Bochart affirms, that the word *Solimi* is derived from

The king of Ocean ſaw, and ſeeing burn'd,
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd)
The raging monarch ſhook his azure head, 365
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſaid:
Heav'ns! how uncertain are the pow'rs on high?
Is then revers'd the ſentence of the ſky,
In one man's favour; while a diſtant gueſt
I ſhar'd ſecure the Æthiopian feaſt? 370
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this ſceptre yet commands the main.
He ſpoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd, 375
Rolls clouds on clouds, and ſtirs the wat'ry world,
At once the face of earth and ſea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouſes all the ſtorms.

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the Hebrew *ſelem*, or *darkneſs*; why then might not this be a general appellation? But this is all conjecture, and it is much more probable that ſuch a name ſhould be given to ſome mountains by way of diſtinction and emphatically, from ſome peculiar and extraordinary quality; than extend itſelf to all very lofty mountains, which could only introduce confuſion and errour. P.

Ver. 363.] This ſtrong expreſſion our Poet gain'd from Chapman:

— — — — *All on fire*
The ſight ſtrait ſet his heart:

Or, from Dacier: "En même tems il eſt *enflammé* de colere."

Ver. 373.] This tranſlation is quite beſide his author. The ſubjoined attempt is plain, but faithful;

To end his labours. But, not yet ſecure,
Abundant toils I doom him to endure.

Ver. 377.] Thus, with more preciſion and fidelity:

With miſts the face of earth and ſea deforms,

Down rush'd the night: east, west, together roar;
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd, 381
And question'd thus his yet-unconquer'd mind.
Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well alas! the island Goddess knew, 385
On the black sea what perils shou'd ensue.
New horrours now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of heav'n are crown'd?
What raging winds? what roaring waters round?
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears; 391
Death, present death on ev'ry side appears.

Ver. 379.] Chapman has exhibited the clause of Homer, corresponding to the beginning of this line, with neatness and accuracy:

——— grim night
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light.

Ver. 381.] Exactly thus:

The chief, while sinks his heart and members quake,
Thus with a sigh his mighty soul bespake.

Ver. 388.] Or, exactly to his author's words:

And fill up all the measure of my woes.

Ver. 392.] This more nearly resembles Virgil's verse in the parallel passage:

Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

Thus, rendered by Dryden, at Æn. i. 134,

And *present death* in various forms *appears*.

Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle ſlain,
Preſt, in Atrides' cauſe, the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall; 395
Had ſome diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall;

Ver. 393. *Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle ſlain,*
Preſt, in Atrides' cauſe, the Trojan plain.]

Plutarch in his Sympoſiacks relates a memorable ſtory concerning Memmius, the Roman general: when he had ſacked the city Corinth, and made ſlaves of thoſe who ſurvived the ruin of it, he commanded one of the youths of a liberal education to write down ſome ſentence in his preſence, according to his own inclinations. The youth immediately wrote this paſſage from Homer.

Happy! thrice happy! who in battle ſlain,
Preſt, in Atrides' cauſe, the Trojan plain.

Memmius immediately burſt into tears, and gave the youth and all his relations their liberty.

Virgil has tranſlated this paſſage in the firſt book of his Æneis. The ſtorm and the behaviour of Æneas are copied exactly from it. The ſtorm, in both the Poets, is deſcribed conciſely, but the images are full of terrour; Homer leads the way, and Virgil treads in his ſteps without any deviation. Ulyſſes falls into lamentation, ſo does Æneas: Ulyſſes wiſhes he had found a nobler death, ſo does Æneas: this diſcovers a bravery of ſpirit, they lament not that they are to die, but only the inglorious manner of it. This fully anſwers an objection that has been made both againſt Homer and Virgil, who have been blamed for deſcribing their heroes with ſuch an air of mean-ſpiritedneſs. Drowning was eſteemed by the ancients an accurſed death, as it deprived their bodies of the rites of ſepulture; it is therefore no wonder that this kind of death was greatly dreaded, ſince it barred their entrance into the happy regions of the dead for many hundreds of years. P.

Thus Ogilby:

Thrice happy you, who on the Trojan plain
Dy'd bravely, in Atrides' quarrel ſlain.

(Such as was that, when ſhow'rs of jav'lins fled
From conqu'ring Troy around Achilles dead)
All Greece had paid me ſolemn fun'rals then,
And ſpread my glory with the ſons of men. 400
A ſhameful fate now hides my hapleſs head,
Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the maſt it broke; 404
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the ſwelling ſurge the chief was borne:
While by the howling tempeſt rent in twain
Flew ſail and ſail-yards rattling o'er the main.

Ver. 397. [*Such as was that, when ſhow'rs of jav'lins fled*
From conqu'ring Troy around Achilles dead.)]

These words have relation to an action, no where deſcribed in the Iliad or Odyſſey. When Achilles was ſlain by the treachery of Paris, the Trojans made a ſally to gain his body, but Ulyſſes carried it off upon his ſhoulders, while Ajax protected him with his ſhield. The war of Troy is not the ſubject of the Iliad, and therefore relates not the death of Achilles; but, as Longinus remarks, he inſerts many actions in the Odyſſey which are the ſequel of the ſtory of the Iliad. This conduct has a very happy effect; he aggrandizes the character of Ulyſſes by theſe ſhort hiſtories, and has found out the way to make him praiſe himſelf, without vanity. P.

Ver. 401.] This ſeems to me but a poor couplet. The original is literally this:

By a ſad death now am I doom'd to fall.

Perhaps, ſomething in the following ſtile, but executed by our Poet himſelf, would have been preferable:

Now undiſtinguiſh'd and unſeen I die,
In ocean's dark receſſes doom'd to lie!

Long preſs'd he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous veſt Calypſo gave: 410
At length emerging from his noſtrils wide
And guſhing mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
Ev'n then not mindleſs of his laſt retreat,
He ſeiz'd the raft, and leapt into his ſeat, 414
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is caſt
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blaſt;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and ſo its texture held: 420
And now the ſouth, and now the north, bear ſway,
And now the eaſt the foamy floods obey,
And now the weſt-wind whirls it o'er the ſea.

Ver. 411.] Our tranſlator was more ſtudious of convenient language for verſification, than of fidelity to his author, who may be very accurately repreſented thus:

At length he roſe, and ſputter'd from his mouth
The brine, which from his head ran murm'ring down.

Ver. 415.] His original dictates,

And thus ſcapes inſtant death. The rolling flood—.

Ver. 420.] The latter clauſe of the verſe is mere interpolation, and the rhymes are inſufferable. Thus? more faithfully;

Together clung, around the field it *ſweeps:*
So the *light ſkiff floats diverſe thro' the deeps.*

Ver. 422.] The vicious rhyme and open vowel may be thus avoided:

Now the *rough* eaſt the foamy floods obey,
Now the weſt whirls it o'er the *wat'ry way.*

The wand'ring chief, with toils on toils oppreſt,
Leucothea ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt: 425
(Herſelf a mortal once, of Cadmus' ſtrain,
But now an azure ſiſter of the main)
Swift as a ſea-mew ſpringing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the Goddeſs ſtood:
Then thus addreſs'd him. Thou, whom heav'n decrees 430
To Neptune's wrath, ſtern tyrant of the ſeas,
(Unequal conteſt;) not his rage and pow'r,
Great as he is, ſuch virtue ſhall devour.
What I ſuggeſt thy wiſdom will perform;
Forſake thy float, and leave it to the ſtorm; 435
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked ſtrength, and plunge into the wave.

Ver. 424. *The wand'ring chief, with toils on toils oppreſt,*
Leucothea ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt.]

It is not probable that Ulyſſes could eſcape ſo great a danger by his own ſtrength alone; and therefore the Poet introduces Leucothea to aſſiſt in his preſervation. But it may be aſked, if this is not contradictory to the command of Jupiter in the beginning of the book? Ulyſſes is there forbid all aſſiſtance either from men or Gods; whence then is it that Leucothea preſerves him? The former paſſage is to be underſtood to imply an interdiction only of all aſſiſtance, until Ulyſſes was ſhipwrecked; he was to ſuffer, not to die: thus Pallas afterwards calms the ſtorm; ſhe may be imagined to have a power over the winds, as ſhe is the daughter of Jupiter, who denotes the air, according to the obſervation of Euſtathius: here Leucothea is very properly introduced to preſerve Ulyſſes; ſhe is a Sea-goddeſs, and had been a mortal, and therefore intereſts herſelf in the cauſe of a mortal. P.

To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miſeries ſhall end.
This heav'nly ſcarf beneath thy boſom bind, 440
And live; give all thy terrours to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy ſhore ſhall gain,
Return the gift, and caſt it in the main;

Ver. 440. *This heav'nly ſcarf beneath thy boſom bind.*] This paſſage may ſeem extraordinary, and the Poet be thought to preſerve Ulyſſes by incredible means. What virtue could there be in this ſcarf againſt the violence of ſtorms? Euſtathius very well anſwers this objection. It is evident that the belief of the power of amulets or charms prevailed in the times of Homer; thus Moly is uſed by Ulyſſes as a preſervative againſt faſcination, and ſome charm may be ſuppoſed to be implied in the *zone* or *ceſtus* of Venus. Thus Ulyſſes may be imagined to have worn a ſcarf, or cincture, as a preſervative againſt the perils of the ſea. They conſecrated antiently *votiva*, as tablets, &c. in the temples of their Gods: ſo Ulyſſes, wearing a zone conſecrated to Leucothea, may be ſaid to receive it from the hands of that Goddeſs. Euſtathius obſerves, that Leucothea did not appear in the form of a bird, for then how ſhould ſhe ſpeak, or how bring this cincture or ſcarf? The expreſſion has relation only to the manner of her riſing out of the ſea, and deſcending into it; the action, not the perſon, is intended to be repreſented. Thus Minerva is ſaid in the Odyſſey *to fly away*, ὄρνις ὡς ἀνόπαια, not in the *form*, but with the *ſwiftneſs* of an eagle. Moſt of the tranſlators have rendered this paſſage ridiculouſly; they deſcribe her in the real form of a ſea-fowl, though ſhe ſpeaks, and gives her ſcarf. So the verſion of Hobbes:

She ſpoke, in figure of a water-hen. P.

This term he took from Hobbes:

Here take this *ſcarf*.

Chapman and Ogilby call it a ribband: of whom the latter is not much amiſs:

This ribband ty'd about thy boſome bear,
Then death itſelf, nor any danger fear.

Ver. 442.] The conduct of Ogilby is not very different:

Obſerve my orders, and with heed obey,
Caſt it far off, and turn thy eyes away. 445
With that, her hand the ſacred veil beſtows,
Then down the deeps ſhe div'd from whence ſhe rose;
A moment ſnatch'd the ſhining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling ſea. 449
Struck with amaze, yet ſtill to doubt inclin'd,
He ſtands ſuſpended, and explores his mind.
What ſhall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I ſhall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reaſon, but conſult with mine: 455

But ſoon as thou ſhalt long'd-for land obtain,
Unloose the charm, and throw into the main.

Ver. 447.] I have before noted the impropriety of the phraſe *from whence*, and the verſe itſelf is proſaic: the rhymes alſo of the following couplet are imperfect. I ſhall propoſe a correction, by borrowing the former rhymes from Ogilby:

The ſacred veil with this, the Goddeſs gave,
And, like a ſea-mew, plung'd beneath the wave,
As erſt: her paſſage where the Goddeſs found,
The waters roſe in foaming whirlpools round.

Ver 454. — — — *I ſhall not blindly join*
Thy pleaded reaſon — — —]

Euſtathius obſerves, that this paſſage is a leſſon to inſtruct us, that ſecond reflections are preferable to our firſt thoughts; and the Poet maintains the character of Ulyſſes by deſcribing him thus doubtful and cautious. But is not Ulyſſes too incredulous, who will not believe a Goddeſs? and diſobedient to her, by not committing himſelf to the ſeas? Leucothea does not confine Ulyſſes to an immediate compliance with her injunctions: ſhe commands him to forſake the raft, but leaves the time to his own diſcretion:

For ſcarce in ken appears that diſtant iſle
Thy voice foretells me ſhall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge; while yet the planks ſuſtain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempeſt yields, 460
I lanch advent'rous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the ſtrength of man,
And take this method ſince the beſt I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a wat'ry mountain roll'd; 465

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and Ulyſſes might very juſtly be ſomewhat incredulous, when he knew that Neptune was his enemy, and contriving his deſtruction. The doubts therefore of Ulyſſes are the doubts of a wiſe man: but then, is not Ulyſſes deſcribed with a greater degree of prudence, than the Goddeſs? She commands him to leave the raft, he chuſes to make uſe of it till he arrives nearer the ſhores. Euſtathius directly aſcribes more wiſdom to Ulyſſes than to Leucothea. This may appear too partial; it is ſufficient to obſerve, that the command of Leucothea was general, and left the manner of it to his own prudence. P.

It is to be regretted, that the rhymes of this elegant and eaſy couplet are not ſtrictly correct: a cenſure, which may be juſtly paſſed on thoſe of the next couplet alſo.

Ver. 455.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, viii. 510. in a paſſage beyond all parallel deliciouſly engaging:

— — — ſhe what was honor knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My *pleaded reaſon.*

Ver. 462.] So Chapman:

— — — no miracle *can*
Paſt neare and cleare meanes move a knowing *man.*

Ver. 465.] Homer ſays only *a great wave:* our Poet might receive his exaggerated expreſſion from Dacier: "Neptune excita une vague épouvantable auſſi haute qu' *une montagne.*"

Like a black ſheet the whelming billow ſpread,
Burſt o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, diſ-parted fly: the ſcatter'd wood
Rolls diverſe, and in fragments ſtrows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new-ſhorn, 470
Toſſes and drives the ſcatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a ſingle beam the chief beſtrides;
There, pois'd a-while above the bounding tides,
His limbs diſ-cumbers of the clinging veſt,
And binds the ſacred cincture round his breaſt: 475
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and ſhot the ſeas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous ſaid:
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes eſſay! 480
Go, wander helpleſs on the wat'ry way:

Ver. 466.] This compariſon is from the tranſlator only.

Ver. 469.] Our Poet was fond of this expreſſion, which, I believe, had it's origin in our poetry with Milton. Thus, for example, Par. Loſt, iv. 234.

And now, divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs *diverſe*.

Ver. 472.] Our tranſlator, like Hobbes, omits after this line the *ſimile* of his author, which may be given in the words of Chapman:

Like to a rider of a running horſe.

Ver. 476.] Thus *Paradiſe Loſt*, i. 195.

— — — his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood.

Ver. 480.] The verſion of this ſpeech is diffuſe, and not properly exact. I ſhall give a literal repreſentation of it:

Thus, thus find out the deſtin'd ſhore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raiſe
Shall laſt remember'd in thy beſt of days. 485
This ſaid, his ſea-green ſteeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the tow'ry dome.
Now, ſcarce withdrawn the fierce earth-ſhaking pow'r,
Jove's daughter Pallas watch'd the fav'ring hour,
Back to their caves ſhe bade the winds to fly, 490
And huſh'd the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky.
The drier blaſts alone of Boreas ſway,
And bear him ſoft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that ſhore,
Where Fate has deſtin'd he ſhall toil no more. 495
And now two nights, and now two days were paſt,
Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waſte;

Thus wander, numerous ills endur'd, the main,
Thus, 'till thou mix with people nurs'd by Jove:
But thee no trivial woes e'en there await.

Ver. 492.] His original requires the following adjuſtment of the paſſage, and compare verſe 502.

The blaſts alone of *rapid* Boreas ſway,
And bear him *ſwift* on broken waves away;
With *vigorous* force—.

Our tranſlator might take a wrong direction from Ogilby:

Boreas muſt only *ſmooth* the furrow'd deep.

Ver. 495.] This tranſlation ſtands in contradiction with verſe 485 as properly repreſented. His author ſays only,

'Till with Phæacians, ſkill'd in naval arts,
Ulyſſes mingle, ſcap'd from death and fates.

Ver. 496. *And now two nights, and now two days were paſt.*] It

Heav'd on the ſurge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glaſſy ſmooth lay all the liquid plain, 501
The winds were huſh'd, the billows ſcarcely curl'd,
And a dead ſilence ſtill'd the wat'ry world.
When lifted on a ridgy wave, he ſpies
The land at diſtance, and with ſharpen'd eyes, 505
As pious children joy with vaſt delight
When a lov'd ſire revives before their ſight,

may be thought incredible that any perſon ſhould be able to contend ſo long with a violent ſtorm, and at laſt ſurvive it: it is allowed that this could ſcarce be done by the natural ſtrength of Ulyſſes; but the Poet has ſoftened the narration, by aſcribing his preſervation to the cincture of Leucothea. The Poet likewiſe very judiciouſly removes Neptune, that Ulyſſes may not appear to be preſerved againſt the power of that God; and to reconcile it entirely to credibility, he introduces Pallas, who calms the winds and compoſes the waves, to make way for his preſervation. P.

The rhymes are not ſufficiently accurate. Thus?

And now the ſecond night and ſecond day
He floats erroneous on the wat'ry way.

Ver. 505.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, iii. 620:

— — — and the air,
No where ſo clear, *ſharpen'd* his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far.

This paſſage, conſidering his age, is prettily done by Chapman:

— — — Two nights yet, and daies,
He ſpent in wreſtling with the ſable ſeas;
In which ſpace often did his heart propoſe
Death to his eyes. But when Aurora roſe
And threw the third light from her orient haire,
The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire,
Not one breath ſtirring. Then he might deſcrie
(Rais'd by the high ſeas) cleare, the land was nie.

Ver. 506. *As pious children joy with vaſt delight.*] This is a

(Who ling'ring long has call'd on death in vain,
Fixt by ſome dæmon to the bed of pain,
'Till heav'n by miracle his life reſtore) 510
So joys Ulyſſes at th' appearing ſhore;
And ſees (and labours onward as he ſees)
The riſing foreſts, and the tufted trees.

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very beautiful compariſon, and well adapted to the occaſion. We miſtake the intention of it, as Euſtathius obſerves, if we imagine that Homer intended to compare the perſon of Ulyſſes to theſe children: it is introduced ſolely to expreſs the joy which he conceives at the ſight of land: if we look upon it in any other view, the reſemblance is loſt; for the children ſuffer not themſelves, but Ulyſſes is in the utmoſt diſtreſs. Theſe images drawn from common life are particularly affecting; they have relation to every man, as every man may poſſibly be in ſuch circumſtances: other images may be more noble, and yet leſs pleaſing: they may raiſe our admiration, but theſe engage our affections. P.

Ver. 509. *Fixt by ſome dæmon to the bed of pain.*] It was a prevailing opinion among the ancients, that the Gods were the authors of all diſeaſes incident to mankind. Hippocrates himſelf confeſſes that he had found ſome diſtempers, in which the hand of the Gods was manifeſt, θεῖόν τι, as Dacier obſerves. In this place this aſſertion has a peculiar beauty, it ſhews that the malady was not contracted by any vice of the father, but inflicted by an evil dæmon. Nothing is more evident, than that every perſon was ſuppoſed by the ancients to have a good and a bad dæmon attending him; what the Greeks called a dæmon, the Romans named a *genius*. I confeſs that this is no where directly affirmed in Homer, but as Plutarch obſerves, it is plainly intimated. In the ſecond book of the Iliad the word is uſed both in a good and bad ſenſe; when Ulyſſes addreſſes himſelf to the generals of the army, he ſays Δαιμόνι, in the better ſenſe; and immediately after he uſes it to denote a coward,

Δαιμόνι' ἀτρέμας ἧσο.

This is a ſtrong evidence, that the notion of a good and bad dæmon was believed in the days of Homer. P.

And now, as near approaching as the ſound
Of human voice the liſt'ning ear may wound, 515
Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murm'ring ſurges breaking on the ſhore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rolling ſea,
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight! 520
All-rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
Fear ſeiz'd his ſlacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus he commun'd with his ſoul apart.
Ah me! when o'er a length of waters toſt,
Theſe eyes at laſt behold th' unhop'd for coaſt, 525

Ver. 515.] The word *wound* is impropely uſed as a *generic* term for *ſtriking*, when it is only applicable to ſounds of harſh impreſſion or melancholy import. Thus?

And now *the wearied chief*, approaching near
As a man's voice may *ſtrike* the liſt'ning ear——.

Ver. 516.] Thus Ogilby;

—— —— he heard loud billows *roar*
Amongſt the rocks, and thunder 'gainſt the *ſhore*.

Ver. 518.] Our Poet ſhould have followed Ogilby in the accuracy of his rhymes;

For there no harbour was, no port, nor bay,
But rocks and ſtones, guarding the confines, lay.

Ver. 524. *Ah me! when e'er a length of waters toſt.*] Ulyſſes in this place calls as it were a council in his own breaſt; conſiders his danger, and how to free himſelf from it. But it may be aſked if it be probable that he ſhould have leiſure for ſuch a conſultation, in the time of ſuch imminent danger? The anſwer is, that nothing could be more happily imagined, to exalt his character; he is drawn with a great preſence of mind, in the moſt deſperate circumſtances: fear does not prevail over his reaſon; his wiſdom

No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above ſharp rocks forbid acceſs; around
Roar the wild waves; beneath, is ſea profound!
No footing ſure affords the faithleſs ſand, 530
To ſtem too rapid, and too deep to ſtand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Daſh'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the iſland if my courſe I bend,
Where the ports open or the ſhores deſcend, 535
Back to the ſeas the rolling ſurge may ſweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or ſome enormous whale the God may ſend,
(For many ſuch on Amphitrite attend)

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dictates the means of his preſervation; and his bravery of ſpirit ſupports him in the accompliſhment of it.

The Poet is alſo very judicious in the management of the ſpeech: it is conciſe, and therefore proper to the occaſion, there being no leiſure for prolixity; every image is drawn from the ſituation of the place, and his preſent condition; he follows nature, and nature is the foundation of true poetry. P.

Ver. 530.] I can make no ſenſe of this couplet. His original is:

Cloſe within ſhore the ſea is deep; my feet
Could find no ſtand, nor could I danger 'ſcape:

but our Poet was plainly miſled by Chapman:

So neare which 'tis ſo deepe, that not a *ſand*
Is there, for any tired foote to *ſtand*.

Ver. 531.] One of Johnſon's lines in Goldſmith's *Traveller* is:

To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go.

Ver. 536.] Or thus, more faithfully:

Back to the *main ſome ſudden guſt* may ſweep—.

Too well the turns of mortal chance I know, 540
And hate relentleſs of my heav'nly foe.
While thus he thought, a monſt'rous wave up-bore
The chief, and daſh'd him on the craggy ſhore:
Torn was his ſkin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But inſtant Pallas enter'd in his ſoul. 545
Cloſe to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung;
'Till the huge ſurge roll'd off: then backward ſweep
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the Polypus, from forth his cave 550
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;

Ver. 540.] Dryden in his Ode on St. Cecilia:

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various *turns of chance* below.

Ver. 544.] Thus his author:

Then had his ſkin been torn, nor ribs *left* whole;

as Ogilby and Hobbes: of whom the former thus:

There had his fleſh been rent, fractur'd his bones,
'Mongſt rowling pebbles, and ſharp pointed ſtones:

but our tranſlator choſe to follow Chapman:

— — — While thus diſcourſe he held,
A curſt ſurge, 'gainſt a cutting rocke impell'd
His naked bodie, which it gaſht and tore;
And had his bones broke, if but one ſea more
Had caſt him on it.

Ver. 547.] Concerning the contemptible tautology of this line, the reader may conſult Warburton's note on our Poet's imitation of Horace, book ii. epiſtle 2. verſe 175.

Ver. 550. *As when the Polypus.*] It is very ſurpriſing to ſee the prodigious variety with which Homer enlivens his poetry: he

His ragged claws are ſtuck with ſtones and ſands:
So the rough rock had ſhagg'd Ulyſſes' hands.
And now had periſh'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man; ev'n Fate had been in vain:
But all-ſubduing Pallas lent her pow'r, 556
And prudence ſav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating ſurge his courſe he bore,
(A wider circle, but in ſight of ſhore)

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riſes or falls as his ſubject leads him, and finds alluſions proper to repreſent an hero in battle, or a perſon in calamity. We have here an inſtance of it; he compares Ulyſſes to a Polypus; the ſimilitude is ſuited to the element, and to the condition of the perſon. It is obſervable, that this is the only full deſcription of a perſon ſhipwrecked in all his poems: he therefore gives a looſe to his imagination, and enlarges upon it very copiouſly. There appears a ſurpriſing fertility of invention through the whole of it: in what a variety of attitudes is Ulyſſes drawn, during the ſtorm, and at his eſcape from it? His ſoliloquies in the turns of his condition, while he is ſometimes almoſt out of danger, and then again involved in new difficulties, engage our hopes and fears. He ennobles the whole by his machinery, and Neptune, Pallas and Leucothea intereſt themſelves in his ſafety or deſtruction. He has likewiſe choſen the moſt proper occaſions for a copious deſcription; there is leiſure for it. The propoſition of the poem requires him to deſcribe a man of ſufferings in the perſon of Ulyſſes: he therefore no ſooner introduces him, but he throws him into the utmoſt calamities, and deſcribes them largely, to ſhew at once the greatneſs of his diſtreſs, and his wiſdom and patience under it. In what are the ſufferings of Æneas in Virgil comparable to theſe of Ulyſſes? Æneas ſuffers little perſonally in compariſon of Ulyſſes, his incidents have leſs variety, and conſequently leſs beauty. Homer draws his images from nature, but embelliſhes thoſe images with the utmoſt art, and fruitfulneſs of invention. P.

Ver. 558.] Thus Ogilby:

Her favorite rais'd, and on a billow *bore*,
Where he cou'd ſee a beech and ſmoother *ſhore*.

With longing eyes, obſerving, to ſurvey 560
Some ſmooth aſcent, or ſafe-ſequeſter'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he ſpy'd
A falling ſtream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the ſeas the ſhelving ſhore declin'd,
And form'd a bay, impervious to the wind. 565
To this calm port the glad Ulyſſes preſt,
And hail'd the river, and its God addreſt.

Whoe'er thou art, before whoſe ſtream unknown
I bend, a ſuppliant at thy wat'ry throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain 570
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heav'n hears and pities hapleſs men like me,
For ſacred ev'n to Gods is miſery:

Ver. 560.] There ſeems a redundancy of ſimilar expreſſions in this verſe, nor is the term *ſurvey*, I think, properly employed. I know not if the following line be preferable:

His eyes obſervant ſearch, perchance where lay—.

Ver. 562.] This is not an accurate tranſlation. Ogilby is more faithful to his author:

At laſt a pleaſant river's mouth he finds,
Free from rough clifts, ſafe from diſturbing winds.

Our tranſlator might take Hobbes for his guide:

And *'twixt the rocks* a pauſe there did appear.

Ver. 566.] This line is added by the tranſlator, and the next ſtands thus in his author:

He clearly ſaw the ſtream, and ſilent pray'd:

but Dacier is ſimilarly explanatory: "Il reconnut le courant, et dans ſon cœur adreſſant la parole *au Dieu de ce fleuve*, il dit."

Ver. 573. *For ſacred ev'n to Gods is miſery.*] This expreſſion is bold, yet reconcileable to truth: heaven in reality has regard

Let then thy waters give the weary reſt,
And ſave a ſuppliant, and a man diſtreſt. 575
He pray'd, and ſtraight the gentle ſtream ſubſides,
Detains the ruſhing current of his tides,
Before the wand'rer ſmooths the wat'ry way,
And ſoft receives him from the rolling ſea.

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to the miſery and affliction of good men, and at laſt delivers them from it. *Res eſt ſacra miſer*, as Dacier obſerves; and Seneca, in his *Diſſertation on Providence*, ſpeaks to this purpoſe: *Ecce ſpectaculum dignum ad quod reſpiciat, intentus operi ſuo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus!* Miſery is not always a puniſhment, but ſometimes a trial: this is agreeable to true Theology. P.

Ver. 574.] This diſtich ſeems partly formed from Chapman:

— — — — yeeld then ſome reſt
To him that is thy ſuppliant profeſt.

His author runs literally thus:

— — — — as I too now
Thy ſtreem and knees beſeech, much toil endur'd.
Be piteous, king! and hear thy ſuppliant's prayer.

Ver. 578. *Before the wand'rer ſmooths the wat'ry way.*] Such paſſages as theſe are bold yet beautiful. Poetry animates every thing, and turns rivers into Gods. But what occaſion is there for the intervention of this River-God to ſmooth the waters, when Pallas had already compoſed both the ſeas and the ſtorms? The words in the original ſolve the objection, πρόσθε δὲ οἱ ποίησε γαλήνην: or *ſmoothed the way before him*, that is, his own current: the actions therefore are different; Pallas gives a general calmneſs to the ſea, the River-God to his own current. P.

So Dryden, at a parallel paſſage, Æn. viii. 118.

Propitious Tyber *ſmooth'd his wat'ry way.*

But the rhymes of our Poet are incorrect. Thus?

Before the wand'rer ſmooths *his* wat'ry *plain*,
And ſoft receives him from the rolling *main*.

That moment, fainting as he touch'd the ſhore, 580
He dropt his ſinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His ſwol'n heart heav'd; his bloated body ſwell'd:
From mouth and noſe the briny torrent ran;
And loſt in laſſitude lay all the man, 585
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking, in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's ſcarf unbound;
Obſervant of her word, he turn'd aſide 590
His head, and caſt it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Ver. 581. *He dropt his ſinewy arms: his knees no more*
Perform'd their office.]

Euſtathius appears to me to give this paſſage a very forced interpretation; he imagines that the Poet, by ſaying that Ulyſſes bent his knees and arms, ſpoke philoſophically, and intended to expreſs that he contracted his limbs, that had been fatigued with the long extenſion in ſwimming, by a voluntary remiſſion; leſt they ſhould grow ſtiff, and loſe their natural faculty. But this is an impoſſibility: how could this be done, when he is ſpeechleſs, fainting, without pulſe and reſpiration? Undoubtedly Homer, as Dacier obſerves, means by the expreſſion of ἔκαμψε γόνατα καὶ χεῖρας, no more than that his limbs failed him, or he fainted. If the action was voluntary, it implies that he intended to refreſh them, for γόνυ κάμπτειν is generally uſed in that ſenſe by Homer: if involuntary, it ſignifies he fainted. P.

Ver. 586.] Thus Chapman:

— — — — voice and *breath*
Spent to all uſe; and downe he ſunke to *death*.

Ver. 592.] Ogilby has the ſame faulty rhymes juſt above:

Now parting from the ſtream, Ulyſſes found
A moſſy bank with pliant ruſhes crown'd; 595
The bank he preſs'd, and gently kiſs'd the ground;
Where on the flow'ry herb as ſoft he lay,
Thus to his ſoul the ſage began to ſay.
What will ye next ordain, ye pow'rs on high!
And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try? 600
Here by the ſtream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus ſpent already, how ſhall nature bear
The dews deſcending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
When morning riſes? If I take the wood, 605
And in thick ſhelter of innum'rous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle ſleep allows;

This ſaid, the river levells all his *waves*,
And in his quiet boſom him *receives*:
Whoſe couplet at this place is preferable upon the whole:
Which a ſwoln billow, carrying to the main,
Straight to the nymphs fair hands convey'd again,

Ver. 594.] The verſion here is very elegant, but owes ſome graces to the fancy of our Poet. The following is a literal tranſlation:

— — — he, parted from the ſtream, reclin'd
On a ruſh bed, and kiſt the bounteous earth;
Then with a ſigh beſpake his generous ſoul.

Ver. 603.] Chapman is very accurate in ſome reſpects:

— — — — the ſeas *chill breath*,
And *vegetant dews*, I feare will be my death.

Ver. 606.] We have here an expreſſion tranſplanted from Milton's Comus, verſe 349:

In this cloſe dungeon *of innumerous boughs*.

Tho' fenc'd from cold, and tho' my toil be paſt,
What ſavage beaſts may wander in the waſte?
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey 610
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.
Thus long debating in himſelf he ſtood:
At length he took the paſſage to the wood,
Whoſe ſhady horrours on a riſing brow 614
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the ſtream below.
There grew two olives, cloſeſt of the grove,
With roots intwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they ſmil'd
With ſiſter-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the ſun's meridian rays had pow'r, 620
Nor wind ſharp piercing, nor the ruſhing ſhow'r;
The verdant arch ſo cloſe its texture kept;
Beneath this covert, great Ulyſſes crept.

Ver. 609.] The paragraph might have been finiſhed thus, with rhymes unexceptionable, and complete juſtice to his author:

Some ſavage *monſters* may *devour at laſt:*

for Homer mentions *wild beaſts* merely, without ſpecification.

Ver. 612.] The tranſlation here is fanciful and paraphraſtical. Mr. Cowper's verſion is excellent, and only runs one line beyond the compaſs of his author. I ſhall preſent it to the reader:

Long time he muſed, but, at the laſt, his courſe
Bent to the woods, which not remote he ſaw
From the ſea-brink, conſpicuous on a hill;
Arrived, between two neighbour ſhrubs he crept,
Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild.

Ver. 620.] Or thus, more conformable to the phraſeology of his author:

Nor furious winds pierce through, nor ruſhing rain
E'en Phœbus darts his ſharpeſt rays in vain.

Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made, 624
(Thick ſtrown by tempeſt thro' the bow'ry ſhade)
Where three at leaſt might winter's cold defy,
Tho' Boreas rag'd along th' inclement ſky.
This ſtore, with joy the patient hero found,
And ſunk amidſt 'em, heap'd the leaves around.
As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide 630
Remote from neighbours in a foreſt wide,
Studious to ſave what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preſerves the ſeeds of fire:

Ver. 626.] Our Poet has improved on Ogilby:

There two or three might warm in winter ly,
Safe from fowl weather and a raging ſky.

Ver. 630. *As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide*
Remote from neighbours.]

Homer is very happy in giving dignity to low images. What can be more unpromiſing than this compariſon, and what more ſucceſsfully executed? Ulyſſes, in whom remains as it were but a ſpark of life, the vital heat being extinguiſhed by the ſhipwreck, is very juſtly compared to a brand, that retains only ſome ſmall remains of fire; the leaves that cover Ulyſſes, are repreſented by the embers, and the preſervation of the fire all night, paints the revival of his ſpirits by the repoſe of the night; the expreſſion,

——— Fated to reſide
Remote from neighbours,

is not added in vain; it gives, as Euſtathius farther obſerves, an air of credibility to the alluſion, as if it had really been drawn from ſome particular obſervation; a perſon that lives in a deſart being obliged to ſuch circumſtantial cares, where it is impoſſible to have a ſupply, for want of neighbours. Homer literally calls theſe remains *the ſeeds of fire*; Æſchylus in his Prometheus calls a ſpark of fire πυρὸς πηγὴν, or *a fountain of fire*; leſs happily in my judgment, the ideas of fire and water being contradictory. P.

Ver. 632.] Perhaps our Poet might caſt an eye on Hobbes:

Hid in dry foliage thus Ulyſſes lies,
'Till Pallas pour'd ſoft ſlumbers on his eyes; 635
And golden dreams (the gift of ſweet repoſe)
Lull'd all his cares, and baniſh'd all his woes.

As when a man takes up a brand of *fire*
In country-houſe, few neighbours dwelling near,
To warm himſelf withal if need *require*.

Ver. 634.] Thus, with more fidelity: for theſe *golden dreams* paſt through the ivory gate of our tranſlator's fancy:

And *inſtant clos'd his lids, that* ſweet repoſe
Might ſoothe his *toils*, and baniſh all his woes.

The Concluſion.] This book begins with the ſeventh day, and comprehends the ſpace of twenty-five days; the firſt of which is taken up in the meſſage of Mercury, and interview between Calypſo and Ulyſſes; the four following in the building of the veſſel; eighteen before the ſtorm, and two after it. So that one and thirty days are completed, ſince the opening of the poem. P.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

PALLAS appearing in a dream to Nauſicaa, (the daughter of Alçinous king of Phæacia) commands her to deſcend to the river, and waſh the robes of ſtate, in preparation to her nuptials. Nauſicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are ſpread on the bank, they divert themſelves in ſports. Their voices awake Ulyſſes, who addreſſing himſelf to the princeſs, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the iſland. P.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

WHILE thus the weary wand'rer ſunk to reſt,
And peaceful ſlumbers calm'd his anxious breaſt;
The martial maid from heav'n's aërial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the ſoft Phæacian train 5
In eaſe poſſeſt the wide Hyperian plain;
'Till the Cyclopean race in arms aroſe,
A lawleſs nation of gigantick foes:
Then great Nauſithous from Hyperia far,
Thro' ſeas retreating from the ſound of war, 10

The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never Science rear'd her laurel'd head.

NOTES.

Ver. 11.] This epithet *recreant*, as applied to the *Phæacians*, can only signify *spiritless*, or *cowardly*. It is certainly an unhappy word in this place.

Ver. 12. *Where never Science rear'd her laurel'd head.*] The Phæacians having a great share in the succeeding parts of the Odyssey, it may not be improper to enlarge upon their character. Homer has here described them very distinctly: he is to make use of the Phæacians to convey Ulysses to his country, he therefore, by this short character, gives the reader such an image of them, that he is not surprised at their credulity and simplicity, in believing all those fabulous recitals which Ulysses makes in the progress of the poem. The place likewise in which he describes them is well chosen; it is before they enter upon action, and by this method we know what to expect from them, and see how every action is naturally suited to their character.

Bossu observes, that the Poet has inserted this verse with great judgment: Ulysses, says he, knew that the Phæacians were simple and credulous; and that they had all the qualities of a lazy people, who admire nothing so much as romantick adventures: he therefore pleases them by recitals suited to their own humour: but even here the Poet is not unmindful of his more understanding readers; and the truth intended to be taught by way of moral is, that a soft and effeminate life breaks the spirit, and renders it incapable of manly sentiments or actions.

Plutarch seems to understand this verse in a different manner; he quotes it in his *Dissertation upon Banishment*, to shew that Nausithous made his people happy though he left his own country, and settled them far from the commerce of mankind, ἐπὶ ἀνθρώπων ἀλφηστάων, without any particular view to the Phæacians; which was undoubtedly intended by Homer, those words being a kind of a preface to their general character.

This Phæacia of the ancients is the island now called Corfu. The inhabitants of it were a colony of the Hyperians: Eustathius remarks, that it has been a question whether Hyperia were a city or an island; he judges it to be a city: it was infested by the

There, round his tribes a ſtrength of wall he rais'd;
To heav'n the glitt'ring domes and temples blaz'd:
Juſt to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds, 15
And ſhar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the ſilent grave the monarch lay,
And wiſe Alcinous held the regal ſway.
To his high palace thro' the fields of air
The Goddeſs ſhot; Ulyſſes was her care. 20
There as the night in ſilence roll'd away,
A heav'n of charms divine Nauſicaa lay:

Cyclops; but they had no ſhipping, as appears from the ninth of the Odyſſey, and conſequently if it had been an iſland, they could not have moleſted the Phæacians; he therefore concludes it to be a city, afterwards called Camarina in Sicily.

Mr. Barnes has here added a verſe that is not to be found in any other edition; and I have rendered it in the tranſlation. P.

Ver. 17.] This ſomewhat reſembles Ogilby, who is not contemptible:

But he deſcending to the Stygian ſhade,
Renown'd Alcinous the ſcepter ſway'd.

Ver. 19.] The couplet before us is looſely and indolently done. The following is a literal verſion:

Straight to his palace went the grey-ey'd maid,
Providing for the great-ſoul'd chief's return.

Thus Pope in *The Rape of the Lock*, i. 66.

And ſport and flutter in *the fields of air*.

Thro' the thick gloom the ſhining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewleſs air, the warriour-maid 25
Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head;
A fav'rite virgin's blooming form ſhe took,
From Dymas ſprung, and thus the viſion ſpoke:
Oh indolent! to waſte thy hours away!
And ſleep'ſt thou careleſs of the bridal day? 30
Thy ſpouſal ornament neglected lies;
Ariſe, prepare the bridal train, ariſe!

Ver. 23.] The rhymes of this and the *two* next couplets are partly inaccurate and partly vile, ſufficiently ſignificant of a different tranſlator from Pope himſelf.

Ver. 24. *Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a grace.*] The Poet, as Euſtathius obſerves, celebrates the beauty of theſe two attending virgins to raiſe their characters, that they may not be eſteemed common ſervants, or the Poet thought extravagant, when he compares Nauſicaa and her damſels to Diana and her nymphs.

The judgment with which he introduces the viſion is remarkable: in the Iliad, when he is to give an air of importance to his viſion, he clothes it in the likeneſs of Neſtor, the wiſeſt perſon of the army; a man of leſs conſideration had been unſuitable to the greatneſs of the occaſion, which was to perſuade kings and heroes. Here the Poet ſends a viſion to a young lady, under the reſemblance of a young lady: he adapts the circumſtances to the perſon, and deſcribes the whole with an agreeable propriety. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 31.] *The ſpouſal ornament neglected lies;*
Ariſe, prepare the bridal train ——]

Here is a remarkable cuſtom of antiquity. Euſtathius obſerves, that it was uſual for the bride to give changes of dreſs to the

A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.

---

friends of the bridegroom at the celebration of the marriage, and Homer directly affirms it. Dacier quotes a passage in Judges concerning Sampson's giving changes of garments at his marriage feast, as an instance of the like custom amongst the Israelites; but I believe, if there was such a custom at all amongst them, it is not evident from the passage alledged: nothing is plainer, than that Sampson had not given the garments, if his riddle had not been expounded: nay, instead of giving, he himself had received them, if it had not been interpreted. I am rather of opinion that what is said of Sampson, has relation to another custom amongst the ancients, of proposing an ænigma at festivals, and adjudging a reward to him that solved it. These the Greeks called γρίφους Συμποτικοὺς; *griphos convivales*; Athenæus has a long dissertation about this practice in his tenth book, and gives a number of instances of the ænigmatical propositions in use at Athens, and of the forfeitures and rewards upon the solution, and non-solution of them; and Eustathius in the tenth book of the Odyssey comes into the same opinion. So that if it was a custom amongst the Israelites as well as Greeks, to give garments, (as it appears to be to give other gifts) this passage is no instance of it: it is indeed a proof that the Hebrews as well as Greeks had a custom of entertaining themselves at their festivals, with these *griphi convivales:* I therefore believe that these changes of garments were no more than rewards or forfeits, according to the success of the interpretation. P.

Ver. 32.] An idle verse, nothing like his author, who runs thus:

Thy wedding comes, when beauteous robes thyself
Must wear, and give to all thy nuptial train.

Ver. 33. *A just applause the cares of dress impart.*] It is very probable that Quintilian had this verse in his view when he wrote *Cultus magnificus addit hominibus, ut Græco versu testatum est, authoritatem.* His words are almost a translation of it.

Ἐκ γάρ τοι τούτων φάτις ἀνθρώπους ἀναβαίνει
Ἐσθλή.

What I would chiefly observe, is, the propriety with which this commendation of dress is introduced; it is put into the mouth of

Haſte, to the limpid ſtream direct thy way, 35
When the gay morn unveils her ſmiling ray:
Haſte to the ſtream! companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy ſteps attend, thy labours ſhare.

---

a young Lady (for ſo Pallas appears to be) to whoſe character it is ſuitable to delight in ornament. It likewiſe agrees very well with the deſcription of the Phæacians, whoſe chief happineſs conſiſted in dancing, dreſſing, ſinging, &c. Such a commendation of ornament would have been improper in the mouth of a philoſopher, but beautiful when ſpoken by a young lady to Nauſicaa. P.

Ver. 35. *Haſte, to the limpid ſtream.*] This paſſage has not eſcaped the raillery of the criticks; Homer, ſay they, brings the Goddeſs of Wiſdom down from heaven, only to adviſe Nauſicaa to make haſte to waſh her cloaths againſt her wedding; what neceſſity is there for a conduct ſo extraordinary upon ſo trivial an occaſion? Euſtathius ſufficiently anſwers the objection, by obſerving that the Poet very naturally brings about the ſafety of Ulyſſes by it; the action of the waſhing is the means, the protection of Ulyſſes the end of the deſcent of that Goddeſs; ſo that ſhe is not introduced lightly, or without contributing to an important action: and it muſt be allowed, that the means made uſe of are very natural; they grow out of the occaſion, and at once give the fable a poetical turn, and an air of probability.

It has been farther objected, that the Poet gives an unworthy employment to Nauſicaa, the daughter of a king; but ſuch criticks form their idea of ancient from modern greatneſs: it would be now a meanneſs to deſcribe a perſon of quality thus employed, becauſe cuſtom has made it the work of perſons of low condition: it would now be thought diſhonourable for a lady of high ſtation to attend the flocks; yet we find in the moſt ancient hiſtory extant, that the daughters of Laban and Jethro, perſons of power and diſtinction, were ſo employed, without any diſhonour to their quality. In ſhort, theſe paſſages are to be looked upon as exact pictures of the old world, and conſequently as valuable remains of antiquity. P.

Virgin awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs
sigh! 40
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave,
Where their fair vests Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
And majesty derives a grace from state. 46
Then to the palaces of heav'n she sails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:

Ver. 41. *The royal car obtain.*] It would have been an impropriety to have rendered ἅμαξαν by the word chariot; Homer seems industriously to avoid ἅρμα, but constantly uses ἀπήνη, or ἅμαξα; this car was drawn by mules; whereas, observes Eustathius, the chariot or ἅρμα was proper only for horses. The word car takes in the idea of any other vehicle, as well as of a chariot.

This passage has undergone a very severe censure, as mean and ridiculous, chiefly from the expressions to her father afterwards, ὑψηλὴν, εὔκυκλον: which being rendered, *high, and round*, disgrace the author; no person, I believe, would ask a father to lend his high and round car; nor has Homer said it: Eustathius observes, that εὔκυκλον is the same as εὔτροχος, κύκλα λέγουσαι οἱ τρόχοι, or wheels; and that ὑπερῴα, is τὸ ἐπικείμενον τετράγωνον πλινθίον τῷ ἄξονι, or the quadrangular body of the car that rests upon the axle of it; this fully answers the criticism: Nausicaa describes the car so particularly, to distinguish it from a chariot, which had been improper for her purpose: the other part of the objection, concerning the roundness of the car, is a mistake in the critick; the word having relation to the wheels, and not to the body of it, which, as Eustathius observes, was quadrangular. P.

Ver. 47. *Then to the palaces of heav'n she sails.*] Lucretius has copied this fine passage, and equalled, if not surpassed the original.

The ſeat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm Eternity of eaſe. 50
There no rude winds preſume to ſhake the ſkies,
No rains deſcend, no ſnowy vapours riſe;
But on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe;
The firmament with living ſplendours glows.
Hither the Goddeſs wing'd th' aërial way, 55
Thro' heav'n's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her roſy car Aurora ſhed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.

"Apparet divûm numen, ſedeſque quietæ,
"Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis
"Aſpergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruinâ
"Cana cadens violat: ſemperque innubilus æther
"Integit, & largè diffuſo lumine ridet."

The picture is the ſame in both authors, but the colouring in my opinion is leſs beautiful in Homer than Lucretius: the three laſt lines in particular are fuller of ornament, and the very verſes have an air of the ſerenity they were intended to paint. P.

This is the licentious fancy of our tranſlator. Homer ſays only:

Pallas with azure eyes, thus ſpeaking, went
Back to Olympus.

Ver. 49.] Theſe poor rhymes of this poor tranſlation might be ſuggeſted by Creech's verſion of the parallel paſſage in Lucretius, at the beginning of his *third* book:

There bounteous Nature makes ſupplies for *eaſe*
There minds enjoy an undiſturbed *peace*.

Thus?

Then ſped the blue-ey'd Goddeſs to the ſky,
Where the bleſs'd Gods' unſhaken manſions lie:
No winds tempeſtuous there preſume to blow;
No ruſhing ſhower deforms, nor driving ſnow:

Uprose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night. 60
The queen she sought: the queen her hours bestow'd
In curious works; the whirling spindle glow'd
With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council sat; 65
From his high dome the king descends in state,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him passing, and submissive said;
Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain? 70
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way,
Where thro' the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day, 75
And spotless robes become the young and gay:

There ether spreads unclouded and serene,
And spotless radiance brightens all the scene.
There pass heaven's blissful lords each hour away,
And pleasure crowns their everlasting day.

Ver. 61. — — — *the queen her hours bestow'd*
In curious works———]

This is another image of ancient life: we see a queen amidst her attendants at work at the dawn of day: *de nocte surrexit, & digiti ejus apprehenderant fusum.* This is a practice as contrary to the manners of our ages, as the other of washing the robes: it is the more remarkable in this queen, because she lived amongst an idle effeminate people, that loved nothing but pleasures. *Dacier.* P.

So when with praiſe amid the dance they ſhine,
By theſe my cares adorn'd, that praiſe is mine.
Thus ſhe: but bluſhes ill-reſtrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day: 80
The conſcious ſire the dawning bluſh ſurvey'd,
And ſmiling thus beſpoke the blooming maid.
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter aſks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train 85
The car prepare, the mules inceſſant rein.
The blooming virgin with diſpatchful cares
Tunicks, and ſtoles, and robes imperial bears.
The queen aſſiduous, to her train aſſigns
The ſumptuous viands, and the flav'rous wines.

Ver. 79.] The tranſlator indulges his own fancy, inſtead of attending to the ſenſe of his author. Chapman is faithful:

This generall cauſe ſhe ſhew'd; and would not name
Her mind of nuptials to her ſire, for ſhame.
He underſtood her yet; and thus replide.

Ver. 83.] What follows is a literal verſion of this anſwer:

Nor grudge I, child! the mules, nor aught beſides.
Go; and the ſervants ſhall prepare a car,
Lofty, well-wheel'd, in all things full-equipp'd.

Ver. 88. *Tunicks, and ſtoles, and robes imperial bears.*] It is not without reaſon that the Poet deſcribes Nauſicaa carrying the whole wardrobe of the family to the river: he inſerts theſe circumſtances ſo particularly, that ſhe may be able to clothe Ulyſſes in the ſequel of the ſtory: he further obſerves the modeſty and ſimplicity of thoſe early times, when the whole dreſs of a king and his family (who reigned over a people that delighted in dreſs) is without gold: for we ſee Nauſicaa carries with her all the habits that were uſed at the greateſt ſolemnities; which had they been wrought with gold could not have been waſhed. *Euſtathius.* P.

The train prepare a cruiſe of curious mould, 91
A cruiſe of fragrance, form'd of burniſh'd gold;
Odour divine! whoſe ſoft refreſhing ſtreams
Sleek the ſmooth ſkin, and ſcent the ſnowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay ſeat, the ſilken reins 95
Shine in her hand: along the ſounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damſels ſhone.
They ſeek the ciſterns where Phæacian dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;

Ver. 93.] A rambling couplet of execrable rhymes, to repreſent the following line of his author:

Ointment for her, and her attendant maids.

Ver. 95. *Now mounting the gay ſeat, &c.*] This image of Nauſicaa riding in her car to the river, has exerciſed the pencils of excellent painters. Pauſanias in his fifth book, which is the firſt of the Eliacks, ſpeaks of a picture of two virgins drawn by mules, of which the one guides the reins, the other has her head covered with a veil: it is believed that it repreſents Nauſicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, going with one of her virgins to the river. The words of Pauſanias have cauſed ſome doubt with relation to the picture; he ſays, ἐπὶ ἡμιόνων, or *upon mules*, but Homer deſcribes her upon a car; how then can Nauſicaa be intended by the painter? But Romulus Amaſæus, who comments upon Pauſanias, ſolves the difficulty, by obſerving that ἐπὶ ἡμιόνων does not ſignify upon mules, but a car drawn by mules, by a figure frequent in all authors. Pliny is alſo thus to be underſtood in his thirty-fifth book; Protogenes the Rhodian painted at Athens, Paralus, and likewiſe Hemionida, who is ſaid to repreſent Nauſicaa; Hemionida is uſed (as Hermolaus Barbarus obſerves upon that paſſage) as a term of art to expreſs a virgin riding upon, or more properly drawn by mules, or ἐπὶ ἡμιόνων. *Spondanus.* P.

Ver. 98.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, xi. 582.

— — — when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women.

Ver. 99.] Or thus, with a leſs exceptionable rhyme:

Where gathering into depth from falling rills, 101
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.

They ſeek the ciſterns, where the river leads.
His copious chryſtal current thro' the meads.

Ver. 101. *Where gathering into depth from falling rills,*
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.]

It is evident, that the antients had baſons, or ciſterns, continually ſupplied by the rivers for this buſineſs of waſhing; they were called, obſerves Euſtathius, πλυνοὶ, or βόθροι; and were ſometimes made of marble, other times of wood. Thus in the Iliad, book xxii.

Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills,
Where Trojan dames, ere yet alarm'd by Greece,
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

The manner of waſhing was different from what is now in uſe: they trode them with their feet, Στιβοῦν, ἴτριβον τοῖς ποσί. *Euſtathius.*

It may be thought that theſe cuſtoms are of ſmall importance, and of little concern to the preſent ages: it is true; but time has ſtamped a value upon them: like ancient medals, their intrinſick worth may be ſmall, but yet they are valuable, becauſe images of antiquity.

Plutarch in his Sympoſiacks propoſes this queſtion, Why Nauſicaa waſhes in the river, rather than the ſea, though it was more nigh, more hot, and conſequently more fit for the purpoſe than the river? Theon anſwers from Ariſtotle, that the ſea-water has many groſs, rough, and earthy particles in it, as appears from its ſaltneſs, whereas freſh water is more pure and unmixt, and conſequently more ſubtle and penetrating, and fitter for uſe in waſhing. Themiſtocles diſlikes this reaſon, and affirms that ſea-water being more rough and earthy than that of rivers, is therefore the moſt proper, for its cleanſing quality; this appears from obſervation, for in waſhing, aſhes, or ſome ſuch ſubſtance are thrown into the freſh water to make it effectual, for thoſe particles open the pores, and conduce to the effect of cleanſing. The true reaſon then is, that there is an unctuous nature in ſea-water (and Ariſtotle confeſſes all ſalt to be unctuous) which hinders it from cleanſing: whereas river-water is pure, leſs mixt, and conſequently more

The mules unharness'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave, 105
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand:)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil; 110
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play:
(Their shining veils unbound.) Along the skies
Tost, and retost, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice, 115
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heav'n rejoice.

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subtle and penetrating, and being free from all oily substance, is preferable and more effectual than sea-water. P.

Ver. 103.] Thus, more faithfully:

The mules, unharness'd, *by the river go*;
And crop the *herbs that on the margin grow*.

Ver. 108.] This verse is added by the translator; nor is it unseasonable or inelegant.

Ver. 109.] So Chapman:

They bath'd themselves; and all with glitt'ring *oile*
Smooth'd their white skins; refreshing then their *toile*
With pleasant dinner.

Compare our translation above, verse 94.

Ver. 115.] Our Poet is sufficiently audacious here. His author had said merely,

For them Nausicaa fair began the song.

A much better couplet may be constructed from the rhymes of Ogilby:

Nausicaa fair amidst her virgin train
Began, melodious, the responsive strain.

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Täygetus resounding groves;

Ver. 117. *As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves.*] This is a very beautiful comparison, (and whenever I say any thing in commendation of Homer, I would always be understood to mean the original.) Virgil was sensible of it, and inserted it in his poem.

" Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
" Exercet Diana choros; quam mille secutæ
" Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
" Fert humero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnes:
" Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus."

It has given occasion for various criticisms, with relation to the beauty of the two authors. I will lay before the reader what is said in behalf of Homer in Aulus Gellius, and the answer by Scaliger.

Gellius writes, that it was the opinion of Valerius Probus, that no passage has been more unhappily copied by Virgil, than this comparison. Homer very beautifully compares Nausicaa, a virgin, sporting with her damsels in a solitary place, to Diana, a virgin Goddess, taking her diversion in a forest, in hunting with her rural nymphs. Whereas Dido, a widow, is drawn by Virgil in the midst of a city, walking gravely with the Tyrian princes, *Instans operi, regnisque futuris*; a circumstance that bears not the least resemblance to the sports of the Goddess. Homer represents Diana with her quiver at her shoulder, but at the same time he describes her as an huntress: Virgil gives her a quiver, but mentions nothing of her as an huntress, and consequently lays a needless burthen upon her shoulder. Homer excellently paints the fulness of joy which Latona felt at the sight of her daughter, γήθει δὲ τε φρένα Λητώ; Virgil falls infinitely short of it in the word *pertentant*, which signifies a light joy that sinks not deep into the heart. Lastly, Virgil has omitted the strongest point and very flower of the comparison,

Ῥεῖα δ' ἀριδείκετη πέλεται, καλαὶ δέ τε πᾶσαι.

It is the last circumstance that compleats the comparison, as it distinguishes Nausicaa from her attendants, for which very purpose the allusion was introduced.

Scaliger (who never deserts Virgil in any difficulty) answers, that the persons, not the places, are intended to be represented

A ſilvan train the huntreſs queen ſurrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds : 120

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by both Poets; otherwiſe Homer himſelf is blameable, for Nauſicaa is not ſporting on a mountain but a plain, and has neither bow nor quiver like Diana. Neither is there any weight in the objection concerning the gravity of the gait of Dido; for neither is Nauſicaa deſcribed in the act of hunting, but dancing: and as for the word *pertentant*, it is a metaphor taken from muſicians and muſical inſtruments: it denotes a ſtrong degree of joy, *per* bears an intenſive ſenſe, and takes in the perfection of joy. As to the quiver, it was an enſign of the Goddeſs, as Ἀῤιγυρότοξος was of Apollo, and is applied to her upon all occaſions indifferently, not only by Virgil, but more frequently by Homer. Laſtly, ῥεῖα δ' ἀῤιγνώτη, &c. is ſuperfluous; for the joy of Latona compleats the whole, and Homer has already ſaid γέγηθε δὲ τὸ φρένα Λητώ.

But ſtill it muſt be allowed, that there is a greater correſpondence to the ſubject intended to be illuſtrated, in Homer than in Virgil. Diana ſports, ſo does Nauſicaa; Diana is a virgin, ſo is Nauſicaa: Diana is amongſt her virgin nymphs, Nauſicaa among her virgin attendants; whereas, in all theſe points, there is the greateſt diſſimilitude between Dido and Diana: and no one I believe, but Scaliger, can think the verſe above quoted ſuperfluous; which, indeed, is the beauty and perfection of the compariſon. There may, perhaps, be a more rational objection made againſt this line in both poets.

"Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus."

This verſe has no relation to the principal ſubject, the expectation is fully ſatisfied without it, and it alludes to nothing that either precedes or follows it, and conſequently may be judged ſuperfluous. P.

Ver. 120.] This verſe is expended from a ſingle word in his original, the epithet of Diana, ſignifying *rejoicing in arrows*. But ſurely the reader needed not to be told, that a *ratling* quiver *ſounds!* This *ſimile*, however, is tolerably executed upon the whole, but without any obligation to Dryden's verſion of Virgil's imitation of it in the *firſt* Æneid. Had the paſſage before us fallen to the lot of Pope, he would have conſulted Dryden; would have ſpared

Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chaſe the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn, with more majeſtick pace,
Above the nymphs ſhe treads with ſtately grace;
Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the Goddeſs proves; 125
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nauſicaa trod the plain,
And ſhone tranſcendent o'er the beauteous train.
Meantime (the care and fav'rite of the ſkies)
Wrapt in embow'ring ſhade, Ulyſſes lies, 130
His woes forgot! but Pallas now addreſt
To break the bands of all-compoſing reſt.
Forth from her ſnowy hand Nauſicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew, 134

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no pains to give excellence to his efforts, nor have diſdained to borrow a grace from his predeceſſor to adorn his own tranſlation of ſo beautiful a paſſage.

Ver. 129.] The rambling licentiouſneſs of our Poet will be moſt effectually ſeen from a literal and commenſurate verſion:

When now the princeſs for return prepar'd,
With harneſs'd mules, and veſtments folded up,
The blue-ey'd Goddeſs fram'd a new device,
To ſhew the waking chief the beauteous maid,
His kind conductreſs to Phæacia's town.
The ball, which tow'rd her damſel caſt the queen,
Erroneous, in a whirlpool deep was plung'd.
Loudly they ſhriek, and ſtraight Ulyſſes wakes;
Sits upright, muſing in his troubled mind.

Ver. 133.] *Forth from her ſnowy hand Nauſicaa threw*
The various ball ——]

This play with the ball was called φαινὶς, and ἐφεδρίνδα, by the ancients; and from the ſignification of the word, which is *deception*, we may learn the nature of the play: the ball was thrown to ſome

And ſwam the ſtream: loud ſhrieks the virgin train,
And the loud ſhriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the ſhrilling ſound, Ulyſſes roſe,
And to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes.

---

one of the players unexpectedly, and he as unexpectedly threw it to ſome other of the company to catch, from which ſurpriſe upon one another it took the name of φενὶς. It was a ſport much in uſe among the ancients, both men and women; it cauſed a variety of motions in throwing and running, and was therefore a very healthful exerciſe. The Lacedæmonians were remarkable for the uſe of it; Alexander the Great frequently exerciſed at it; and Sophocles wrote a play, called Πλυνῆρίας, or *Lotrices*; in which he repreſented Nauſicaa ſporting with her damſels at this play: it is not now extant.

Dionyſidorus gives us a various reading, inſtead of Σφαῖραν ἵπτειτ' ἄρ' ἐνῷ, he writes it, πάλλαν ἵπτειτ', which the Latins render πῶλον, and Suidas countenances the alteration, for he writes that a damſel named Lariſſa, as ſhe ſported at this play (πῶλῳ, not Σφαίρῃ) was drowned in the river Peneus. *Euſtathius.*

What I would further obſerve is, the art of the Poet in carrying on the ſtory: he proceeds from incident to incident very naturally, and makes the ſports of theſe virgins contribute to the principal deſign of the poem, and promote the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes, by diſcovering him advantageouſly to the Phæacians. He ſo judiciouſly interweaves theſe ſports into the texture of the ſtory, that there would be a chaſm if they were taken away; and the ſports of the virgins are as much of a piece with the whole, as any of the labours of Ulyſſes.

The Poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct: it beautifies and enlivens the poem with a pleaſant and entertaining ſcene, and relieves the reader's mind by taking it off from a continual repreſentation of horrour and ſufferings in the ſtory of Ulyſſes: he himſelf ſeems here to take breath, and indulging his fancy, lets it run out into ſeveral beautiful compariſons, to prepare the reader to hear with a better reliſh the long detail of the calamities of his hero, through the ſequel of the Odyſſey. P.

Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
On what new region is Ulysses tost: 140
Possest by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the shores:
The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bow'rs,
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood; 145
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;

Ver. 139. *Ah me! on what inhospitable coast.*] This soliloquy is well adapted to the circumstances of Ulysses; and short, as is requisite in all soliloquies.

Virgil has imitated it, and Scaliger in general prefers the copy to the original.

"Ut primum lux alma data est, exire, locosque
"Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras:
"Qui teneant (nam inculta videt) hominesne, feræne,
"Quærere constituit"——

But it may perhaps be true, that Virgil here falls short of Homer: there is not that harmony of numbers, that variety of circumstances and sentiments in the Latin, as appears in the Greek Poet; and above all, the whole passage has more force and energy by being put into the mouth of Ulysses, than when merely related by Virgil.

Dacier observes, that Abraham makes the very same reflections as Ulysses, upon his arrival at Gerar. *Cogitavi mecum dicens, Forsitan non est timor domini in loco isto.* Gen. xx. 11. *I thought, surely the fear of God is not in this place*; which very well answers to καί σφιν νόος ἐστὶ θεοῦς. P.

The rhymes are faulty. Thus? more exactly:

Ah! me, among what mortals am I cast?
What unknown region have I found at last?

Ver. 143.] Or thus, to escape the faulty rhymes:

Thine ears some virgins' tender voice surrounds;
But virgin-nymphs, and more than mortal sounds.

Ver. 145.] So Chapman:

Or human voice? but, iſſuing from the ſhades,
Why ceaſe I ſtraight to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends;
With forceful ſtrength a branch the hero rends; 150
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing ſhades.

On tops of hils? or in the founts of *floods?*
In herbie marſhes, or in leavy *woods?*

But the couplet of our verſion bewrays the hand of a more noble artiſt, at Iliad xx. verſe 13.

Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure ſiſter of the ſilver flood.

Ver. 151. *Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads*
A wreathy foliage and concealing ſhades.]

This paſſage has given great offence to the criticks. The interview between Ulyſſes and Nauſicaa, ſays Rapin, outrages all the rules of decency: ſhe forgets her modeſty, and betrays her virtue, by giving too long an audience: ſhe yields too much to his complaints, and indulges her curioſity too far at the ſight of a perſon in ſuch circumſtances. But perhaps Rapin is too ſevere: Homer has guarded every circumſtance with as much caution as if he had been aware of the objection: he covers his loins with a broad foliage, (for Euſtathius obſerves, that πόρθος ſignifies κλάδος πλατύς, or *a broad branch*) he makes Ulyſſes ſpeak at a proper diſtance, and introduces Minerva to encourage her virgin modeſty. Is there here any outrage of decency? Beſides, what takes off this objection of immodeſty in Nauſicaa, is, that the ſight of a naked man was not unuſual in thoſe ages: it was cuſtomary for virgins of the higheſt quality to attend heroes to the bath, and even to aſſiſt in bathing them, without any breach of modeſty; as is evident from the conduct of Polycaſte in the concluſion of the third book of the Odyſſey, who bathes and perfumes Telemachus. If this be true, the other objections of Rapin about her yielding too much to his complaints, &c. are of no weight; but ſo many teſti-

As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts and wet with wint'ry show'rs,

---

monies of her virtuous and compassionate disposition, which induces her to pity and relieve calamity. Yet it may seem that the other damsels had a different opinion of this interview, and that through modesty they ran away, while Nausicaa alone talks with Ulysses: but this only shews, not that she had less modesty, but more prudence, than her retinue. The damsels fled not out of modesty, but fear of any enemy: whereas Nausicaa wisely reflects that no such person could arrive there, the country being an island; and from his appearance, she rightly concluded him to be a man in calamity. This Wisdom is the Pallas in the allegory, which makes her to stay when the other damsels fly for want of equal reflection. Adam and Eve covered themselves after the same manner as Ulysses. P.

Or thus, an account of the defective rhymes:

Around his loins, his naked form to screen,
Of wreathy foliage spreads a cincture green.

Ver. 153. *As when a lion in the midnight hours.*] This is a very noble comparison, yet has not escaped censure: it has been objected that it is improper for the occasion, as bearing images of too much terrour, only to fright a few timorous virgins, and that the Poet is unseasonably sublime. This is only true in burlesque poetry, where the most noble images are frequently assembled to disgrace the subject, and to shew a ridiculous disproportion between the allusion and the principal subject; but the same reason will not hold in epick poetry, where the Poet raises a low circumstance into dignity by a sublime comparison. The simile is not introduced merely to shew the impression it made upon the virgins, but paints Ulysses himself in very strong colours: Ulysses is fatigued with the tempests and waves; the lion with winds and storms; it is hunger that drives the lion upon his prey; an equal necessity compels Ulysses to go down to the virgins; the lion is described in all his terrours, Ulysses arms himself as going upon an unknown adventure; so that the comparison is very noble and very proper. This verse in particular has something horrible in the very run of it.

Σμερδαλέος δ' αὐτῇσι φάνη κεκακωμένος ἅλμῃ.

Descends terrifick from the mountain's brow: 155
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey;
(The steer or stag:) or with keen hunger bold
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold. 160
No less a terrour, from the neighb'ring groves
(Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms;
The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry 165
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.

Dionysius Halicarnassus, in his observations upon the placing of words quotes it to this purpose: when Homer, says he, is to introduce a terrible or unusual image, he rejects the more flowing and harmonious vowels, and makes choice of such mutes and consonants as load the syllables, and render the pronunciation difficult.

Pausanias writes in his Atticks, that the famous painter Polygnotus painted this subject in the gallery at Athens. Ἔγραψε δὲ καὶ πρὸς τῷ ποταμῷ ταῖς ὁμοῦ πλυνούσαις ἐφιστάμενον Ὀδυσσέα; he painted Ulysses approaching Nausicaa and her damsels, as they were washing at the river. This is the same Polygnotus who painted in the gallery called ποικίλη, the battle of Marathon gained by Miltiades over the Medes and Persians. P.

Ver. 161.] Or better, perhaps,

No less *terrific*, from the neighb'ring groves:

but the passage before us is evidently of difficult translation, and is executed, I think, with considerable ability.

Meantime in dubious thought the King awaits,
And ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates; 170
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the pray'r.
But fearful to offend, by wiſdom ſway'd,
At awful diſtance he accoſts the maid.
If from the ſkies a Goddeſs, or if earth 175
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,

Ver. 169.] Our tranſlator is very conciſe with his author. Chapman is full and accurate, and may be read with pleaſure:

— — — — And here was he
Put to his wiſdome; if her virgin knee,
He ſhould be bold, but kneeling, to embrace,
Or keepe aloofe, and trie with words of grace,
In humbleſt ſuppliance, if he might obtaine
Some cover for his nakednes, and gaine
Her grace to ſhew and guide him to the towne.
The laſt, he beſt thought, to be worth his owne,
In weighing both well: to keepe ſtill aloofe,
And give with ſoft words, his deſires their proofe,
Leſt preſſing ſo neare, as to touch her knee,
He might encenſe her maiden modeſtie.
This faire and fil'd ſpeech then, ſhewd this was he.

Ver. 175. *If from the ſkies a Goddeſs, or if earth*
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend!]

There never was a more agreeable and inſinuating piece of flattery, than this addreſs of Ulyſſes; and yet nothing mean appears in it, as is uſual in almoſt all flattery. The only part that ſeems liable to any imputation, is that exaggeration at the beginning, of calling her a Goddeſs; yet this is propoſed with modeſty and doubt, and hypothetically. Euſtathius aſſigns two reaſons why he reſembles her to Diana, rather than to any other Deity; either becauſe he found her and her damſels in a ſolitary place,

To thee I bend! if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the ſkies,

ſuch as Diana is ſuppoſed to frequent with her rural nymphs; or perhaps Ulyſſes might have ſeen ſome ſtatue or picture of that Goddeſs, to which Nauſicaa bore a likeneſs. Virgil (who has imitated this paſſage) is more bold, when without any doubt or heſitation, before he knew Venus, he pronounces the perſon with whom he talks, *O Dea, certè.*

Ovid has copied this paſſage in his Metamorphoſis, book the fourth;

" — — — puer ô digniſſime credi
" Eſſe Deus! ſeu tu Deus es; potes eſſe Cupido:
" Sive es mortalis; qui te genuere beati,
" Et frater felix, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix!
" Sed longe cunctis longeque potentior illa
" Si qua tibi ſponſa eſt, ſi quam dignabere tædâ!"

Scaliger prefers Virgil's imitation to Homer;

" O, quam te memorem, virgo! namque haud tibi vultus
" Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat. O Dea, certè!
" An Phœbi ſoror, an nympharum ſanguinis una?"

See his reaſons in the fifth book of his Poeticks. But Scaliger brings a much heavier charge againſt Homer, as having ſtolen the verſes from Muſæus, and diſgraced them by his alterations. The verſes are as follow:

Κύπρι φίλη μεῖλὰ Κύπριν, Ἀθηναίη μετ' Ἀθηνῆν,
Οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίησιν ἴσην καλέω Ϛε γυναιξίν.
Ἀλλά Ϛε θυγατέρεσσι Διὸς Κρονιώνο ἐίσκω,
Ὄλβιος ὅς σ' ἐφύτευσε, καὶ ὀλβίη ἣ τέκε μήτηρ,
Γαστὴρ, ἥ σ' ἐλόχευσε, μακαρτάτη.

Scaliger imagines this Muſæus to be the ſame mentioned by Virgil in the Elyſian fields,

" Muſæum ante omnes," &c.

But I believe it is now agreed, that all the works of the ancient Muſæus are periſhed, and that the perſon who wrote theſe verſes lived many centuries after Homer, and conſequently borrowed them from him. Scaliger calls them fine and lively in Muſæus, but abject, unnervate, and unharmonious in Homer. But his pre-

Hail, Dian, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtick, and ſo ſtately moves, 180
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſprung,
Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
Bleſt are the brethren who thy blood divide, 185
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze,
When ſtately in the dance you ſwim th' harmonious maze.

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judice againſt Homer is too apt to give a wrong biaſs to his judgment. Is the ſimilitude of ſound in ησιν ἴσην, in the ſecond verſe of Muſæus, harmonious? and is there not a tautology in the two laſt lines? *Happy is the mother that bore thee, and moſt happy the womb that brought thee forth*; as if the happy perſon in the former line, were not the ſame with the moſt happy in the latter! Whereas Homer ſtill riſes in his images, and ends with a compliment very agreeable to a beautiful woman.

But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!

But this is ſubmitted to the reader's better judgment. P.

So Chapman below:

If ſprong of humanes, that inhabite *earth*,
Thrice bleſt are both the authors of your *birth*.

Ver. 187. *Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze.*] In the original there is a falſe conſtruction, for after Φίσι θυμὸς ἰαίνεται, Ulyſſes uſes λευσσόντων, whereas it ought to be λευσέσι; but this diſorder is not without its effect, it repreſents the modeſt confuſion with which he addreſſes Nauſicaa; he is ſtruck with a religious awe at the ſight of her, (for ſo Φίλας properly ſignifies) and conſequently naturally falls into a confuſion of expreſſion; this is not a negligence, but a beauty. *Euſtathius.* P.

But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms! 190
Never, I never view'd 'till this bleſt hour
Such finiſh'd grace! I gaze and I adore!
Thus ſeems the palm with ſtately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;

Ver. 191.] Thus, more faithfully, and with a better rhyme:
I in no mortal form have ſeen before
Such finiſh'd grace.

Ver. 193. *Thus ſeems the palm.*] This alluſion is introduced to image the ſtatelineſs, and exactneſs of ſhape in Nauſicaa, to the mind of the reader; and ſo Tully, as Spondanus obſerves, underſtands it. Cicero, 1. *de legibus. Aut quod* Homericus Ulyſſes Deli *ſe proceram & teneram palmam vidiſſe dixit, hodie monſtrant eandem.* Pliny alſo mentions this palm, *lib.* xiv. *cap.* 44. *Necnon palma* Deli *ab ejuſdem Dei ætate conſpicitur.* The ſtory of the Palm is this: "When Latona was in travail of Apollo in Delos, "the earth that inſtant produced a large Palm, againſt which ſhe "reſted in her labour." Homer mentions it in his *hymns.*

Κεκλιμένη ————————
Ἀγχοῖ πάτῳ φοίνικος.

And alſo Callimachus.

Λύσαλο δὲ ζωνὴν, ἀπὸ δ' ἐκλίθη ἔμπαλιν ὤμοις·
Φοίνικος ποτὶ πρέμνον. And again,
— — — ἐπέπευσεν ὁ Δήλος ἀδὺ τὶ φοίνιξ
Ἐξαπίνης.

This alluſion is after the Oriental manner. Thus in the Pſalms, how frequently are perſons compared to *Cedars?* And in the ſame author, children are reſembled to *Olive-branches.*

This palm was much celebrated by the ancients, the ſuperſtition of the age had given it a religious veneration, and even in the times of Tully the natives eſteemed it immortal; (for ſo the abovementioned words imply.) This gives weight and beauty to the addreſs of Ulyſſes; and it could not but be very acceptable to a young lady, to hear herſelf compared to the greateſt wonder in the creation.

The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coaſt, 195
I voyag'd, leader of a warriour-hoſt,
But ah how chang'd! from thence my ſorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes!)
Raptur'd I ſtood, and as this hour amaz'd,
With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd: 200

Dionyſius Halicarnaſſus obſerves the particular beauty of theſe two verſes.

Δήλῳ δηπόθι τοῖον Ἀπόλλωνος παρὰ βωμῷ,
Φοίνικος νέον ἔρνος ἀνερχόμενον ἐνόησα.

When Homer, ſays he, would paint an elegance of beauty, or repreſent any agreeable object, he makes uſe of the ſmootheſt vowels and moſt flowing ſemivowels, as in the lines laſt recited: he rejects harſh ſounds, and a colliſion of rough words; but the lines flow along with a ſmooth harmony of letters and ſyllables, without any offence to the ear by aſperity of ſound. P.

Ver. 197.] An ungrammatical form of ſpeech, frequently cenſured in theſe notes, may be thus diſcarded:

Reverſe how *fatal!* thence my ſorrow flows.

Ver. 198. *O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes!*] There is ſome obſcurity in this paſſage: Ulyſſes ſpeaks in general, and does not ſpecify what voyage he means. It may therefore be aſked how is it to be underſtood? Euſtathius anſwers, that the voyage of the Greeks to the Trojan expedition is intended by the Poet; for Lycophron writes, that the Greeks ſailed by Delos in their paſſage to Troy.

Homer paſſes over the voyage in this tranſient manner without a farther explanation: Ulyſſes had no leiſure to enlarge upon that ſtory, but reſerves it more advantageouſly for a future diſcovery before Alcinous and the Phæacian rulers. By this conduct he avoids a repetition, which muſt have been tedious to the reader, who would have found little appetite afterwards, if he had already been ſatisfied by a full diſcovery made to Nauſicaa. The obſcurity therefore ariſes from choice, not want of judgment.

Raptur'd I ſtand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant ſo ſtately, or a nymph ſo fair.
Aw'd from acceſs, I lift my ſuppliant hands;
For Miſery, oh Queen, before thee ſtands!
Twice ten tempeſtuous nights I roll'd, reſign'd 205
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heav'n bade the deep to ſpare! but heav'n, my foe,
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier woe!
Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms;
Outcaſt I rove, familiar with the ſtorms! 210
Once more I view the face of human kind:
O let ſoft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!
Unconſcious of what air I breathe, I ſtand
Naked, defenceleſs on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a veſt ſupply 215
To guard the wretched from th' inclement ſky:
So may the Gods who heav'n and earth controul,
Crown the chaſte wiſhes of thy virtuous ſoul,

Ver. 204.] Or thus:

Oh! queen, *the form of woe* before thee ſtands.

Ver. 208.] Thus, more cloſely to the purport of the original language:

Spares only to *exhauſt it's ſtores of* woe.

The next couplet is proſaic, and might be ſpared, as unauthoriſed by Homer.

Ver. 214.] A well-tuned ear would have given theſe *epithets* tranſpoſed, in preference to a forced accent on the word *naked:*

Defenceleſs, naked, on a foreign land.

Ver. 216.] Better, I think,

To *ſcreen my limbs, and ward* th' inclement ſky.

On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed; 220
Blest be thy husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The Gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then Envy grieves, with inly-pining Hate; 225
The good exult, and heav'n is in our state.
To whom the nymph: O stranger cease thy care,
Wife is thy soul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails: 230

Ver. 220.] This verse is encumbered with a trifling superfluity of expression. Thus?

On thy soft hours their choicest *blessing* shed,
Their choicest blessing of a bridal bed.

Ver. 222.] An insupportable rhyme. I would propose,

And *love unchang'd* your blissful union *grace*.

The following attempt is a literal translation of the conclusion of this address:

May heaven the fondest wishes of thy soul
Indulge, and grant a husband, and a home,
And mutual love: for sure of blessings first
Is harmony of souls in wedded pair;
Sight hateful and tormenting, to their foes;
To friends, delicious, to themselves the most.

Ver. 229.] *Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,*
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails.]

The morality of this passage is excellent, and very well adapted to the present occasion. Ulysses had said,

Heav'n bade the deep to spare! but heav'n, my foe,
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe.

Bear, with a ſoul reſign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, muſt mourn: thy woes are from above.
But ſince thou tread'ſt our hoſpitable ſhore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,

Nauſicaa makes uſe of this expreſſion to pay her addreſs to Ulyſſes, and at the ſame time teaches conformable to truth, that the afflicted are not always the objects of divine hate; the Gods (adds ſhe) beſtow good and evil indifferently, and therefore we muſt not judge of men from their conditions, for good men are frequently wretched, and bad men happy. Nay ſometimes affliction diſtinguiſhes a man of goodneſs, when he bears it with a greatneſs of ſpirit. Sophocles puts a very beautiful expreſſion into the mouth of OEdipus, κάλλος κακῶν, the *beauty and ornament of calamities.* *Euſtathius.*

Longinus is of opinion, that when great Poets and Writers ſink in their vigour, and cannot reach the pathetick, they deſcend to the moral. Hence he judges the Odyſſey to be the work of Homer's declining years, and gives that as a reaſon of its morality: he ſpeaks not this out of derogation to Homer, for he compares him to the Sun, which though it has not the ſame warmth as when in the meridian, is always of the ſame bigneſs: this is no diſhonour to the Odyſſey; the moſt uſeful, if not the moſt beautiful circumſtance is allowed it, I mean inſtruction: in the Odyſſey Homer appears to be the better Man, in the Iliad the better Poet. P.

This is not the ſentiment of his original, which may be more faithfully repreſented as follows:

Diſpens'd at will by all-controuling heaven,
To good and bad terreſtrial wealth is given.

Chapman has *three* excellent lines on this paſſage:

Jove onely orders man's felicitie
To good and bad, his pleaſure faſhions ſtill
The whole proportion of their good and ill.

To cloath the naked, and thy way to guide— 235
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinous' royal loins I ſpring,
A happy nation, and an happy king.
Then to her maids— Why, why, ye coward train,
Theſe fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? diſmiſs that idle dread, 241
'Tis death with hoſtile ſtep theſe ſhores to tread:
Safe in the love of heav'n, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this ſon of ſorrow to relieve, 245
Chear the ſad heart, nor let affliction grieve.

Ver. 238.] Or thus, more faithfully:
Phæacia calls my potent ſire her king.

Ver. 242. *'Tis death with hoſtile ſtep theſe ſhores to tread.*] This I take to be the meaning of the word δηρὸς, which Euſtathius explains by ζῶν καὶ ἐρρωμένος, *vivus & valens*; or, *he ſhall not be long lived.* But it may be aſked how this character of valour in deſtroying their enemies can agree with the Phæacians, an effeminate, unwarlike nation? Euſtathius anſwers, that the protection of the Gods is the beſt defence, and upon this Nauſicaa relies. But then it is neceſſary that man ſhould co-operate with the Gods; for it is in vain to rely upon the Gods for ſafety, if we ourſelves make not uſe of means proper for it: whereas the Phæacians were a people wholly given up to luxury and pleaſures. The true reaſon then of Nauſicaa's praiſe of the Phæacians may perhaps be drawn from that honourable partiality, and innate love which every perſon feels for his country. She knew no people greater than the Phæacians, and having ever lived in full ſecurity from enemies, ſhe concludes that it is not in the power of enemies to diſturb that ſecurity. P.

By Jove the ſtranger and the poor are ſent,
And what to thoſe we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food ſupply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving ſhades obſcure the mazy ſtreams.
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide 251
To the calm current of the ſecret tide;

Ver. 247. *By Jove the ſtranger and the poor are ſent,*
And what to thoſe we give, to Jove is lent.]

This is a very remarkable paſſage, full of ſuch a pious generoſity as the wiſeſt teach, and the beſt practiſe. I am ſenſible it may be underſtood two ways; and in both, it bears an excellent inſtruction. The words are, *the poor and ſtranger are from Jove, and a ſmall gift is acceptable to them*, or *acceptable to Jupiter*, Διὶ φίλη. I have choſen the latter, in conformity to the eaſtern way of thinking: *He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord*, as it is expreſſed in the *Proverbs*. P.

Ver. 248.] This ſentiment is not at all in Homer, but from Proverbs, xix. 17. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth "unto the Lord; and that, which he hath given, will he pay him "again."

Ver. 249.] It were eaſy to ſhun theſe wretched rhymes; thus:

With food ſupply'd, the wearied ſtranger lave,
Where trees umbrageous ſcreen the ſubject wave;

Or,

Where trees umbrageous o'er the waters wave.

Or ſtill otherwiſe, with the rhymes of Ogilby:

Recruit his fainting ſoul with needful food,
And bathe where ſheltering foliage crowns the flood.

Ver. 251.] A literal verſion will ſhew the ſlovenly execution of our Poet:

He ſpake; they ſtopt, and chear'd each other's hearts,
Then led Ulyſſes to the ſhelter'd ſtream,
As brave Alcinous' daughter gave command.
Cloſe by, they place a tunic, and a robe,
And give a golden cruſe of pureſt oil;
Then in the river's current bid him plunge:
But firſt the chief divine beſpake the maids.

Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay;
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply, 255
That breath'd a fragrance thro' the balmy sky.
To them the King. No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave: 260
Ye Gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view?
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.

Ver. 261.] This couplet is not accurate. Chapman has very well represented the thought of his author:

And then use oile, which long time did not shine
On my poore shoulders.

Ver. 263. *But, nymphs, recede! &c.*] This place seems contradictory to the practice of antiquity, and other passages in the Odyssey: nothing is more frequent than for heroes to make use of the ministry of damsels in bathing, as appears from Polycaste and Telemachus, &c. Whence is it then that Ulysses commands the attendants of Nausicaa to withdraw while he bathes? Spondanus is of opinion, that the Poet intended to condemn an indecent custom of those ages solemnly by the mouth of so wise a person as Ulysses: but there is no other instance in all his works to confirm that conjecture. I am at a loss to give a better reason, unless the difference of the places might make an alteration in the action. It is possible that in baths prepared for publick use, there might be some convenience to defend the person who bathed in some degree from observation, which might be wanting in an open river, so that the action might be more indecent in the one instance than in the other, and consequently occasion these words of Ulysses: but this is a conjecture, and submitted as such to the reader's better judgment. P.

The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide: 266
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant show'r, he sheds;
Then, drest, in pomp magnificently treads. 270
The warriour Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine:

On the subject of this note, the reader may consult my observation on Book iii. verse 594.

Ver. 265. — — — — *at once into the tide*
Active he bounds ———]

It may be asked why Ulysses prefers the river waters in washing, to the waters of the sea, in the Odyssey; whereas in the tenth book of the Iliad, after the death of Dolon, Diomed and Ulysses prefer the sea waters to those of the river? There is a different reason for this different regimen: in the Iliad, Ulysses was fatigued, and sweated with the labours of the night, and in such a case the sea waters being more rough are more purifying and corroborating: but here Ulysses comes from the seas, and, as Plutarch in his Symposiacks observes upon this passage, the more subtle and light particles exhale by the heat of the sun, but the rough and the saline stick to the body, till washed away by fresh waters. P.

Ver. 271. *The warriour Goddess gives his frame to shine.*] Poetry delights in the marvellous, and ennobles the most ordinary subjects by dressing them with poetical ornaments, and giving them an adventitious dignity. The foundation of this fiction, of Ulysses receiving beauty from Pallas, is only this: the shipwreck and sufferings of Ulysses had changed his face and features, and his long fasting given him a pale and sorrowful aspect; but being bathed, perfumed, and dressed in robes, he appears another man, full of life and beauty. This sudden change gave Homer the hint to improve it into a miracle; and he ascribes it to Minerva, to give a dignity to his poety. He farther embellishes the description by a very happy comparison. Virgil has imitated it.

Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives 275
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;

"Os humerosque Deo similis; namque ipsa decoram
"Cæsariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
"Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.
"Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
"Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro."

Scaliger, in the fifth book of his Poeticks, prefers Virgil before Homer; and perhaps his opinion is just: Manus he says is more elegant than *vir*; and *addunt ebori decus*, than χαρίεντα δὲ ἵππα τεύχουσι. *Os humerosque Deo similis*, carries a nobler idea than Homer's μείζονα καὶ εὐάσσονα; and above all,

"— — — — Lumenque juventæ
"Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores,"

is inexpressibly beautiful.

It is said that this image is made by the assistance of Vulcan and Minerva: why by two Deities? Eustathius answers, the first rudiments and formation of it in the fire is proper to Vulcan, and Minerva is the president of arts; Minerva gives the artificer wisdom in designing, and Vulcan skill in labouring and finishing the work. P.

Thus Dryden in the parallel passage of Virgil, Æn. i. 826.

His mother Goddess, with her hands *divine*,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples *shine*.

Ver. 274.] Thus Milton, who had this passage of Homer in his eye: Par. Lost. iv. 301.

— — — — and *hyacinthin locks*,
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring.

Ogilby is not much amiss:

Minerva renders him more tall and fair,
Curling in rings like daffadills his hair.

Ver. 276.] There is nothing about *statues* in Homer: the sense is much better exhibited by Ogilby:

By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous mould,
And o'er the silver pours the fusil gold.
So Pallas his heroick frame improves 279
With heav'nly bloom, and like a God he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majestick grace
Attends his steps: th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murm'ring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.
The wond'ring nymph his glorious port survey'd, 285
And to her damsels, with amazement, said,
Not without care divine the stranger treads
This land of joy: his steps some Godhead leads:

So shews 'bout silver a gilt border, wrought
By one whom Vulcan and Minerva taught.

A *simile*, not unlike this in purport occurs in Proverbs, xxv. 11. "A "word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Ver. 281.] This *fragrance* is from the translator; and the rhymes are truly wretched. Thus? more faithfully:

A roseate beautie and majestic grace
His limbs inspirit and illume his face:

which, I see, are the rhymes of Ogilby in no despicable couplet;

With so much beauty did the Goddess grace
His spreading shoulders and majestick face.

Ver. 283. *He reclines along the murm'ring seas.*] This little circumstance, Eustathius observes, is not without its effect; the Poet withdraws Ulysses, to give Nausicaa an opportunity to speak freely in his praise without a breach of modesty: she speaks apart to her damsels, and by this conduct, Ulysses neither hears his own commendation, which is a pain to all worthy spirits, nor does Nausicaa betray an indecent sensibility, because she speaks only to her own sex and attendants.

Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driv'n
Far from this realm, the fav'rite isle of heav'n. 290
Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod
The desert sands, and now he looks a God.
Oh heav'n! in my connubial hour decree
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he!
But haste, the viands and the bowl provide — 295
The maids the viands, and the bowl supply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the gen'rous vintage thirst asswag'd.

Ver. 289.] A superfluous distich from the translator.

Ver. 293.] *Oh heav'n! in my connubial hour decree*
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he!]

This passage has been censured as an outrage against modesty and credibility; is it probable that a young princess should fall in love with a stranger at first sight? and if she really falls in love, is it not an indecent passion? I will lay before the reader the observations of Plutarch upon it. "If Nausicaa, upon casting her eyes "upon this stranger, and feeling such a passion for him as Calypso "felt, talks thus out of wantonness, her conduct is blameable: "but if perceiving his wisdom by his prudent address, she wishes "for such an husband, rather than a person of her own country "who had no better qualifications than singing, dancing and "dressing, she is to be commended." This discovers no weakness, but prudence and a true judgment. She deserves to be imitated by the fair sex, who ought to prefer a good understanding before a fine coat, and a man of worth before a good dancer.

Besides, it may be offered in vindication of Nausicaa, that she had in the morning been assured by a vision from heaven, that her nuptials were at hand; this might induce her to believe that Ulysses was the person intended by the vision for her husband; and his good sense and prudent behaviour, as Dacier observes, might make her wish it, without any imputation of immodesty. P.

The Poet understood nature better than his critics.

Now on return her care Nauſicaa bends,
The robes reſumes, the glittering car aſcends, 300
Far blooming o'er the field: and as ſhe preſs'd
The ſplendid ſeat, the liſt'ning chief addreſs'd.
Stranger ariſe! the ſun rolls down the day,
Lo, to the palace I direct thy way:
Where in high ſtate the nobles of the land 305
Attend my royal ſire, a radiant band.
But hear, tho' wiſdom in thy ſoul preſides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and ev'ry action guides;
Advance at diſtance, while I paſs the plain 309
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-aſcend—With airy mounds
A ſtrength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides;
Full thro' the narrow mouths deſcend the tides:

Ver. 300.] This tranſlation might lead the reader to conclude, that fond Nauſicaa had reſtored Ulyſſes to his former nakedneſs. We may ſubſtitute more correctly and perſpicuouſly, as follows:

Her cloaths ſhe folds, the glittering car aſcends.

Ver. 313.] *The jutting land two ample bays divides;*
Full thro' the narrow mouths deſcend the tides.]

This paſſage is not without its difficulty: but the ſcholiaſt upon Dionyſius Periegetes gives us a full explication of it. Δυὸ λιμένας ἔχει ἡ Φαιακίς, τὸν μὲν Ἀλκινόου, τὸν δὲ Ὑλλᾶ, διὸ φησὶ Καλλίμαχος ἀμφίδυμος Φαίαξ. The iſland of Phæacia has two ports, the one called the port of Alcinous, the other of Hyllus; thus Callimachus calls it the place of two ports. And Apollonius for the ſame reaſon calls it ἀμφιλαφὴς, or the place which is entered by two ports. *Dacier.* P.

The ſpacious baſons arching rocks encloſe, 315
A ſure defence from ev'ry ſtorm that blows.
Cloſe to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a forum flank'd with marble ſhines,
Where the bold youth, the num'rous fleets to ſtore,
Shape the broad ſail, or ſmooth the taper oar: 320
For not the bow they bend, nor boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
But the tall maſt above the veſſel rear,
Or teach the flutt'ring ſail to float in air.
They ruſh into the deep with eager joy, 325
Climb the ſteep ſurge, and thro' the tempeſt fly;

Ver. 315.] To avoid a very common ambiguity, we might correct,

Each ſpacious *baſon* arching rocks encloſe:

but our tranſlator is by no means accurate in his execution of the paſſage before us: a paſſage, of that untractable nature, as to occaſion great difficulty but to an accompliſhed artiſt, with every form of expreſſion at his will, and leſs ſolicitous about the diſcovery of rhyme, than an inſight into the genuine intention of his original.

Ver. 325. *They ruſh into the deep with eager joy.*] It is very judicious in the Poet to let us thus fully into the character of the Phæacians, before he comes to ſhew what relation they have to the ſtory of the Odyſſey: he deſcribes Alcinous and the people of better rank, as perſons of great hoſpitality and humanity; this gives an air of probability to the free and benevolent reception which Ulyſſes found: he deſcribes the vulgar as excellent navigators; and he does this not only becauſe they are iſlanders, but, as Euſtathius obſerves, to prepare the way for the return of Ulyſſes, who was to be reſtored by their conduct to his country, even againſt the inclination of Neptune, the God of the ocean. But it may be aſked, is not Homer inconſiſtent with himſelf, when he paints the Phæacians as men of the utmoſt humanity, and ing

A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of sland'rous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name. 330
" What stranger this, whom thus Nausicaa
" leads?
" Heav'ns! with what graceful majesty he treads?

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mediately after calls them a proud unpolished race, and given up to censoriousness? It is easy to reconcile the seeming contradiction, by applying the character of humanity to the higher rank of the nation, and the other to the vulgar and the mariners. I believe the same character holds good to this day amongst any people who are much addicted to sea-affairs; they contract a roughness, by being secluded from the more general converse of mankind, and consequently are strangers to that affability, which is the effect of a more enlarged conversation. But what is it that inclines the Phæacians to be censorious? It is to be remembered, that they are every where described as a people abandoned to idleness; to idleness therefore that part of their character is to be imputed. When the thoughts are not employed upon *things*, it is usual to turn them upon *persons*: a good man has not the inclination, an industrious man not the leisure, to be censorious; so that censure is the property of idleness. This I take to be the moral, intended to be drawn from the character of the Phæacians. P.

A prosaic line, with a rhyme not to be endured. Thus?
In the hoar deep their bending oars they ply.

Ver. 331. *What stranger this, whom thus Nausicaa leads?*] This is an instance of the great art of Homer, in saying every thing properly. Nausicaa had conceived a great esteem for Ulysses, and she had an inclination to let him know it; but modesty forbid her to reveal it openly: how then shall Ulysses know the value she has for his person, consistently with the modesty of Nausicaa? Homer with great address puts her compliments into the mouth of the Phæacians, and by this method she speaks her own sentiments, as the sentiments of the Phæacians: Nausicaa, as it were, is withdrawn, and a whole nation introduced for a more general praise of Ulysses. P.

" Perhaps a native of ſome diſtant ſhore,
" The future conſort of her bridal hour;
" Or rather ſome deſcendant of the ſkies; 335
" Won by her pray'r, th' aërial bridegroom flies.
" Heav'n on that hour its choiceſt influence ſhed,
" That gave a foreign ſpouſe to crown her bed!
" All, all the God-like worthies that adorn
" This realm, ſhe flies: Phæacia is her ſcorn." 340
And juſt the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but ſhuns th' offence:

Ver. 333.] The rhymes are faulty. More exactly to the original, thus:

> The diſtant wanderer, chance, ſome ſhip convey'd,
> A future conſort for the royal maid.

Ver. 335. *Or rather, ſome deſcendant of the ſkies.*] Euſtathius remarks, that the compliments of Nauſicaa anſwer the compliments made to her by Ulyſſes: he reſembled her to Diana, ſhe him to the Gods. But it may be aſked, are not both theſe extravagancies? and is it not beyond all credibility that Nauſicaa ſhould be thought a Goddeſs, or Ulyſſes a God? In theſe ages it would be judged extravagant, but it is to be remembered that in the days of Homer every grove, river, fountain, and oak-tree, were thought to have their peculiar Deities; this makes ſuch relations as theſe more reconcileable, if not to truth, at leaſt to the opinions of antiquity, which is ſufficient for poetry. P.

Thus Ogilby:

> Or elſe ſome God deſcended from the ſky.

Ver. 337.] Our tranſlator had Milton in view, Par. Loſt, viii. 511.

> — — — all *heaven,*
> And happy conſtellations, *on that hour*
> *Shed their ſelecteſt influence.*

Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
'Till our consenting sires a spouse provide, 345
And publick nuptials justify the bride.

Ver. 344. —— *the least freedom with the sex is shame,*
'Till our consenting sires a spouse provide.]

This is an admirable picture of ancient female life among the orientals; the virgins were very retired, and never appeared amongst men but upon extraordinary occasions, and then always in the presence of the father or mother: but when they were married, says Eustathius, they had more liberty. Thus Helen converses freely with Telemachus and Pisistratus, and Penelope sometimes with the suitors. Nausicaa delivers her judgment sententiously, to give it more weight; what can be more modest than these expressions? And yet they have been greatly traduced by Monsieur Perrault a French critick; he translates the passage so as to imply that "Nausicaa disapproves of a virgin's lying with a "man, without the permission of her father, before marriage;" ἀνδράσι μίσγεσθαι led him into this mistake, which is sometimes used in such a signification, but here it only means *conversation:* if the word μίσγεσθαι signified more than keeping company, it would be more ridiculous, as Boileau observes upon Longinus, than Perrault makes it: for it is joined to ἀνδράσι, and then it would infer that Nausicaa disapproves of a young woman's lying with *several men* before she was married, without the license of her father. The passage, continues Boileau, is full of honour and decency: Nausicaa has a design to introduce Ulysses to her father, she tells him she goes before to prepare the way for his reception, but that she must not be seen to enter the city in his company, for fear of giving offence, which a modest woman ought not to give: a virtuous woman is obliged not only to avoid immodesty, but the appearance of it; and for her part she could not approve of a young woman keeping company with men without the permission of her father or mother, before she was married. Thus the indecency is not in Homer, but in the critick: it is indeed, in Homer, an excellent lecture of modesty and morality. P.

But would'ſt thou ſoon review thy native plain?
Attend, and ſpeedy thou ſhalt paſs the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas ſacred, ſhades the holy ground, 350
We bend our way: a bubbling fount diſtills
A lucid lake, and thence deſcends in rills;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous ſcene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours; 355
And there the garden yields a waſte of flow'rs.

Ver. 347.] *But would'ſt thou ſoon review thy native plain?*] Euſtathius and Dacier are both of opinion, that Nauſicaa had conceived a paſſion for Ulyſſes: I think this paſſage is an evidence that ſhe rather admired and eſteemed, than loved him; for it is contrary to the nature of the paſſion to give directions for the departure of the perſon beloved, but rather to invent excuſes to prolong his ſtay. It is true Nauſicaa had wiſhed in the foregoing parts of this book, that ſhe might have Ulyſſes for her huſband, or ſuch an huſband as Ulyſſes: but this only ſhews that ſhe admired his accompliſhments, nor could ſhe have added *ſuch a ſpouſe as he*, at all, if her affections had been engaged and fixed upon Ulyſſes only. This likewiſe takes off the objection of a too great fondneſs in Nauſicaa; for it might have appeared too great a fondneſs to have fallen in love at the firſt with an abſolute ſtranger. P.

Ver. 350.] There is a redundancy of *epithet* in this verſe. Thus?

To Pallas ſacred, *ſpreads it's foliage round.*

Ver. 351.] I would propoſe a contraction of theſe *four* verſes into half the compaſs, without any infidelity to the original, which ſupplies leſs than a line for this length of verſion:

We bend our way: a bubling *fountain leads*
It's lucid *current o'er the verdant meads.*

Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a ſtrong ſhout along the waves of air.
There wait embow'r'd, while I aſcend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne. 360
Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From ev'ry dome by pomp ſuperiour known;
A child may point the way. With earneſt gait 365
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of ſtate;
Her royal hand a wond'rous work deſigns,
Around a circle of bright damſels ſhines,
Part twiſt the threads, and part the wool diſpoſe,
While with the purple orb the ſpindle glows. 370
High on a throne, amid the Scherian pow'rs,
My royal father ſhares the genial hours;
But to the queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe;
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:

Ver. 371.] The following ſubſtitution is a much nearer reſemblance to the ſenſe of Homer:

> There, like a God in bliſs, with her alone,
> My ſire quaffs nectar on his gorgeous throne.

Ver. 373. *But to the queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe,*] This little circumſtance, ſeemingly of ſmall importance, is not without it's beauty. It is natural for a daughter to apply to the mother, rather than the father: women are likewiſe of a compaſſionate nature, and therefore the Poet firſt intereſts the queen in the cauſe of Ulyſſes. At the ſame time he gives a pattern of conjugal affection, in the union between Arete and Alcinous. P.

With more vigour, if I miſtake not, as follows:

So ſhalt thou view with joy thy natal ſhore, 375
Tho' mountains riſe between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as ſhe wheel'd
The ſilver ſcourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With ſkill the virgin guides th' embroider'd rein,
Slow rolls the car before th' attending train, 380
Now whirling down the heav'ns, the golden day
Shot thro' the weſtern clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the ſacred ſhade
To Pallas thus the penſive hero pray'd. 384
Daughter of Jove! whoſe arms in thunder wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield;
Forſook by thee, in vain I ſought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes. 390

Thou to the queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe,
With *all* th' *impaſſion'd* eloquence of woes.

Ver. 375.] With more fidelity, as follows:
So may'ſt thou hope thy friends to view, and come
O'er the wide ſeas to thy dear native home.

Ver. 379.] His original dictates,
The ſtream they left; ſhe guides th' embroider'd rein—.

Ver. 387.] The proper *participle* is *forſaken*. We may ſubſtitute,
Neglected erſt, in vain —:
but the rhyme is faulty, and another couplet might be preferable:
Neglected erſt, I ſought thine aid in vain,
When Neptune daſht me in the whelming main.

Ver. 389.] Theſe rhymes alſo are truly villainous. Thus?
Hear from Phæacian land this prayer addreſs'd:
Let ſoft compaſſion move each yielding breaſt.

This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the ſky:
Stern God! who rag'd with vengeance unre-
ſtrain'd,
'Till great Ulyſſes hail'd his native land.

Ver. 391. — — — — *but forbore to fly*
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the ſky.]

We ſee the ancients held a ſubordination among the Deities, and though different in inclinations, yet they act in harmony: one God reſiſts not another Deity. This is more fully explained, as Euſtathius obſerves, by Euripides, in his Hippolytus; where Diana ſays, it is not the cuſtom of the Gods to reſiſt one the other, when they take vengeance even upon the favourites of other Deities. The late tempeſt that Neptune had raiſed for the deſtruction of Ulyſſes, was an inſtance of Neptune's implacable anger: this makes Minerva take ſuch meaſures as to avoid an open oppoſition, and yet conſult the ſafety of Ulyſſes: ſhe deſcends, but it is ſecretly. P.

Ver. 394.] A transpoſition, with the ſubſtitution of a ſingle word, will produce a verſe of unexceptionable rhyme at leaſt:

His native land 'till great Ulyſſes *gain'd.* Editor.

This book takes up part of the night, and the whole thirty-ſecond day; the viſion of Nauſicaa is related in the preceding night, and Ulyſſes enters the city a little after the ſun ſets in the following evening. So that thirty-two days are completed ſince the opening of the poem.

This book in general is full of life and variety: it is true, the ſubject of it is ſimple and unadorned, but improved by the Poet, and rendered entertaining and noble. The muſe of Homer is like his Minerva, with reſpect to Ulyſſes, who from an object of commiſeration improves his majeſty, and gives a grace to every feature. P.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

THE princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arete. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen enquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book opens with the introduction of Ulyſſes to Alcinous; every ſtep the Poet takes carries on the main deſign of the poem, with a progreſs ſo natural, that each incident ſeems really to have happened, and not to be invention. Thus Nauſicaa accidentally meets Ulyſſes, and introduces him to Alcinous her father, who lands him in Ithaca: it is poſſible this might be true hiſtory; the Poet might build upon a real foundation, and only adorn the truth with the ornaments of poetry. It is to be wiſhed, that a faithful hiſtory of the Trojan war, and the voyages of Ulyſſes had been tranſmitted to poſterity; it would have been the beſt comment upon the Iliad and Odyſſey. We are not to look upon the poems of Homer as mere romances, but as true ſtories, heightened and beautified by poetry: thus the Iliad is built upon a real diſſention, that happened in a real war between Greece and Troy; and the Odyſſey upon the real voyages of Ulyſſes, and the diſorders that happened through his abſence in his own country. Nay, it is not impoſſible but that many of thoſe incidents that ſeem moſt extravagant in Homer, might have an appearing truth, and be juſtified by the opinions, and miſtaken credulity of thoſe ages. What is there in all Homer more ſeemingly extravagant, than the ſtory of the race of the Cyclops, with one broad eye in their foreheads? and yet, as Sir Walter Raleigh very judiciouſly conjectures, this may be built upon a ſeeming truth: they were a people of Sicily remarkable for ſavageneſs and cruelty, and perhaps might in their wars make uſe of a head-piece or vizor, which had but one ſight in it, and this might give occaſion to ſailors who coaſted thoſe ſhores to miſtake the ſingle ſight of the vizor, for a broad eye in the forehead, eſpecially when they before looked upon them as monſters for their barbarity. I doubt not but we loſe many beauties in Homer for want of a real hiſtory, and think him extravagant, when he only complies with the opinions of former ages. I thought it neceſſary to make this obſervation, as a general vindication of Homer; eſpecially in this place, immediately before he enters upon the relation of thoſe ſtories which have been thought moſt to outrage credibility: if then we look npon the Odyſſey as all fiction, we conſider it unworthily; it ought to be read as a ſtory founded upon truth, but adorned with the embelliſhments of poetry, to convey inſtruction with pleaſure the more effectually. P.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE patient, heav'nly man thus ſuppliant pray'd;
While the ſlow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Thro' the proud ſtreet ſhe moves, the publick gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace ſtays.
With ready love her brothers gath'ring round,
Receiv'd the veſtures, and the mules unbound.

NOTES.

Ver. 1.] Ogilby employs the ſame rhymes:
Thus to his patroneſs Ulyſſes *pray'd*,
Whilſt to the palace came the royal *maid*.

She ſeeks the bridal bow'r: a matron there
The riſing fire ſupplies with buſy care,
Whoſe charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymeduſa nam'd: 10
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her ſweet native ſhore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom beſtow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
Nurſe of Nauſicaa from her infant years, 15
And tender ſecond to a mother's cares.

Ver. 9.] Circumſtances of this kind occur in other parts of this poem, but I find nothing here to countenance the notion of our lickeriſh tranſlator. His original ſtands thus:

Her for Alcinous they ſelected once
As a choice gift, becauſe Phæacia's realm
He ſway'd, and homage as a God received.

Ver. 10. *Eurymeduſa nam'd.*] Euſtathius remarks, that the Phæacians were people of great commerce, and that it was cuſtomary in thoſe ages to exchange ſlaves in traffick; or perhaps Eurymeduſa might be a captive, piracy then being honourable, and ſuch ſeizures of cattle or ſlaves frequent. The paſſage concerning the brothers of Nauſicaa has not eſcaped the cenſure of the criticks: Homer in the original calls them *like Gods*, and yet in the ſame breath gives them the employment of ſlaves, they unyoke the mules, and carry into the palace the burdens they brought. A two-fold anſwer may be given to this objection, and this conduct might proceed from the general cuſtom of the age, which made ſuch actions reputable; or from the particular love the brothers bore their ſiſter, which might induce them to act thus, as an inſtance of it. P.

Ver. 11.] Thus Hobbes:

Who tak'ne by *rovers* on the continent
Was given to the king Alcinous.

Now from the ſacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulyſſes took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care, 20
Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air;

Ver. 20. *Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air.*] It may be aſked what occaſion there is to make Ulyſſes inviſible? Euſtathius anſwers, not only to preſerve him from inſults as he was a ſtranger, but that he might raiſe a greater ſurpriſe in Alcinous by his ſudden appearance. But, adds he, the whole is an allegory; and Ulyſſes wiſely chuſing the evening to enter unobſerved, gave occaſion to the Poet to bring in the Goddeſs of wiſdom to make him inviſible.

Virgil has borrowed this paſſage from Homer, and Venus renders Æneas inviſible in the ſame manner as Minerva Ulyſſes. Scaliger compares the two authors, and prefers Virgil infinitely before Homer, in the fifth book of his Poeticks.

"At Venus obſcuro gradientes aere ſepſit,
"Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu;
"Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere poſſet,
"Molirive moram, aut veniendi poſcere cauſas."

Scaliger ſays the verſes are more ſonorous than Homer's, and that it was more neceſſary to make Æneas inviſible than Ulyſſes, he being amongſt a perfidious nation. But was not the danger as great from the rudeneſs of the Phæacians, as from the perfidiouſneſs of the Carthaginians? Beſides, Virgil does not mention the perfidiouſneſs of the Carthaginians; ſo that it is the reaſon of Scaliger, not Virgil: and whether the verſes be more ſonorous, is ſubmitted to the ear of the reader. He is chiefly delighted with

"Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu."

Qui ſolus verſus, ſays he, *deterreat Græcos ab ea ſententiâ, quâ ſuum contendunt præferendum.* He allows Κιρτομίοις τ' ἐπέεσσι, &c. to be a tolerable ſmooth verſe, *Commodus & rafilis*, but yet far inferior to this of Virgil;

"Molirive moram, & veniendi poſcere cauſas."

It is but juſtice to lay the verſes of Homer before the reader.

To ſhun th' encounter of the vulgar croud,
Inſulting ſtill, inquiſitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His ſtep a virgin met, and ſtood before: 25
A poliſh'd urn the ſeeming virgin bore,
And youthful ſmil'd; but in the low diſguiſe
Lay hid the Goddeſs with the azure eyes.
Shew me, fair daughter, (thus the chief demands)
The houſe of him who rules theſe happy lands. 30
Thro' many woes and wand'rings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hoſpitable dome.
Far from my native coaſt, I rove alone,
A wretched ſtranger, and of all unknown!

Καὶ τότ' ὀδυσσεὺς ὦρτο πόλιν δ' ἴμεν', ἀμφὶ δ' Αθήνη
Πολλὴν ἤερα χεῦε, φίλα φρονέουσ' ὀδυσῆϊ,
Μήτις φαιήκων μεγαθύμων, ἀνὶ ϝολήσας
Κερτομίοις τ' ἐπέεσσι, καὶ ἐξεριόειθ' ἅτις εἴη.

I determine not which author has the greater beauty, but undoubtedly Homer is more happy in the occaſion of the fiction than Virgil: Homer drew his deſcription from the wiſdom of Ulyſſes in entering the town in the evening, he was really inviſible to the Phæacians, and Homer only heightened the truth by poetry; but Virgil is more bold, and has no ſuch circumſtance to juſtify his relation; for Æneas went into Carthage in the open day. P.

Ver. 26. — — *The ſeeming virgin, &c.*] It may be aſked why Minerva does not appear as a Goddeſs, but in a borrowed form? The Poet has already told us, that ſhe dreaded the wrath of Neptune; one Deity could not openly oppoſe another Deity, and therefore ſhe acts thus inviſibly. P.

The Goddeſs anſwer'd. Father, I obey, 35
And point the wand'ring traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For faſt beſide it dwells my honour'd ſire;
But ſilent march, nor greet the common train
With queſtion needleſs, or enquiry vain. 40
A race of rugged mariners are theſe;
Unpoliſh'd men, and boiſtrous as their ſeas:
The native iſlanders alone their care,
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.
Theſe did the ruler of the deep ordain 45
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way;
No bird ſo light, no thought ſo ſwift as they.
Thus having ſpoke, th' unknown celeſtial leads:
The footſteps of the Deity he treads, 50
And ſecret moves along the crowded ſpace,
Unſeen of all the rude Phæacian race.

Ver. 47. *On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way.*] This circumſtance is not inſerted without a good effect: it could not but greatly encourage Ulyſſes to underſtand that he was arrived amongſt a people that excelled in navigation; this gave him a proſpect of being ſpeedily conveyed to his own country, by the aſſiſtance of a nation ſo expert in maritime affairs. *Euſtathius.* P.

A good couplet ariſes here from a correction of Ogilby:

O'er Ocean's ample deep, as birds the ſkies,
Our navy ſkims, or nimbler Fancy flies.

(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies.)
The chief with wonder sees th' extended streets,
The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
He next their princes lofty domes admires,
In sep'rate islands crown'd with rising spires;

Ver. 53. — — *Pallas to their eyes the mist condenses.*] Scaliger in his Poeticks calls this an impertinent repetition, and commends Virgil for not imitating it, for Homer dwells upon it no less than three times; and indeed one would almost imagine that Virgil was of the same opinion, for he has followed the turn of this whole passage, and omitted this repetition: yet he treads almost step by step in the path of Homer, and Æneas and Ulysses are drawn in the same colours;

Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:
Miratur portas, strepitumque & strata viarum."

Θαύμαζεν δ' ὀδυσεὺς λιμένας, καὶ νῆας ἐΐσας,
Αὐτῶν τ' Ηρώων ἀγορὰς, καὶ τείχεα μακρὰ,
Ὑψηλὰ, σκολόπεσσιν ἀρηρότα.

Homer poetically inserts the topography of this city of the Phæacians: though they were an unwarlike nation, yet they understand the art of fortification; their city is surrounded with a strong wall, and that wall guarded with palisades. But whence this caution, since Homer tells us in the preceding book, that they were in no danger of an enemy? It might arise from their very fears, which naturally suggest to cowards, that they cannot be too safe; this would make them practise the art of fortification more assiduously than a more brave people, who usually put more confidence in valour than in walls, as was the practice of the Spartans. P.

Or thus, with more fidelity:

So Pallas order'd: she, with friendly care,
Pour'd o'er the chief a veil of thicken'd air.

Compare verse 20 above. Or otherwise, as follows:

So Pallas order'd: Pallas kindly shrouds
Her fav'rite hero in a veil of clouds.

Ver. 57.] Thus Ogilby:

And deep intrenchments, and high walls of ſtone,
That gird the city like a marble zone. 60
At length the kingly palace gates he view'd:
There ſtopp'd the Goddeſs, and her ſpeech renew'd.
My taſk is done; the manſion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High-thron'd, and feaſting, there thou ſhalt behold 65
The ſceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldneſs ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a ſtranger recommends.

Where he their port and ſtately ſhips *admires*,
Their forum, bullwarks *crown'd with lofty ſpires*.

Ver. 60.] A verſe exquiſitely beautiful, ſolely due to the invention of our tranſlator.

Ver. 63. *My taſk is done, &c.*] As Deities ought not to be introduced without a neceſſity, ſo, when, introduced, they ought to be employed in acts of importance, and worthy of their divinity: it may be aſked if Homer obſerved this rule in this epiſode, where a Goddeſs ſeems to appear only to direct Ulyſſes to the palace of Alcinous, which, as he himſelf tells us, a child could have done? but the chief deſign of Minerva was to adviſe Ulyſſes in his preſent exigencies: and (as Euſtathius remarks) ſhe opens her ſpeech to him with great and noble ſentiments. She informs him how to win the favour of Alcinous, upon which depends the whole happineſs of her hero; and by which ſhe brings about his re-eſtabiſhment in his kingdom, the aim of the whole Odyſſey. Virgil makes uſe of the ſame method in his Æneis, and Venus there executes the ſame office for her ſon, as Minerva for her favourite, in ſome degree as a guide, but chiefly as a counſellor, P.

First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous' queen, Arete is her name, 70
The same her parents, and her pow'r the same.
For know, from Ocean's God Nausithous sprung,
And Peribæa, beautiful and young:
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold; 75
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left this only heir.)
Who now by Neptune's am'rous pow'r compreſt,
Produc'd a monarch that his people blest,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name; 80
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.

Ver. 70.] So Chapman:

> You first shall find the queene in court, whose *name*
> Is Arete: of parents borne, the *same*
> That was the king her spouse.

Ver. 74. *Eurymedon, &c.*] This passage is worthy observation, as it discovers to us the time when the race of the ancient giants perished; this Eurymedon was grandfather to Nausithous, the father of Alcinous; so that the giants were extirpated forty or fifty years before the war of Troy. This exactly agrees with ancient story, which informs us, that Hercules and Theseus purged the earth from those monsters. Plutarch in his life of Theseus tells us, that they were men of great strength, and publick robbers, one of whom was called the *Bender of Pines*. Now Theseus stole away Helen in her infancy, and consequently these giants were destroyed some years before the Trojan expedition. *Dacier, Plutarch.* P.

Ver. 76.] These rhymes are inadmissible: but an elegant substitution does not readily occur.

The first by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
No son survi'd: Arete heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinous chose his royal mate. 85
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When thro' the street she gracious deigns to move, 90
(The publick wonder, and the publick love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,
The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.

Ver. 84, &c. *Arete.*] It is observable that this Arete was both wife and niece to Alcinous, an instance that the Grecians married with such near relations: the same appears from Demosthenes and other Greek orators. But what then is the notion of incest amongst the ancients? The collateral branch was not thought incestuous, for Juno was the wife and sister of Jupiter. Brothers likewise married their brothers wives, as Deiphobus Helen, after the death of Paris: the same was practised amongst the Jews, and consequently being permitted by Moses was not incestuous. So that the only incest was in the ascending, not collateral or descending branch; as when parents and children married; thus when Myrrha lay with her father, and Lot with his daughters, this was accounted incest. The reason is very evident, a child cannot pay the duty of a child to a parent, and at the same time of a wife or husband; nor can a father act with the authority of a father towards a person who is at once his wife and daughter. The relations interfere, and introduce confusion, where the law of nature and reason requires regularity. P.

She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breaſt;
To heal diviſions, to relieve th' oppreſt; 95
In virtue rich; in bleſſing others, bleſt.
Go then ſecure, thy humble ſuit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.
With that the Goddeſs deign'd no longer ſtay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way: 100
Forſaking Scheria's ever pleaſing ſhore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore;

Ver. 94.] This *triplet* is a looſe and luxuriant repreſentation of his author, who may be literally given thus:

Nor wants the queen benevolence of ſoul;
Her kind interpoſition ſolves diſputes.

Ver. 95. *To heal diviſions, &c.*] This office of Arete has been looked upon as ſomewhat extraordinary, that ſhe ſhould decide the quarrels of the ſubjects, a province more proper for Alcinous; and therefore the ancients endeavoured to ſoften it by different readings; and inſtead of οἵσιν τ' εὐφρονέουσι, they inſerted ἔστι τ' εὐφρονέοισι, or *ſhe decides amongſt women.* Euſtathius in the text reads it in a third way, ἔστι τ' εὐφροσύνῃσι, or *by her wiſdom.* Spondanus believes, that the Queen had a ſhare in the government of the Phæacians; but Euſtathius thinks the Poet intended to ſet the character of Arete in a fair point of light, ſhe bearing the chief part in this book, and a great ſhare in the ſequel of the Odyſſey; by this method he introduces her to the beſt advantage, and makes her a perſon of importance, and worthy to have a place in heroick Poetry: and indeed he has given her a very amiable character. P.

Ver. 97.] The reader may compare the turn given to the ſame verſes of the original by Brome, in book vi. verſe 375.

Ver. 100.] More truly to his original, thus:

But o'er the *watery deſert* wing'd her way.

Ver. 102.] Rather, without unneceſſary variation from his author:

Her courſe to Marathon ———;

Thence, where proud Athens rears her tow'ry head,
With opening ſtreets and ſhining ſtructures ſpread,
She paſt, delighted with the well-known ſeats; 105
And to Erectheus' ſacred dome retreats.
Meanwhile Ulyſſes at the palace waits,
There ſtops, and anxious with his ſoul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.

Ver. 103.] Or thus:

Thence *to* where Athens *in majeſtic pride*
Spreads *her broad* ſtreets and *ample* ſtructures *wide*.

Ver. 105.] This verſe is interpolated by our Poet; and the next might be more properly written thus:

And to Erectheus' *well-wrought* dome retreats.

Ver. 109. *Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.*] The Poet here opens a very agreeable ſcene, and deſcribes the beauty of the palace and gardens of Alcinous. Diodorus Siculus adapts this paſſage to the iſland Taprobane, Juſtin Martyr to Paradiſe; Τῷ Παραδείσῳ δὲ εἰκόνα τὸν Ἀλκινόου κῆπον φύζειν ἐποίησε. He tranſcribes this whole paſſage into his apology, but with ſome variation from the common editions, for inſtead of

— — — — — ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
Ζεφυρίη ἐπνείουσα, — — — — he reads,
ἀλλ' αἰὲν αὔρη ζεφυρίη, &c. perhaps more elegantly.

Euſtathius obſerves that Homer ſuits his poetry to the things he relates, for in the whole Iliad there is not a deſcription of this nature, nor an opportunity to introduce it in a poem that repreſents nothing but objects of terrour and blood. The Poet himſelf ſeems to go a little out of the way to bring it into the Odyſſey; for it has no neceſſary connexion with the poem, nor would it be leſs perfect if it had been omitted; but as Mercury, when he ſurveyed the bower of Calypſo, raviſhed with the beauty of it, ſtood a while in a ſtill admiration: ſo Homer, delighted with the ſcenes he draws, ſtands ſtill a few moments, and ſuſpends the ſtory of the poem, to enjoy the beauties of theſe gardens of Alcinous.

The front appear'd with radiant ſplendours gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day. 111
The walls were maſſy braſs: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the ſky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incaſe;
The pillars ſilver, on a brazen baſe; 115
Silver the lintals deep-projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of ſtately dogs, on either hand,
In ſculptur'd gold and labour'd ſilver ſtand.

But even here he ſhews his judgment, in not letting his fancy run out into a long deſcription: he concludes the whole in the compaſs of twenty verſes, and reſumes the thread of his ſtory. Rapin, I confeſs, cenſures this deſcription of the gardens: he calls it *puerile* and too light for eloquence, that it is ſpun out to too great a length, and is ſomewhat affected, has no due coherence with, nor bears a juſt proportion to, the whole, by reaſon of its being too glittering. This is ſpoken with too great ſeverity: it is neceſſary to relieve the mind of the reader ſometimes with gayer ſcenes, that it may proceed with a freſh appetite to the ſucceeding entertainment. In ſhort, if it be a fault, it is a beautiful fault; and Homer may be ſaid here, as he was upon another occaſion by St. Auguſtin, to be *dulciſſimè vanus*. The admiration of the gold and ſilver is no blemiſh to Ulyſſes: for, as Euſtathius remarks, it proceeds not out of avarice, but from the beauty of the work, and uſefulneſs and magnificence of the buildings. The whole deſcription, continues he, ſuits the character of the Phæacians, a proud, luxurious people, delighted with ſhew and oſtentation. P.

Ver. 112.] This unpleaſant concurrence of ſimilar ſounds ſhould have been avoided.

The walls were *beaten* braſs:

which is alſo correctly faithful.

Ver. 118. *Two rows of ſtately dogs, &c.*] We have already ſeen that dogs were kept as a piece of ſtate, from the inſtance of

These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait 120
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the pow'r of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidry blaz'd, 125

those that attended Telemachus: here Alcinous has images of dogs in gold, for the ornament of his palace; Homer animates them in his poetry: but to soften the description, he introduces Vulcan, and ascribes the wonder to the power of a God. If we take the poetical dress away, the truth is, that these dogs were formed with such excellent art, that they seemed to be alive, and Homer, by a liberty allowable to poetry, describes them as really having that life, which they only have in appearance. In the Iliad he speaks of living tripods with greater boldness. Eustathius recites another opinion of some of the ancients, who thought these Κύνες not to be animals, but a kind of large nails (ἧλας) or pins, made use of in buildings, and to this day the name is retained by builders, as dogs of iron, &c. It is certain the words will bear this interpretation, but the former is more after the spirit of Homer, and more noble in poetry. Besides, if the latter were intended, it would be absurd to ascribe a work of so little importance to a Deity. P.

Ver. 121.] Thus Ogilby:

Immortal guards, and never to be old.

Ver. 122.] Better, perhaps, than this tautology, thus:

Alive each *well-resembled* frame appears.

Ver. 124. *Fair thrones within, &c.*] The Poet does not say of what materials these thrones were made, whether of gold or silver, to avoid the imputation of being thought fabulous in his description; it being almost incredible, remarks Eustathius, that such quantities of gold and silver could be in the possession of such a King as Alcinous; though, if we consider that his people were greatly given to navigation, the relation may come within the bounds of credibility. P.

The work of matrons: these the Princes prest;
Day following day, a long-continu'd feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting ev'ry ray, 130
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the houshold train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.

Ver. 128. *Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,*
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd.]
This is a remarkable piece of grandeur: lamps, as appears from the eighteenth of the Odyssey, were not at this time known to the Grecians, but only torches: these were held by images in the shape of beautiful youths, and those images were of gold. Lucretius has translated these verses.

"—— Aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per ædeis,
"Lampades igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,
"Lumina nocturnis epulis ut suppeditentur."

It is admirable to observe with what propriety Homer adapts his poetry to the characters of his persons: Nestor is a wise man; when he is first seen in the Odyssey, it is at sacrifice, and there is not the least appearance of pomp or luxury in his palace or entertainments. The Phæacians are of an opposite character, and the Poet describes them consistently with it; they are all along a proud, idle, effeminate people; though such a pompous description would have ill suited the wise Nestor, it excellently agrees with the vain Alcinous. P.

Ver. 130.] A beautiful couplet, but unauthorised by his original, as a literal version will discover:

There boys of gold on polish'd bases stood;
Their hands held blazing torches, to dispense
Rays for the banquet thro' the gloom of night.

Ver. 135. *Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.*]

Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle, 136
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,

There is some obscurity in this short allusion, and some refer it to the work, others to the damsels employed in work: Eustathius is of the opinion that it alludes to the damsels, and expresses the quick and continued motion of their hands: I have followed this interpretation, and think that Homer intended to illustrate that quick and intermingled motion, by comparing them to the branches of a poplar agitated by winds, all at once in motion, some bending this, some that way. The other interpretations are more forced, and less intelligible. P.

The verse omitted after this by our Poet, I would thus translate:

The new-wrought texture gleam'd an oily gloss.

The ancients were accustomed to perfume their garments with fragrant oils: let the reader compare Iliad xviii. verse 686, of this translation, and especially the original of that passage. Chapman's version here may serve as a comment:

That th' oile (of which the woolle had drunke his fill)
Did with his moisture in light dewes distill.

Ver. 107. [*Of the original.*]

Καιροσίων δ' ὀθονίων ἀπολείβεται ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον.]

This passage is not without difficulty; some of the ancients understood it to signify the thickness and closeness of the texture, which was so compactly wrought that oil could not penetrate it; others thought it expressed the smoothness and softness of it, as if oil seemed to flow from it; or lastly, that it shone with such a glossy colour as looked like oil. Dacier renders the verse according to the opinion first recited.

So close the work, that oil diffus'd in vain,
Glides off innoxious and without a stain.

Any of these interpretations make the passage intelligible, (though I think the description does better without it.) It is left to the judgment of the reader which to prefer; they are all to be found in Eustathius. P.

Ver. 136. The rhymes are vicious. Thus?

Not more renown'd their men with spreading sail
Ply the swift ship, and catch the driving gale —.

Than works of female ſkill their women's pride,
The flying ſhuttle thro' the threads to guide:
Pallas to theſe her double gifts imparts, 140
Inventive genius, and induſtrious arts.
Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies.

Ver. 138. — — *works of female ſkill their women's pride.*] We may gather from what Homer here relates concerning the ſkill of theſe Phæacian damſels, that they were famed for theſe works of curioſity: the Corcyrians were much given to traffick, and perhaps they might bring ſlaves from the Sidonians, who inſtructed them in theſe manufactures. *Dacier.* P.

The conſtruction of the verſion here is very obſcure.

Ver. 141.] Better, perhaps,

Inventive *wit*, and *all-ingenious* arts.

Ver. 142. *Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies.*] This famous garden of Alcinous contains no more than four acres of ground, which in thoſe times of ſimplicity was thought a large one even for a prince. It is laid out, as Euſtathius obſerves, into three parts: a grove for fruits and ſhade, a vineyard, and an allotment for olives and herbs. It is watered with two fountains, the one ſupplies the palace and town, the other the garden and the flowers. But it may be aſked what reality there is in the relation, and whether any trees bear fruit all the year in this iſland? Euſtathius obſerves, that experience teaches the contrary, and that it is only true of the greateſt part of the year; Homer, adds he, diſguiſes the true ſituation of the Phæacians, and here deſcribes it as one of the happy iſlands; at once to inrich his poetry, and to avoid a diſcovery of his poetical exaggeration. The relation is true of other places, if Pliny and Theophraſtus deſerve credit, as Dacier obſerves; thus the Citron bears during the whole year fruits and flowers. *Arbos ipſa omnibus horis pomifera, aliis cadentibus, aliis mature ſcentibus, aliis vero ſubnaſcentibus.* The ſame is related of other trees by Pliny: *Novuſque fructus in his cum Annotino pendet*; he affirms the like of the Pine, *Habet fructum mature ſcentem, habet proximo anno ad maturitatem venturum, ac deinde tertio, &c.* So that what Homer relates is in itſelf true, though not entirely of Phæacia. Or perhaps it might be only intended for a more beautiful

Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around, 145

and poetical manner of describing the constant succession of one fruit after another in a fertile climate.

— — — — Figs on figs arise.

Aristotle applied this hemistick scoffingly to the sycophants of Athens: he was about to leave that city upon its rejoicing at the death of Socrates: and, quoting this verse, he said he would not live in a place where

— — — — Τηράσκει σῦκον δ' ἐπὶ σύκῳ.

alluding to the derivation of the word sycophant. *Eustathius.*

Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.

To understand this passage aright, it is necessary to know the manner of ordering the vintage amongst the Greeks. First, they carried all the grapes they gathered into a house for a season; afterwards they exposed them ten days to the sun, and let them lie abroad as many nights in the freshness of the air; then they kept them five days in cool shades, and on the sixth they trod them, and put the wine into vessels. This we learn from Hesiod: ἔργων, verse 229.

— — —Πάντας ἀπὸ δρεπάνῃ οἴκαδε βότρυς
Δείξαι δ' ἠελίῳ δίκα τ' ἠμάτια καὶ δίκα νύκτας
Πίπτειν δὲ Βυσσιάσαι, ἕκτῳ δ' εἰς ἄγγεα ἀφύσσαι
Δῶρα Διωνύσου πολυγηθέος.—

Homer distinguishes the whole into three orders: first, the grapes that have already been exposed to the sun are trod; the second order is of the grapes that are exposed, while the others are treading; and the third, of those that are ripe to be gathered, while the others are thus ordering. Homer himself thus explains it, by saying, that while some vines were loaded with black and mature grapes, others were green, or but just turning to blackness. Homer undoubtedly founds this poetical relation upon observing some vines that bore fruit thrice annually. Pliny affirms this to be true, *lib.* xvi. *cap.* 27. *Vites quidem & triferæ sunt, quas ob id insanas vocant, quoniam in iis aliæ maturescunt, aliæ turgescunt, aliæ florent.* Dacier. P.

He cast his eye on Ogilby:

Close to the gates, well hedg'd on either side —.

Ver. 145.] These *seven* verses are luxuriantly expanded from *three* of Homer, which may be literally represented thus:

Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mould;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year. 151
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe: 155
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run, 160
Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun,
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide, 165
And there in autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.

There ſtately trees with ample foliage grew;
Pomegranates, pears, and apples, noble fruit!
Figs, ſweetly lucious; olives, ſpreading wide.

Ver. 158.] Thus Ogilby, immediately before:
Olives and figs, green budding, ripe *appear*
Cheriſh'd with weſtern breazes all the *year*.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd; 169
This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king. 175
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief, who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er, 180
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for rest, and off'ring to the * God
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod. 185

Ver. 175.] This description of the gardens of Alcinous had been early translated by Pope, and published in the Guardian, and the *first* edition of his poems: nor did he see reason afterwards to vary from his original execution of it.

Ver. 176.] The rhymes will not pass. Thus?

The Gods these glories had ordain'd, to grace
Their lov'd Alcinous in this blissful place.

Ver. 183.] This is not from Homer, but Chapman:

— — — where all the peeres he found,
And captaines of Phæacia, *with cups crown'd.*

Ver. 184. *Prepar'd for rest, and off'ring to the God*
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.]

* Mercury.

Unſeen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkneſs circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And proſtrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him drop'd the veil of night;
Sudden he ſhines, and manifeſt to ſight. 191
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppreſt;
Silent they gaze, and eye the God-like gueſt.

I have already explained from Athenæus this cuſtom of offering to Mercury at the concluſion of entertainments: he was thought by the ancients to preſide over ſleep: *Dat ſomnos adimitque*, according to Horace, as Dacier obſerves. In following ages this practice was altered, and they offered not to Mercury, but to Jove the perfecter, or to Ζεὺς τέλειος. P.

Ver. 188.] Ogilby, with trivial correction, has *two* good couplets here:

Veil'd in a cloud, *the hero* came unſeen
Where ſate Alcinous and his beauteous queen.
Then *ſuppliant*, on her knee his hands he laid;
While, loſt in air, diſſolves *his ambient* ſhade.

Ver. 190. *Then from around him drop'd the veil of night.*] If this whole ſtory of the veil of air had been told ſimply and nakedly, it would imply no more than that Ulyſſes arrived without being diſcovered; and the breaking of the veil denotes his firſt coming into ſight, in the preſence of the queen. But Homer ſteps out of the vulgar road of an hiſtorian, and clothes it with a ſublimity worthy of heroick poetry. In the ſame manner Virgil diſcovers his Æneas to Dido:

" — — — — Cum circumfuſa repente
" Scindit ſe nubes & in aera purgat apertum."

Scaliger prefers theſe verſes to thoſe of Homer, and perhaps with good reaſon; he calls the laſt part of the ſecond verſe a divine addition; and indeed it is far more beautiful than the θεσφαλὸς ἄηρ of Homer. P.

Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man) 195
To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send, 200
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.

Ver. 196. *To thee, thy consort, and this royal train.*] Minerva commanded Ulysses to supplicate the queen: why then does he exceed the directions of the Goddess, and not only address himself to Alcinous, but to the rest of the assembly? Spondanus answers, that Ulysses adapts himself to the present circumstances, and seeing the king and other peers in the same assembly, he thought it improper not to take notice of them: he therefore addresses himself to all, that he may make all his friends. But then does not Minerva give improper directions? and is not Ulysses more wise than the Goddess of Wisdom? The true reason therefore may perhaps be, that Ulysses really complies with the injunctions of the Goddess: she commands him to address himself to the queen: and he does so: this I take to mean chiefly or primarily, but not exclusively of the king: if the passage be thus understood, it solves the objection. P.

Ver. 200. *A wretched exile to his country send.*] Ulysses here speaks very concisely: and he may seem to break abruptly into the subject of his petition, without letting the audience either into the knowledge of his condition or person. Was this a proper method to prevail over an assembly of strangers? But his gesture spoke for him, he threw himself into the posture of a suppliant, and the persons of all suppliants were esteemed to be sacred: he declared himself to be a man in calamity, and reserves his story to be told more at large, when the surprize of the Phæacians at the sudden appearance of a stranger was over; this conciseness therefore is not blameable, but rather an instance of Homer's judgment, who knows when to be short, and when to be copious. P.

So may the Gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race;
So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people bleſſing, by your people bleſt! 205
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the aſhes took his place.
Silence enſu'd. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echeneus ſage, a venerable man!

Ver. 202.] Or thus, on account of the rhymes:

So may the Gods your days *with bleſſings grace*—.

Ver. 207. *And humbled in the aſhes took his place.*] This was the cuſtom of ſuppliants: they betook themſelves to the hearth as ſacred, and a place of refuge. It was particularly in the protection of Veſta: thus Tully, *lib.* ii. *de Naturâ Deorum*; *Nomen Veſtæ ſumptum eſt a Græcis, ea eſt enim quæ illis ἑστία dicitur, juſque ejus ad aras, & focos pertinet.* Apollonius likewiſe, as Spondanus obſerves, takes notice of this cuſtom of ſuppliants.

Τὼ δ' ἄνεω, καὶ ἄναυδοι, ἐφ' ἑσλίῃ ἀΐξαντες
Ἵζανον, ἥτε δίκη λυγροῖς ἱκέτησι τέτυκται.

That is, they betook themſelves to the hearth, and there ſat mute, which is the cuſtom of all unhappy ſuppliants. If it was a cuſtom, as Apollonius obſerves, to ſit mute, this gives another reaſon why Ulyſſes uſed but few words in his ſupplication: he had greatly outraged a practice that was eſtabliſhed as ſacred amongſt the Greeks, and had not acted in the character of a ſuppliant, if he had lanched out into a long oration.

This was the moſt ſure and effectual way of ſupplication; thus when Themiſtocles fled to Admetus king of the Moloſſians he placed himſelf before the hearth, and was received, though that king had formerly vowed his deſtruction. Plutarch indeed calls it an unuſual way of ſupplication, but that proceeded from his carrying a child in his arms to move the greater compaſſion, not from his throwing himſelf into the protection of the houſhold Gods. P.

Ver. 209. *Echeneus ſage, &c.*] The expreſſion in the original, as Dacier obſerves, is remarkable: *Echeneus an old man, who knew*

Whoſe well-taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that th' experience of the laſt. 211
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
Oh ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt! 215
To raiſe the lowly ſuppliant from the ground
Beſits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace,
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay 220
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's due.

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many ancient, and great variety of things; he was wiſe by long experience, and by being converſant in ancient ſtory: the author of the book of Wiſdom ſpeaks almoſt in the ſame expreſſions: *Scit præterita & de futuris æſtimat.* P.

Ver. 213.] So Chapman, but with more exactneſs:

A man, that all Phæacians paſt in yeares,
And in *perſwaſive eloquence*, all the peeres.

Ver. 221.] The following attempt, if it can be borne, is faithful to the original:

Let firſt the *heralds* due libations *ſhower*
To Jove, *of awful ſuppliants guardian power.*

Our tranſlator ſeems to have had his eye on Ogilby, and was probably miſled by him:

Bid heralds pour out wine, that ſo we may
Afreſh to Jove our due libations pay,
Who ſuch poor *pilgrims* oft accompanies.

His *herald* in the *ſingular number* was probably from Hobbes:

And bid the *ſquire* to temper wine and fill.

His ſage advice the liſt'ning king obeys, 224
He ſtretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raiſe,
And from his ſeat Laodamas remov'd,
(The monarch's offspring, and his beſt belov'd)
There next his ſide the God-like hero ſat;
With ſtars of ſilver ſhone the bed of ſtate. 229
The golden ew'r a beauteous handmaid brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings,
Whoſe poliſh'd vaſe with copious ſtreams ſupplies
A ſilver laver, of capacious ſize.
The table next in regal order ſpread,
The glitt'ring caniſters are heap'd with bread: 235
Viands of various kinds invite the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Thus feaſting high, Alcinous gave the ſign,
And bade the herald pour the roſy wine.

Ver. 226. *And from his ſeat Laodamus remov'd.*] Plutarch in his Sympoſiacks diſcuſſes a queſtion, whether the maſter of the feaſt ſhould place his gueſts, or let them ſeat themſelves promiſcuouſly: he there commends this conduct of Alcinous as an inſtance of a courteous diſpoſition and great humanity, who gave a place of dignity to a ſtranger and ſuppliant. P.

Our tranſlator follows Ogilby, and almoſt tranſcribes him.

And from his place Laodamas remov'd,
His ſon, who next him ſate, and moſt belov'd.

Ver. 229.] Homer ſays here only in general "on a reſplendent throne," but Ogilby:

And to a *ſilver-ſtudded* chair convey'd.

Ver. 230.] The reader may ſee a tranſlation of the ſame verſes in book i. verſe 179. and book iv. verſe 63.

Ver. 239.] The tranſlator might eaſily have preſerved the form of his original, thus:

Pontonus! temper now the roſy wine.

Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way.
He said. Pontonus heard the king's command;
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.
Alcinous then, with aspect mild, began.
Princes and peers, attend! while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite
Repair we to the blessings of the night:
But with the rising day, assembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,

Chapman has the same rhymes here:

Serve wine through all the house, that all may *pay*,
Rites to the lightner, who is still in *way*
With humble suppliants:

and after him Ogilby:

That we to Jove may glad libations *pay*,
Who oft assists poor pilgrims in their *way*.

See the note above on verse 221.

Ver. 240. — — — *the due libation pay*
To Jove ———]

We have already seen that the whole assembly was about to pour libations to Mercury; whence is it then that they now offer to Jupiter? Eustathius observes, it was because of the arrival of this stranger, and Jupiter presides over all strangers, and is frequently stiled Ζεὺς ξένιος and Ζεὺς ἱκέσιος. P.

Ver. 246.] An improvement on Ogilby:

Alcinous said; You princes, I'll *impart*
The intimating dictates of my *heart*.

Ver. 251.] This open vowel is bad; and his original prescribes,

More frequent let *our senators* appear.

Pious obſerve our hoſpitable laws,
And heav'n propitiate in the ſtranger's cauſe;
Then join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to tranſport him to the wiſht-for ſhore: 255
(How diſtant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe)
Meantime, nor harm nor anguiſh let him bear:
This interval, heav'n truſts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge reſign'd, 260
Heav'n's is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then muſt he ſuffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth, are miſery and man!
But if deſcended from th' Olympian bow'r, 265
Gracious approach us ſome immortal pow'r;
If in that form thou com'ſt a gueſt divine:
Some high event the conſcious Gods deſign.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feaſt,
The ſolemn ſacrifice call'd down the gueſt; 270

Ver. 256.] This elegant couplet is expanded from the following words of his author:

— — — far diſtant though it be.

Ver. 262.] The rhymes are not equally correct, nor is the ſenſe in tolerable correſpondence with his model. I ſhall preſume to propoſe a couplet of much more faithful interpretation:

Then muſt he ſuffer what the thread *of Fate*
Wove *at his entrance on this earthly ſtate.*

Ver. 269.] Theſe vicious rhymes frequently make their appearance, and might now be ſuggeſted by Ogilby:

Then manifest of heav'n the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way:
With social intercourse, and face to face, 275
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind;

When hecatombs we offer'd, as a *guest*,
They would with us sit down, and freely *feast*.

Ver. 271.] May we thus substitute for these imperfect rhymes?

Then at our board the vision heavenly-bright
Familiar sat, reveal'd to mortal sight.

Ver. 273.] We have here no less than *eight* verses spun from *three* of Homer; which the subjoined version literally exhibits:

Then if some lonely traveller chance to meet,
They scorn disguise: so near are we allied;
As Cyclops near, and the wild giant-tribes.

In his interpretation of the concluding paragraph our translator follows Ogilby and Dacier; erroneously, and by a construction forced and unnatural, in my opinion.

Ver. 277. *So near approach we their celestial kind*, &c.] There is some intricacy in this passage, and much labour has been used to explain it. Some would have it to imply, that "we are as "nearly allied to the Gods, as the Cyclops and giants, who are "descended from them; and if the Gods frequently appear to "these giants who defy them; how much more may it be "expected by the Phæacians to enjoy that favour, who reverence "and adore them?" Eustathius explains it after another method; Alcinous had conceived a fixed hatred against the race of the Cyclops, who had expelled the Phæacians from their country, and forced them to seek a new habitation; he here expresses that hatred, and says, that the Phæacians resemble the Gods as much in goodness, as the Cyclops and giants one the other in impiety:

As our dire neighbours of Cyclopæan birth, 279
Match in fierce wrong, the giant-ſons of earth.
Let no ſuch thought (with modeſt grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) poſſeſs the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thyſelf, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure ſky:
In form, ah how unlike their heav'nly kind? 285
How more inferior in the gifts of mind;

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he illuſtrates it, by ſhewing that the expreſſion has the ſame import as if we ſhould ſay that Socrates comes as near to Plato in virtue, as Anytus and Melitus to one another in wickedneſs; and indeed the conſtruction will be eaſy, by underſtanding Ἀλλήλοις in the ſecond verſe.

— — — Σφίσιν ἰγγύθεν εἰμὲν,
Ὥσπερ κύκλωπές τε καὶ ἄγρια φῦλα γιγάντων.
Subaudi, ἰγγύθεν ἀλλήλοις εἰσὶν.

I have already ſpoken of the preſence of the Gods at the ſacrifices, in a former note upon the Odyſſey: this frequent intercourſe of the Gods was agreeable to the theology of the ancients; but why then is Alcinous ſurpriſed at the appearance of Ulyſſes, whom he looks upon as a God, if ſuch favours were frequent? Spondanus replies, that it is the unuſualneſs of the time, not the appearance, that ſurpriſes Alcinous; the Gods appeared either at their ſacrifices, or in their journeys, and therefore he looks upon this viſit as a thing extraordinary. P.

Ver. 281.] The rhymes are bad, and were they faultleſs, too ſoon return, and have but juſt preceded. Thus?

Let no ſuch thought (rejoin'd with modeſt grace
The *ſage Ulyſſes*) *in thy* mind *have place.*

Ver. 283.] This intermediate phraſe, *like thyſelf*, is not from Homer, but from Ogilby, as well as the rhymes:

I am no God deſcended from the *ſky*,
But *ſuch as you*, a woful *mortal I.*

Alas, a mortal! moſt oppreſt of thoſe
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a ſad train of miſeries alone
Diſtinguiſh'd long and ſecond now to none! 290
By heav'n's high will compell'd from ſhore to ſhore;
With heav'n's high will prepar'd to ſuffer more.
What hiſtories of toil could I declare?
But ſtill long-weary'd nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt. 296
Howe'er the noble, ſuff'ring mind, may grieve
Its load of anguiſh, and diſdain to live;
Neceſſity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is inſolent, and will be fed. 300
But finiſh, oh ye peers! what you propoſe,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.

Ver. 287.] The verſion here is very licentious. The *ſeven* next lines are deſigned to repreſent the following portion of his author:

Thoſe, whom ye know of all the race of man
With ſorrows laden moſt, I match in woe:
Nay, ills ſurpaſſing their's in number far
Could I recount, at heaven's high will endur'd.

Ver. 288.] He ſhould have written,

Whom Fate has *laden* with a weight of woes.

Ver. 297.] Theſe inaccurate rhymes are from Chapman; who preſerves alſo a ſentiment of his author neglected by our Poet:

— — — When moſt with cauſe I *grieve*,
He bids me ſtill, Eate, man! and drinke, and *live*;
And this makes all forget.

Pleas'd will I suffer all the Gods ordain,
To see my soil, my son, my friends, again.
That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprise
With ever-during shade these happy eyes! 306
Th' assembled peers with gen'ral praise approv'd
His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd.

Ver. 303.] Chapman is much more close and faithful:

And then let life go; when (withall) I see
My high-rooft large house, lands and family.

And our Poet has weakened the pathos of many similar passages by too much expansion and an intermixture of extraneous thoughts.

Ver. 305. *That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death, &c.*] It is very necessary to recall frequently to the reader's mind the desire Ulysses has to reach his own country; and to shew that he is absent not by choice, but necessity; all the disorders in his kingdom happen by reason of his absence: it is therefore necessary to set the desire of his return in the strongest point of light, that he may not seem accessary to those disorders, by being absent when it was in his power to return. It is observable that Ulysses does not here make any mention of Penelope, whom he scarce ever omits in other places, as one of the chief inducements to wish for his country; the reason of his silence, says Eustathius, is, because he is unwilling to abate the favour of Alcinous, by a discovery that would shew it was impossible for him to marry his daughter; such a discovery might make the king proceed more coolly towards his transportation; whereas it would afterwards be less dangerous, when he has had an opportunity fully to engage him in his favour. P.

Ver. 308.] So Milton, Par. Lost, viii. 510.

— — — she what was honor knew,
And with obsequious majesty *approv'd*
My *pleaded reason*.

Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs. 310
Ulyſſes in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beſide him, on a ſplendid throne,
Divine Arete and Alcinous ſhone.
The queen, on nearer view, the gueſt ſurvey'd
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder ſeen. Then thus began, 316
Her words addreſſing to the God-like man.
Cam'ſt thou not hither, wond'rous ſtranger! ſay,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of ſea?
Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air? 320
And robes like theſe, ſo recent and ſo fair!
Hard is the taſk, oh princeſs! you impoſe:
(Thus ſighing ſpoke the man of many woes)

Ver. 310.] Thus, exactly:

Each to his dome for balmy ſleep repairs.

Ver. 313.] A portion of his author, omitted after this verſe by our Poet, cannot be better given than from Chapman:

— — — The handmaids then
The veſſells of the banquet took away.

Ver. 319.] Thus, with a proper rhyme and more fidelity:

A wretched wanderer o'er the watery way?

Ver. 322. *Hard is the taſk, oh princeſs!*] Æneas in Virgil ſpeaks to Venus after the ſame manner, as Ulyſſes to Arete.

" O Dea, ſi primâ repetens ab origine pergam,
" Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborum,
" Ante diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo."

Scaliger obſerves that Virgil ſo far exceeds the verſes of Homer, that they will not even bear a compariſon; he is ſuperior almoſt

The long, the mournful ſeries to relate
Of all my ſorrows, ſent by Heav'n and Fate! 325
Yet what you aſk, attend. An iſland lies
Beyond theſe tracts, and under other ſkies,

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in every word; for inſtance; he renders, δηωτίως, by *primâ ab origine*, and adds the word *vacet* beautifully; and ſtill more beautifully he tranſlates πολλὰ κήδεα, *annales noſtrorum audire laborum*; and laſtly he paraphraſes the word ἀργαλέον by a moſt harmonious line,

"*Ante diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo.*"

Which excellently deſcribes the multitude of the ſufferings of Æneas, which could not be comprehended in the relation of a whole day.

I will not deny but that Virgil excels Homer in this and many other paſſages which he borrows from him: but then is it a juſt concluſion to infer, after the manner of Scaliger, that Virgil is a better Poet than Homer? To conclude from particulars to generals is a falſe way of arguing. It is as if in a compariſon of two perſons, a man ſhould from ſingle features give a ſuperiority of beauty, which is only to be gathered from the ſymmetry of the whole body. P.

Ver. 324.] Ogilby might furniſh the rhymes before us:

——— Impoſſible almoſt,
Great queen, it is my ſufferings to *relate*,
So many were impos'd on me by *Fate*.

Ver. 326. *Yet what you aſk, attend.*——] Homer here gives a ſummary of the ſubject of the two preceding books: this recapitulation cannot indeed be avoided, becauſe it is neceſſary to let Alcinous into his ſtory, and this cannot be done without a repetition; but generally all repetitions are tedious: the reader is offended when that is related which he knows already: he receives no new inſtruction to entertain his judgment, nor any new deſcriptions to excite his curioſity, and by theſe means the very ſoul of poetry is extinguiſhed, and it becomes unſpirited and lifeleſs. When therefore repetitions are abſolutely neceſſary, they ought always to be ſhort; and I may appeal to the reader if he is not tired with many in Homer, eſpecially when made in the very ſame words? Here indeed Ulyſſes tells his ſtory but in part; the queen

Ogygia named, in Ocean's wat'ry arms:
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrours of the rolling main. 331

asked him who he was, but he passes over this without any reply, and reserves the greatest part of his story to a time of more *leisure*, that he may discover himself to a better advantage before the whole peerage of the Phæacians. I do not always condemn even the verbal repetitions of Homer; sometimes as in embassies they may be necessary, because every word is stamped with authority, and perhaps they might be customary in Homer's times; if they were not, he had too fruitful an invention not to have varied his thoughts and expressions. Bossu observes, that with respect to repetitions, Virgil is more exact than Homer; for instance, in the first book of the Æneis, when Æneas is repeating his sufferings to Venus, she interrupts him to give him comfort;

— — — "Nec plura querentem
"Passa Venus, medio sic interfata dolore est."

and in the third book, where good manners obliged this hero to relate his story at the request of Andromache, the Poet prevents it by introducing Helenus, who hinders the repetition. P.

Ver. 330. *Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign.*] Homer has the secret art of introducing the best instructions, in the midst of the plainest narrations. He has described the unworthy passion of the Goddess Calypso, and the indecent advances she made to detain him from his country. It is possible this relation might make some impressions upon the mind of the reader, inconsistent with exact morality: what antidote then does Homer administer to expel this poison? he does not content himself with setting the chastity of Penelope in opposition to the loose desires of Calypso, and shewing the great advantage the mortal has over the Goddess; but he here discovers the fountain from whence this weakness rises, by saying that neither man nor Gods frequented this island; on one hand the absence of the Gods, and on the other the infrequency of objects, made her yield at the sight of the first that appears. Every object is dangerous in solitude, especially as Homer expresses it, if we have no commerce with the Gods. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 331.] More vigorously, I think, with this trivial correction:

'*Midst* the *loud* terrors of the rolling main.

Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unbleſt! to tread that interdicted ſhore:
When Jove tremendous in the ſable deeps 335
Launch'd his red lightning at our ſcatter'd ſhips:
Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers loſt,
Sole on a plank, on boiling ſurges toſt,
Heav'n drove my wreck th' Ogygian iſle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddeſs there with open arms, 340
She brib'd my ſtay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
But all her blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
To baniſh from my breaſt my country's love. 345

Ver. 334.] Thus? with no exceptionable rhyme, and more exactly to the author's language:

Our ſhips when Jove, tremendous in *his ire*,
On the *dark ſeas daſht with* his *bolts of fire*.

Ver. 336.] So Chapman:

Me and my ſouldiers, all whoſe lives I *loſt*.
I in mine armes the keele tooke, and was *toſt*
Nine days together up from wave to wave.

Ver. 344. *But all her blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,*——] Dacier from Euſtathius aſſigns the reaſon of the refuſal of Ulyſſes to comply with the proffers of Calypſo, to forſake his wife and country: it was, becauſe he knew that women in love promiſe more than they either can or intend to perform. An inſinuation, that he would have complied if he had thought the Goddeſs would, or could have performed her promiſes. But this is contrary to the character of Ulyſſes, whoſe greateſt glory it is, not to have liſtened even to a Goddeſs. In this view he ceaſes to be an hero, and his return is no longer a virtue, but he returns only becauſe he found not a temptation ſufficient to keep him from his country. P.

Ver. 345.] This is unauthoriſed by Homer: and, therefore,

I ſtay reluctant ſev'n continu'd years,
And water her ambroſial couch with tears.
The eighth, ſhe voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd to croſs the ſurging ſea; 350
Herſelf ſupply'd the ſtores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In ſev'nteen days appear'd your pleaſing coaſt,
And woody mountains half in vapours loſt. 354
Joy touch'd my ſoul: my ſoul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;

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he might have written, with leſs deviation from the purport of the paſſage, as follows:

Her form cœleſtial, and unbounded love.

Ver. 346.] Thus, with more fidelity:

I ſtay, *ſtill watering* ſeven continued years
Th' ambroſial *veſt ſhe gave me*, with *my* tears.

Our Poet might caſt his eye on Hobbes:

Yet there *by force* I ſtayed ſeven *years*,
Waſhing the cloths ſhe gave me with my *tears:*

and have in his recollection *Pſalm* vi. 6. "I am weary with my "groaning; all the night make I my bed to ſwim, *I water my* "*couch with my tears.*"

Ver. 350.] I would propoſe the following ſubſtitution, on account of the vicious rhyme in the preſent verſe; and with more expreſſion of Homer's language:

A raft was form'd to croſs the ſurging *wave:*
Bread and delicious wine the Goddeſs gave,
Abundant ſtores *ſhe gave* and rich array:
She gave *fair* gales—.

Ver. 353.] Or thus, to eſcape a perpetual imperfection:

In ſev'nteen days theſe eyes your iſland hail'd,
And in blue vapours duſky mountains veil'd.

The wild winds whiſtle, and the billows roar;
The ſplitting raft the furious tempeſt tore;
And ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
Soon as their rage ſubſides, the ſeas I brave 360
With naked force, and ſhoot along the wave,
To reach this iſle: but there my hopes were loſt,
The ſurge impell'd me on a craggy coaſt.
I choſe the ſafer ſea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind, 365
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the ſhelter of the neighb'ring wood.
'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my ſenſes in the death of ſleep.
All night I ſlept, oblivious of my pain: 370
Aurora dawn'd, and Phœbus ſhin'd in vain,
Nor 'till oblique he ſlop'd his ev'ning ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.

Ver. 358.] Thus Ogilby:

Piece-meal my veſſel, winds and billows *tore*;
On waves I floated, till I reach'd your *ſhore*.

Ver. 362.] Or thus:

— — — but there my hopes were croſt:
On towering cliffs a furious billow toſt.

Otherwiſe, the tranſlation here is extremely dignified, with a ſolemnity nobly adapted to the ſubject.

Ver. 370.] Chapman is pretty:

Amongſt the leaves I reſted all that night;
Even till the morning, and meridian light.
The ſunne declining then, delightſome ſleepe
No longer laid my temples in his ſteepe.

Then female voices from the ſhore I heard:
A maid amidſt them, Goddeſs-like, appear'd: 375
To her I ſu'd, ſhe pity'd my diſtreſs;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue leſs.
Who from ſuch youth cou'd hope conſid'rate care?
In youth and beauty wiſdom is but rare!

Ver. 377.] For this line we are indebted to the tranſlator only.

Ver. 379. *In youth and beauty wiſdom is but rare!*] In the preceding line Ulyſſes ſpeaks of Nauſicaa, yet immediately changes the words into the maſculine gender, for grammatically it ought to be νεωτέρην ἀνδράσασαν. Homer makes this alteration to pay the greater compliment to Nauſicaa, and he intends to expreſs by it, that neither woman nor man of her years could be expected to have ſuch remarkable diſcretion. *Euſtathius.*

Such ſentences being very frequent in the Odyſſey; it may not be improper to obſerve, of what beauty a ſentence is in epick poetry. A ſentence may be defined, a moral inſtruction couched in a few words. Rapin aſſerts, that ſentences are more proper in dramatick than heroick poetry: for narration is the eſſential character of it, and it ought to be one continued thread of diſcourſe, ſimple and natural, without an affectation of figures, or moral reflections: that energy which ſome pretend to collect and incloſe within a ſmall compaſs of words, is wont extremely to weaken the reſt of the diſcourſe, and give it a forced air: it ſeems to jut out of the ſtructure of the poem, and to be independent of it: he blames Homer for ſcattering his ſentences too plentifully through his poeſy, and calls it an affectation and imperfection. Theſe objections would undoubtedly be of weight, if the ſentences were ſo introduced as to break the thread of narration, as Rapin rightly obſerves. But is this the caſe with relation to Homer? He puts them into the mouth of the actors themſelves, and the narration goes on without the leaſt interruption; it is not the Poet who ſpeaks, nor does he ſuſpend the narration to make a refined reflection, or give us a ſentence of morality. Is his poetry the worſe, becauſe he makes his agents ſpeak weightily and ſententiouſly? It is true, ſentences uſed without moderation are abſurd in epick

She gave me life, relief'd with just supplies 380
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh ye pow'rs on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lye.

To this the king. Our daughter but exprest
Her cares imperfect to our God-like guest. 385
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?

Hero and king! (Ulysses thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect of pride: 390

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poetry; they give it a seriousness that is more becoming the gravity of philosophers, than the spirit and majesty of poetry. Bossu judiciously observes, that such thoughts have in their very nature a certain kind of calm wisdom that is contrary to the passions; but, says he, sentences make a poem useful, and it seems natural to imagine, that the more a work is embellished with them, the more it deserves that general approbation which Horace promises to those who have the art to mix the profitable with the pleasant. In short, sentences are not only allowable, but beautiful in heroick poetry, if they are introduced with propriety and without affectation. P.

Chapman renders, in homely stile,

With young folkes, *Wisdome* makes her commerce *rare*.

Ver. 382.] This couplet is poor, I think, in itself, and gives a wrong turn to his author's meaning, which is more fully delivered by Virgil in the beginning of the *second* Æneid, at the conclusion of Æneas' preamble to the history of his adventures. Thus:

This, the whole truth, my sorrowing thoughts disclose;
Truth, that revives the memory of my woes.

She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and rev'rence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.
Far from my soul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base! 396
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve.
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son. 400

Ver. 391. *She bade me follow* ———
But fear and rev'rence, &c.]
This is directly contrary to what is before asserted in the preceding book, where Nausicaa forbids Ulysses to attend her, to avoid suspicion and slander. Is not Ulysses then guilty of falshood, and is not falshood beneath the character of a hero? Eustathius confesses that Ulysses is guilty, Φανέρως ψεύδεται; and he adds, that a wise man may do sometimes opportunely: Ὅπερ ἂν ποιήσει ἐν καιρῷ ὁ σοφός. I fear this concession of the Bishop's would not pass for good casuistry in these ages. Spondanus is of the same opinion as Eustathius; *Vir prudens certo loco & tempore mendaciis officiosissimis uti novit.* Dacier confesses that he somewhat disguises the truth. It will be difficult to vindicate Ulysses from the imputation, if the notions of truth and falshood were as strict in former, as in these ages: but we must not measure by this standard: it is certain that anciently lying was reckoned no crime by a whole nation; and it still bears a dispute, *An omne falsi-loquium sit mendacium?* Some casuists allow of the *officiosum mendacium*, and such is this of Ulysses, intirely complimental and officious. P.

Ver. 393.] This couplet appears to me very indifferent indeed: but I cannot engage to substitute a better:

I shun'd uncandid censures to excite:
In rash suspicion men too much delight.

Ver. 399.] The rhyme might be thus accommodated:

Such as thou art, thy *free consent were won.*

Ver. 400. *Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.*] The ancients

In ſuch alliance could'ſt thou wiſh to join,
A palace ſtor'd with treaſures ſhould be thine.
But if reluctant, who ſhall force thy ſtay?
Jove bids to ſet the ſtranger on his way,
And ſhips ſhall wait thee with the morning ray. 405
'Till then, let ſlumber cloſe thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners ſhall watch the ſkies,
And ſeize the moment when the breezes riſe:
Then gently waft thee to the pleaſing ſhore,
Where thy ſoul reſts, and labour is no more. 410

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obſerve, that Alcinous very artfully inſerts this propoſition to Ulyſſes, to prove his veracity. If he had embraced it without heſitation, he would have concluded him an impoſtor; for it is not conceivable that he ſhould reject all the temptation to marriage made him by Calypſo a Goddeſs, and yet immediately embrace this offer of Alcinous to marry his daughter. But if we take the paſſage in another ſenſe, and believe that Alcinous ſpoke ſincerely without any ſecret ſuſpicions, yet his conduct is juſtifiable. It has I confeſs appeared ſhocking, that Alcinous, a king, ſhould at the very firſt interview offer his daughter to a ſtranger, who might be a vagrant and impoſtor: but examples are frequent in antiquity of marriages thus concluded between ſtrangers, and with as little heſitation: thus Bellerophon, Tydeus, and Polinices were married. Great perſonages regarded not riches, but were only ſolicitous to procure worthy huſbands for their daughters, and birth and virtue were the beſt recommendations.

It is obſervable that in the original there is a chaſm, an infinitive mood without any thing to govern it; we muſt therefore ſupply the word ἰθέλοις to make it right conſtruction. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 401.] Or thus, more correctly:

In ſuch alliance *met thy* wiſh *with mine.*

Ver. 407.] There is a ſtrange redundancy here, which may be thus curtailed with advantage to fidelity:

Far as Eubæa tho' thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, Earth's * Giant-son to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning course begun, 415
Saw them returning with the setting sun.

'Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes:
When gentle gales with fav'ring pinions rise,
Our ships shall waft thee —.

Ver. 411. *Far as Eubæa tho' thy country lay.*] Eubæa, as Eustathius observes, is really far distant from Corcyra, the country of the Phæacians: but Alcinous still makes it more distant, by placing it in another part of the world, and describing it as one of the fortunate islands: for in the fourth book Rhadamanthus is said to inhabit the Elysian fields. Alcinous therefore endeavours to have it believed that his isle is near those fields, by asserting that Rhadamanthus made use of Phæacian vessels in his voyage to Tityus. Eustathius farther adds, that Rhadamanthus was a prince of great justice, and Tityus a person of great impiety, and that he made this voyage to bring him over to more virtuous dispositions. P.

Ver. 414.] This beautiful thought, not authorised by his original, might be suggested by a clumsy line in Ogilby:

That swift as swallows fly from coast to coast.

Ver. 415. *This land from whence their morning course begun,*
Saw them returning with the setting sun.]

If Homer had given the true situation of Corcyra as it really lies opposite to Epirus, yet the hyperbole of sailing thence to Eubæa and returning in the same day, had been utterly an impossibility; for in sailing thither, they must pass the Ionian and Icarian seas, and double the Peloponnesus. But the fiction is yet more extravagant, by the Poet's placing it still more distant near the Fortunate islands. But what is impossible for vessels to effect, that are as swift as birds, and can sail with the rapidity of a thought? *Eustathius.*

* Tityus.

Your eyes ſhall witneſs and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dext'rous, and how fleet our ſail;
When juſtly tim'd with equal ſweep they row,
And Ocean whitens in long tracks below. 420
Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heav'n (and heav'nward lifts his eyes)
O Jove! oh father! what the King accords
Do thou make perfect! ſacred be his words!

But then is the Poet juſtifiable for relating ſuch incredible amplifications? It may be anſwered, if he had put theſe extravagancies into the mouth of Ulyſſes, he had been unpardonable, but they ſuit well with the character of Alcinous: they let Ulyſſes into his diſpoſition, and he appears to be ignorant, credulous, and oſtentatious. This was neceſſary, that Ulyſſes might know how to adapt himſelf to his humour, and engage his aſſiſtance; and this he actually brings about by raiſing his wonder and eſteem by ſtories, that could not fail to pleaſe ſuch an ignorant and credulous perſon as Alcinous.

Dacier adds, that the Phæacians were ſo puff'd up with their conſtant felicity and the protection of the Gods, that they thought nothing impoſſible; upon this opinion all theſe hyperboles are founded: and this agrees too well with human nature; the more happy men are, the more high and extravagantly they talk, and are too apt to entertain themſelves with wild chimæras, which have no exiſtence but in the imagination.

The moral then to theſe fables of Alcinous is, that a conſtant ſeries of happineſs intoxicates the mind, and that moderation is often learned in the ſchool of adverſity. P.

Rather,

This *iſland*, whence ———:

Or, to avoid a *ſecond* impropriety at the ſame time:

They left this iſland, with the riſing ſun;
They reacht this iſland, e'er his race was run.

Ver. 420.] Virgil, Geo. i. 367.

— — — *longos* à tergo *albeſcere tractus*.

Ver. 423. *The prayer of Ulyſſes.*] It is obſervable, that Ulyſſes

Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory ſhine! 425
Let Fame be his, and ah! my Country mine!
Meantime Arete, for the hour of reſt
Ordains the fleecy couch, and cov'ring veſt:
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets ſpread with buſy care. 430
With torches blazing in their hands they paſt,
And finiſh'd all their Queen's command with haſte:
Then gave the ſignal to the willing gueſt:
He roſe with pleaſure, and retir'd to reſt.
There, ſoft-extended, to th' murm'ring ſound 435
Of the high porch, Ulyſſes ſleeps profound!

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makes no reply directly to the obliging propoſition which the King made concerning his daughter. A refuſal might have been diſadvantageous to his preſent circumſtances, yet an anſwer is implied in this prayer, which ſhews the impatience he has to return to his country, and the gratitude he feels for his promiſes to effect it: and conſequently it diſcovers that he has no intentions of ſettling with his daughter amongſt the Phæacians. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 425.] Ogilby is not to be deſpiſed:

Alcinous grant immortal fame, and me
My dear relations and my home to ſee.

Ver. 431.] The rhymes will not paſs. Thus? more faithfully:

Swift thro' the palace, at their Queen's *commands,*
They *paſt*, with torches blazing in their hands.

Ver. 433.] So Chapman, but preſerving at the ſame time the dialogue-form of his author:

Come gueſt, your bed is fit; now frame to *reſt*.
Motion of ſleepe was gracious to their *gueſt*.

Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies;
And fast beside, were clos'd Arete's eyes.

Ver. 437, 438. *The last lines.*] It may seem somewhat extraordinary, that Alcinous and his Queen, who have been described as patterns of conjugal happiness, should sleep in distinct beds. Jupiter and Juno, as Dacier observes from the first of the Iliad, have the same bed. Perhaps the Poet designed to shew the luxury and false delicacy of those too happy Phæacians, who lived in such softness that they shunned every thing that might prove troublesome or incommodious. P.

Thus, more accurately:

Far in a deep recess Alcinous' lies;
Beside *him, queen* Arete clos'd her eyes. Editor.

This book takes up no longer time than the evening of the thirty-second day. P.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALCINOUS calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated Musician and Poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games, the race, the wrestling, Discus, &c. where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the Poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest, his name, parentage, and fortunes. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book has been more ſeverely cenſured by the criticks than any in the whole Odyſſey: it may therefore be thought neceſſary to lay before the reader what may be offered in the Poet's vindication.

Scaliger in his Poeticks is very warm againſt it. Demodocus, obſerves that Critick, ſings the luſts of the Gods (*fœditates*) at the feaſt of Alcinous. And Boſſu, though he vindicates the Poet, remarks that we meet with ſome offenſive paſſages in Homer, and inſtances in the adultery of Mars and Venus.

To know (ſays Ariſtotle in his Art of Poetry) whether a thing be well or ill ſpoken, we muſt not only examine the thing whether it be good or ill, but we muſt alſo have regard to him that ſpeaks or acts, and to the perſon to whom the Poet addreſſes; for the character of the perſon who ſpeaks, and of him to whom he ſpeaks, makes that to be good, which would not come well from the mouth of any other perſon. It is not on this account we vindicate Homer with reſpect to the immorality that is found in the fable of the adultery of Mars and Venus: we muſt conſider that it is neither the Poet, nor his hero, that recites that ſtory: but a Phæacian ſings it to Phæacians; a ſoft effeminate people, at a feſtival. Beſides, it is allowable even in grave and moral writings to introduce vicious perſons, who deſpiſe the Gods; and is not the Poet obliged to adapt his poetry to the characters of ſuch perſons? And had it not been an abſurdity in him to have given us a philoſophical or moral ſong before a people who would be pleaſed with nothing but gaiety and effeminacy? The moral that we are to draw from this ſtory is, that an idle and ſoft courſe of life is the ſource of all criminal pleaſures; and that thoſe perſons who lead ſuch lives, are generally pleaſed to hear ſuch ſtories, as make their betters partakers in the ſame vices. This relation of Homer is a uſeful leſſon to them who deſire to live virtuouſly; and it teaches, that if we would not be guilty of ſuch vices, we muſt avoid ſuch a method of life as inevitably leads to the practice of them.

Rapin attacks this book on another ſide, and blames it not for its immorality, but lowneſs. Homer, ſays he, puts off that air of grandeur and majeſty which ſo properly belongs to his character; he debaſes himſelf into a droll, and ſinks into a familiar way of talking: he turns things into ridicule, by endeavouring to entertain his reader with ſomething pleaſant and diverting; for

inſtance, in the eighth book of the Odyſſey, he entertains the Gods with a comedy, ſome of whom he makes buffoons: Mars and Venus are introduced upon the ſtage, taken in a net laid by Vulcan, contrary to the gravity which is ſo eſſential to Epick poetry.

It muſt be granted, that the Gods are here painted in colours unworthy of Deities, yet ſtill with propriety, if we reſpect the ſpectators; who are ignorant, debauched Phæacians. Homer was obliged to draw them, not according to his own idea of the Gods, but according to the wild fancies of the Phæacians. The Poet is not at liberty to aſcribe the wiſdom of a Socrates to Alcinous: he muſt follow Nature, and like a painter, he may draw Deities or monſters, and introduce, as he pleaſes, either vicious or virtuous characters, provided he always makes them of a piece, conſiſtent with their firſt repreſentation.

This rule of Ariſtotle in general vindicates Homer, and it is neceſſary to carry it in our minds, becauſe it ought to be applied to all incidents that relate to the Phæacians, in the ſequel of the Odyſſey. P.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY,

NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy Orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council-seat they bend their way, 5
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.

NOTES.

Ver. 6. *And fill the shining thrones along the bay.*] This place of council was between the two ports, where the temple of Neptune stood; probably, like that in the second book, open to the air. P.

But why not literally?

And *sit on polish'd stones* along the bay:

rather than obliterate those characteristic marks of primæval simplicity, which constitute a chief beauty and value of this Poem.

Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,
Shoots from the ſtarry vault thro' fields of air;
In form, a herald of the King ſhe flies
From Peer to Peer, and thus inceſſant cries: 10
Nobles and chiefs, who rule Phæacia's ſtates,
The King in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown ſeas arriv'd from unknown ſhores.

Ver. 7.] A ſuperfluous couplet, which may be ſuperſeded thus:
Whilſt Pallas, like a *royal* herald, flies —.

Ver. 9. *In form, a herald* ——] It may be aſked what occaſion there is to introduce a Goddeſs, to perform an action that might have been as well executed by a real Herald? Euſtathius obſerves, that this Minerva is either Fame, which informs the Phæacians that a ſtranger of uncommon figure is arrived, and upon this report they aſſemble: or it implies, that this aſſembly was made by the wiſdom of the peers, and conſequently a Poet may aſcribe it to the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, it being the effect of her inſpiration.

The Poet by the introduction of a Deity warns us, that ſomething of importance is to ſucceed; this is to be uſhered in with ſolemnity, and conſequently the appearance of Minerva in this place is not unneceſſary: the action of importance to be deſcribed is no leſs than the change of the fortunes of Ulyſſes; it is from this aſſembly that his affairs take a new turn, and haſten to a happy re-eſtabliſhment. P.

Ver. 13. *A prince of form divine* ——] Minerva ſpeaks thus in favour of Ulyſſes, to excite the curioſity of the Phæacians: and indeed the ſhort ſpeech is excellently adapted to this purpoſe. They were fond of ſtrangers: the Goddeſs therefore tells them, that a ſtranger is arrived of a God-like appearance. They admired outward ſhow, he is therefore deſcribed as a man of extraordinary beauty, and Minerva for this reaſon immediately improves it. *Euſtathius.* P.

She ſpoke; and ſudden with tumultuous ſounds
Of thronging multitudes the ſhore rebounds: 16
At once the ſeats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before ſome brother of the ſky.
Pallas, with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more inlarg'd he moves:
She ſheds celeſtial bloom, regard to draw; 20
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;

Ver. 15.] He ſhould have written, I preſume,
— — and ſudden *the* tumultuous ſounds —.

Ver. 19. *Pallas with grace divine his form improves.*] This circumſtance has been repeated ſeveral times almoſt in the ſame words, ſince the beginning of the Odyſſey. I cannot be of opinion that ſuch repetitions are beauties. In any other Poet, they might have been thought to proceed from a poverty of invention, though certainly not in Homer, in whom there is rather a ſuperfluity than barrenneſs. Perhaps having once ſaid a thing well, he deſpaired of improving it, and ſo repeated it; or perhaps he intended to inculcate this truth, that all our accompliſhments, as beauty, ſtrength, &c. are the gifts of the Gods; and being willing to fix it upon the mind, he dwells upon it, and inſerts it in many places. Here indeed it has a particular propriety, as it is a circumſtance that firſt engages the Phæacians in the favour of Ulyſſes: his beauty was his firſt recommendation, and conſequently the Poet with great judgment ſets his hero off to the beſt advantage, it being an incident from which he dates all his future happineſs; and therefore to be inſiſted upon with a particular ſolemnity. Plato in his Theætetus applies the latter part of this deſcription to Parmenides. Αἰδοῖος τε μοι φαίνεται εἶναι, ἅμα δεινός τε. P.

Ver. 21.] Or thus, with much greater fidelity:
O'er his broad ſhoulders manly vigour ſpread,
And bloom cœleſtial ſettles on his head.

With ſtrength, the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.

Then from his glitt'ring throne Alcinous roſe:
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will diſcloſe. 26
Your preſent aid this god-like ſtranger craves,
Toſt by rude tempeſt thro' a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the riſing day,
Or nations ſubject to the weſtern ray. 30

Ver. 25. *From his glitt'ring throne Alcinous roſe.*] It might be expected that Ulyſſes, upon whoſe account alone Alcinous calls this aſſembly, ſhould have made his condition known, and ſpoken himſelf to the Phæacians; whereas he appears upon the ſtage as a mute perſon, and the multitude departs intirely ignorant of his name and fortunes. It may be anſwered, that this was not a proper time for a fuller diſcovery, the Poet defers it till Ulyſſes had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the games, and fully raiſed their curioſity. It is for the ſame reaſon that Ulyſſes is ſilent; if he had ſpoken, he could not have avoided to let them into the knowledge of his condition, but the contrary method is greatly for his advantage, and aſſures him of ſucceſs from the recommendation of a King.

But there is another, and perhaps a better reaſon, to be given for this ſilence of Ulyſſes: the Poet reſerves the whole ſtory of his ſufferings for an entire and uninterrupted narration; if he had now made any diſcovery, he muſt afterwards either have fallen into tautology, or broken the thread of the relation, ſo that it would not have been of a piece, but wanted continuity. Beſides, it comes with more weight at once, than if it had been made at ſeveral times, and conſequently makes a deeper impreſſion upon the memory and paſſion of the auditors. Virgil has taken a different method in the diſcovery of Æneas; there was a neceſſity for it; his companions, to engage Dido in their protection, tell her they belong to no leſs a hero than Æneas, ſo that he is in a manner known before he appears; but Virgil, after the example of Homer, reſerves his ſtory for an entire narration. P.

Ver. 29.] A couplet truly graceful; but ſuſceptible, it may be, of ſome improvement in poetical expreſſion. Thus?

Then grant, what here all ſons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be choſen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vaſt profound, and bid the veſſel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order ev'ry oar; 35
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Inſtant, you ſailors, to this taſk attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye Peers aſcend;
Let none to ſtrangers honours due diſclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame, 40
Taught by the Gods to pleaſe, when high he ſings
The vocal lay, reſponſive to the ſtrings.

Perhaps from realms, that *hail* the riſing day;
Or *ſhores, illumin'd by* the weſtern ray.

Ver. 32.] The little argumentative word *for* gives a ſtiffneſs and formality to the verſe. I ſhould prefer,

Here *the lorn pilgrim* never *weeps* in vain.

The remainder of this ſpeech is tranſlated with too much brevity, and but little regard to the ſpecific language of the author.

Ver. 35. *Launch the tall bark* ——] The word in the original is πρωτόπλοος; which ſignifies not only a ſhip that makes its firſt voyage, but a ſhip that outſails other ſhips, as Euſtathius obſerves. It is not poſſible for a tranſlator to retain ſuch ſingularities with any beauty; it would ſeem pedantry and affectation, and not poetry. P.

Few readers of taſte will acquieſce, I think, in this deciſion.

Ver. 41. *Taught by the Gods to pleaſe* ——] Homer here inſinuates that all good and great qualities are the gifts of God. He ſhews us likewiſe, that muſick was conſtantly made uſe of in the courts of all the Oriental princes; we have ſeen Phemius in Ithaca, a ſecond in Lacedæmon with Menelaus, and Demodocus here with Alcinous. The Hebrews were likewiſe of remarkable ſkill in muſick; every one knows what effect the harp of David had upon the ſpirit of Saul. Solomon tells us, that he ſought out ſinging

Thus ſpoke the Prince: th' attending Peers obey,
In ſtate they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies, 45
At once the ſailors to their charge ariſe;
They launch the veſſel, and unfurl the ſails,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gath'ring throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:

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men and ſinging women to entertain him, like theſe in Homer, at the time of feaſting: thus another Oriental writer compares muſick at feaſts to an emerald incloſed in gold; *as a ſignet of an emerald ſet in a work of gold, ſo is the melody of muſick with pleaſant wine.* Ecclus xxxii. 6. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 46.] Theſe *three* verſes concentrate the following portion of his original:

Then two-and-fifty youths, ſelected, went,
As bade the king, to barren Ocean's ſhore;
There to the deep they dragg'd the ſable ſhip,
The maſt uprear'd, and bring the ſails aboard:
With leather thongs they bound their oars, array'd
In order meet, and ſpread the ſnowy ſails.
In the main ſea the veſſel moors.

Or thus, in rhyme:

Then two-and-fifty youths, ſelected, bore
Their courſe obedient to the barren ſhore.
There to the deep their force united hales
The ſable bark, and ſtows the maſt and ſails:
With leathern thongs their oars in rows they bind,
And give the ſnow-white canvaſs to the wind.
Thus, in the main ſea moor'd, the veſſel lay:
They to the royal manſion turn their way.

But our tranſlator was indolent, and gladly ſpared himſelf the great difficulty of tranſlating theſe ſimple paſſages, ſo as to preſerve a tolerable dignity of poetry in his verſion. The reader will recollect that the preſent artiſt is Brome.

Now all acceſſes to the dome are fill'd; 51
Eight boars, the choiceſt of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock they bring
To crown the feaſt; ſo wills the bounteous King.
The herald now arrives, and guides along 55
The ſacred maſter of celeſtial ſong:
Dear to the Muſe! who gave his days to flow
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty woe;

Ver. 54.] The following couplet, ſuch as it is, ſupplies an omiſſion of our tranſlator, and completes the period:

They ſlay, they dreſs, the victims; and prepare
The genial banquet with officious care.

Ver. 57. *Dear to the Muſe! who gave his days to flow*
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty woe.]

It has been generally thought that Homer repreſents himſelf in the perſon of Demodocus; and Dacier imagines that this paſſage gave occaſion to the ancients to believe that Homer was blind. But that he really was blind is teſtified by himſelf in his hymn to Apollo, which Thucydides aſſerts to be the genuine production of Homer, and quotes it as ſuch in his hiſtory.

Ὦ κοῦραι, τίς δ' ὕμμιν ἀνὴρ, ἥδιστος ἀοιδῶν,
Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται; καὶ τῷ τέρπεσθε μάλιστα;
Τμεῖς δ' ἦν μάλα πᾶσαι ὑποκρίνασθε, ἀφ' ὑμέων
Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ — — —

That is, "O virgins, if any perſon aſks you who is he, the moſt "pleaſing of all Poets, who frequents this place, and who is he "who moſt delights you? reply, he is a blind man, &c." It is true, as Euſtathius obſerves, that there are many features in the two Poets that bear a great reſemblance; Demodocus ſings divinely, the ſame is true of Homer; Demodocus ſings the adventures of the Greeks before Troy, ſo does Homer in his Iliad.

If this be true, it muſt be allowed that Homer has found out a way of commending himſelf very artfully: had he ſpoken plainly,

With clouds of darkneſs quench'd his viſual ray,
But gave him ſkill to raiſe the lofty lay. 60
High on a radiant throne ſublime in ſtate,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he ſat:

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he had been extravagantly vain; but by this indirect way of praiſe, the reader is at liberty to apply it either ſolely to Demodocus, or obliquely to Homer.

It is remarkable, that Homer takes a very extraordinary care of Demodocus his brother Poet; and introduces him as a perſon of great diſtinction. He calls him in this book the Hero Demodocus: he places him on a throne ſtudded with ſilver, and gives him an herald for his attendant; nor is he leſs careful to provide for his entertainment, he has a particular table, and a capacious bowl ſet before him to drink as often as he had a mind, as the original expreſſes it. Some merry wits have turned the laſt circumſtance into raillery, and inſinuate that Homer in this place, as well as in the former, means himſelf in the perſon of Demodocus; an intimation, that he would not be diſpleaſed to meet with the like hoſpitality. P.

The *two* noble lines of the original, which have been ſo happily applied to the great Epic bard of England alſo, may be thus literally rendered:

> Good mix'd with ill the Muſe her fav'rite gave;
> His eyes ſhe quencht, but gave th' enchanting ſong.

Ver. 59.] Mr. Gray might have this verſe in his memory, when he wrote the exordium of his *firſt pindaric*:

> *Quench'd in dark clouds* of ſlumber lie
> The terror of his beak, and light'nings of *his eye*.

Ver. 60.] Thus Milton alſo, in imitation of the ancients, Lycidas, verſe 11.

> Who would not ſing for Lycidas? he knew
> Himſelf to ſing, and *build the lofty rhyme*.

Ver. 62.] A coarſe unmuſical line. Thus?

> In the full circle of the gueſts he ſat.

With silver shone the throne; his lyre well strung
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his seat a polish'd table shines, 65
And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines:
His food a herald bore: and now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of Demigods and Kings: 70
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:

Ver. 63.] Thus Ogilby, but with superiour attention to his author:

Hung ore his head his golden harp *well strung*,
Upon a pin, and shew'd him where it *hung*.

Ver. 70.] Or thus, with more fidelity:

The far-fam'd glories of illustrious kings.

Ver. 74. *The stern debate, Atrides hears with joy.*] This passage is not without obscurity, but Eustathius thus explains it from Athenæus. In the Iliad the generals sup with Agamemnon with sobriety and moderation; and if in the Odyssey we see Achilles and Ulysses in contention to the great satisfaction of Agamemnon, it is because these contentions are of use to his affairs; they contend whether force or stratagem is to be employed to take Troy; Achilles after the death of Hector, persuaded to assault it by storm, Ulysses by stratagem. There is a further reason given for the satisfaction which Agamemnon expresses at the contest of these two heroes: before the opening of the war of Troy he consulted the oracle concerning the issue of it; Apollo answered, that Troy should be taken when two Princes most renowned, the one for wisdom and the other for valour, should contend at a sacrifice of the

For heav'n foretold the conteſt, when he trod
The marble threſhold of the Delphick God, 75
Curious to learn the counſels of the ſky,
E'er yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the ſong, Ulyſſes ſtraight reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all his manly mind: 80

Gods; Agamemnon rejoices to ſee the prediction fulfilled, knowing that the deſtruction of Troy was at hand, the oracle being accompliſhed by the conteſt of Ulyſſes and Achilles. P.

Ver. 77.] Wretched rhymes! and, if unexceptionable, of too recent occurrence to be admitted here. I would venture a ſubſtitution:

Curious the counſels of great Jove to ſcan,
E'er yet the woes of Troy and Greece began.

Ver. 79. *Touch'd at the ſong* ——] Many objections may be made againſt this relation; it may ſeem to offend againſt probability, and appears ſomewhat incredible, that Demodocus ſhould thus luckily pitch upon the war of Troy for the ſubject of his ſong, and ſtill more happily upon the deeds of Ulyſſes; for inſtance, a man may die of an apoplexy, this is probable; but that this ſhould happen juſt when the Poet has occaſion for it, is in ſome degree incredible. But this objection will ceaſe, if we conſider not only that the war of Troy was the greateſt event of thoſe ages, and conſequently might be the common ſubject of entertainment; but alſo that it is not Homer or Demodocus who relates the ſtory, but the Muſe who inſpires it; Homer ſeveral times in this book aſcribes the ſong to immediate inſpiration; and this ſupernatural aſſiſtance reconciles it to human probability, and the ſtory becomes credible when it is ſuppoſed to be related by a Deity. Ariſtotle in his Poeticks commends this conduct as artful and judicious; Alcinous, ſays he, invites Ulyſſes to an entertainment to divert him, where Demodocus ſings his actions, at which he cannot refrain from tears, which Alcinous perceives, and this brings about the diſcovery of Ulyſſes.

It may further be objected, that a ſufficient cauſe for this violence of tears is not apparent; for why ſhould Ulyſſes weep to hear his own brave atchievements, eſpecially when nothing cala-

Before his eyes the purple veſt he drew,
Induſtrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the muſick paus'd, he ceas'd to ſhed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd, 85
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Tranſported with the ſong, the liſt'ning train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:
Again Ulyſſes veil'd his penſive head,
Again unmann'd a ſhow'r of ſorrow ſhed: 90
Conceal'd he wept: the king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:

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mitous is recited? This indeed would be improbable, if that were the whole of what the Poet ſung: but Homer only gives us the heads of the ſong, a few ſketches of a larger draught, and leaves ſomething to be filled up by the imagination of the reader. Thus for inſtance, the words of Demodocus recalled to the mind of Ulyſſes all the hardſhips he had undergone during a ten years war, all the ſcenes of horrour he had beheld, and the loſs and ſufferings of all his friends. And no doubt he might weep even for the calamities he brought upon Troy, an ingenuous nature cannot be inſenſible when any of its own ſpecies ſuffers; the Trojans were his enemies, but ſtill they they were men, and compaſſion is due even to unfortunate enemies. I doubt not but it will be allowed, that there is here ſufficient cauſe to draw tears from a hero, unleſs a hero muſt be ſuppoſed to be diveſted of humanity. P.

Ver. 82.] The ſenſe of the author may be in ſome degree better conſulted by the following corrections:

Abaſh'd, and ſtudious ſcreen'd the falling dew:
But, when the bard's cœleſtial raptures reſt,
He dry'd his ſorrows, and remov'd the veſt.

A couplet in Ogilby might ſeduce our tranſlator into the deviation from his original.

Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious
ſtring;
Enough the feaſt has pleas'd, enough the pow'r 95
Of heav'nly ſong has crown'd the genial hour!
Inceſſant in the games your ſtrength diſplay,
Conteſt, ye brave, the honours of the day!
That pleas'd th' admiring ſtranger may proclaim
In diſtant regions the Phæacian fame: 100
None wield the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway,
Or ſwifter in the race devour the way;

But ore his face concern'd Ulyſſes flung
His purple veſt, veiling his honour'd *head*,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy thoſe briny tears he *ſhed*.

Ver. 93.] There is no correſpondence here with his author, who may be more faithfully repreſented thus:

Then to the fam'd Phæacians gives command:
Ye potentates and rulers of the land!
Give ear: forbid we now the bard to ſing;
Dumb be his voice ——.

Ver. 96.] Thus Dryden, in the *firſt* Iliad:

And then with *ſongs* indulge *the genial hour*.

Ver. 97.] Or thus:

Now in the games your *matchleſs* ſtrength diſplay.

Ver. 101. *None wield the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway*.] Euſtathius aſks how Alcinous could make ſuch an aſſertion, and give the preference to his people before all nations, when he neither knew, nor was known to, any heroes out of his own iſland? He anſwers that he ſpeaks like a Phæacian, with oſtentation and vanity; beſides it is natural for all people to form, not illaudably, too favourable a judgment of their own country: and this agrees with the character of the Phæacians in a more particular manner, who called themſelves αἴχθιοι, and the favourites of the Gods. P.

Ver. 102.] A verſe, that grazes too cloſely on the *bathos*; not to mention the late occurrence of the rhyme. Thus?

None in the leap ſpring with ſo ſtrong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wreſtling, preſs the ground.
Thus ſpoke the king; th' attending peers obey:
In ſtate they move, Alcinous leads the way: 106
His golden lyre Demodocus unſtrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majeſtick to the liſts of Fame repairs. 110
Now ſwarms the populace; a countleſs throng,
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along:
The games begin; ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoon, and Eretmeus riſe;

None can the gauntlet wield with equal force;
None urge with equal ſpeed the rapid courſe.

Ver. 107.] Thus, more exactly:

At once, the minſtrel's tuneful lyre unſtrung
High on a *peg th' attendant herald* hung;
The minſtrel, guided by *his* guardian cares—.

Ver. 112.] Or, with greater accuracy,

Of ſturdy youths, *and ſkilful, preſt* along.

Ver. 113. *The games* ——] Euſtathius remarks, that Homer very judiciouſly paſſes over theſe games in a few lines, having in the Iliad exhauſted that ſubject; he there enlarged upon them, becauſe they were eſſential ornaments, it being neceſſary that Patroclus ſhould be honoured by his friend with the utmoſt ſolemnity. Here they are only introduced occaſionally, and therefore the Poet haſtens to things more requiſite, and carries on the thread of his ſtory. But then it may be aſked why are they mentioned at all, and what do they contribute to the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes? It is evident that they are not without an happy effect, they give Ulyſſes an opportunity to ſignalize his character, to engage the king and the peers in his favour, and this induces them to convey him to his own country, which is one of the moſt material incidents in the whole Odyſſey. P.

The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim, 115
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame:
There Proreus, Nautes, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
Euryalus, like Mars terrifick, rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes: 120
Naubolides with grace unequall'd shone,
Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.
With these came forth Ambasineus the strong;
And three brave sons, from great Alcinous sprung.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand, 125
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:

Ver. 119. *Euryalus, like Mars terrifick, rose.*] I was at a loss for a reason why this figure of terrour was introduced amongst an unwarlike nation, upon an occasion contrary to the general description, in the midst of games and diversions. Eustathius takes notice, that the Poet distinguishes the character of Euryalus, to force it upon our observation; he being the person who uses Ulysses with roughness and inhumanity, and is the only peer that is described with a sword, which he gives to Ulysses to repair his injury.

He further remarks, that almost all the names of the persons who are mentioned as candidates in these games are borrowed from the sea, Phæacia being an island, and the people greatly addicted to navigation. I have taken the liberty to vary from the order observed by Homer in the catalogue of the names, to avoid the affinity of sound in many of them, as Euryalus, Ocyalus, &c. and too many names being tedious, at least in English poetry, I passed over the three sons of Alcinous, Laodamas, Halius, and Clytoneus, and only mentioned them in general as the sons of Alcinous.

I was surprised to see Dacier render

— — — — υἱὸς Πολυνήου Τεκτονίδαο.

The son of Polyneus the carpenter; it looks like burlesque: it

Swift as on wings of wind upborn they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky:
Before the rest, what space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough; 130
Clytonius sprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore the unrivall'd honours of the day.

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ought to be rendered, The son of Polyneus Tectonides, a Patronymick, and it is so understood by all commentators. P.

Ver. 127.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — they start, and *swift they fly,*
Whilst clouds of dusty atomes dim *the sky.*

Ver. 129. — — — *What space the hinds allow*
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough.]

This image drawn from rural affairs is now become obsolete, and gives us no distinct idea of the distance between Clytoneus and the other racers; but this obscurity arises not from Homer's want of perspicuity, but from the change which has happened in the method of tillage, and from a length of time which has effaced the distinct image which was originally stamped upon it; so that what was understood universally in the days of Homer is grown almost unintelligible to posterity. Eustathius only observes, that the teams of mules were placed at some distance from the teams of oxen; the mule being more swift in his labour than the ox, and consequently the more ground was allowed to the mule than the ox by the husbandman. This gives us an idea that Clytoneus was the foremost of the racers, but how much is not to be discovered with any certainty. Aristarchus, as Didymus informs us, thus interprets Homer. "As much as a yoke of mules set to work "at the same time with a yoke of oxen, outgoes the oxen, (for "mules are swifter than oxen) so much Clytoneus outwent his "competitors." The same description occurs in the tenth book of the Iliad, verse 419, to which passage I refer the reader for a more large and different explication. P.

With fierce embrace the brawny wreſtlers join;
The conqueſt, great Euryalus, is thine.
Amphialus ſprung forward with a bound, 135
Superiour in the leap, a length of ground:
From Elatreus' ſtrong arm the Diſcus flies,
And ſings with unmatch'd force along the ſkies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful ſway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray. 140
While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to ſpeak, Laodamas aſcends;
O friends, he cries, the ſtranger ſeems well-ſkill'd
To try th' illuſtrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave; then grant the brave man's claim, 145
Invite the hero to his ſhare of fame.
What nervous arms he boaſts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his ſhoulders ſpread!
By age unbroke! —— but all-conſuming care
Deſtroys perhaps the ſtrength that time would ſpare; 150

Ver. 133.] The defect of rhyme may thus be remedied:
The wreſtlers *next their* brawny *limbs entwine*:
That conqueſt——.

Ver. 148.] This is not from Homer, but Ogilby:
His thighs are brawny, well *his ſhoulders ſpread*.

Ver. 149. *By age unbroke!*] It is in the original literally, *he wants not youth*; this is ſpoken according to appearance only, for Ulyſſes muſt be ſuppoſed to be above forty, having ſpent twenty

Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man muſt decay, when man contends with ſtorms.
Well haſt thou ſpoke, (Euryalus replies)
Thine is the gueſt, invite him thou to riſe.
Swift at the word advancing from the croud 155
He made obeiſance, and thus ſpoke aloud.
Vouchſafes the rev'rend ſtranger to diſplay
His manly worth, and ſhare the glorious day?
Father, ariſe! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the ſolemn games. 160
To fame ariſe! for what more fame can yield
Than the ſwift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one tranſient day,
To glory give the ſpace thou haſt to ſtay;

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years in the wars of Troy, and in his return to his country. It is true Heſiod calls a perſon a youth, ἀϊζηὸν, who was forty years of age, but this muſt be underſtood with ſome allowance, unleſs we ſuppoſe that the life of man was longer in the times of Heſiod, than in theſe later ages; the contrary of which appears from many places in Homer, where the ſhortneſs of man's life is compared to the leaves of trees, &c. But what the Poet here relates is very juſtifiable, for the youth which Ulyſſes appears to have, proceeds from Minerva; it is not a natural quality, but conferred by the immediate operation of a Goddeſs.

This ſpeech concludes with an addreſs of great beauty; Laodamas invites Ulyſſes to act in the games, yet at the ſame time furniſhes him with a decent excuſe, to decline the invitation if it be againſt his inclinations; ſhould he refuſe, he imputes the refuſal to his calamities, not to any want of ſkill, or perſonal inability. P.

Thus, with more fidelity:

Nor youth is flown; but all conſuming care
Has broke, perhaps, the ſtrength that Time wou'd ſpare.

Short is the time, and lo! ev'n now the gales 165
Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
To whom with ſighs Ulyſſes gave reply:
Ah why th' ill-ſuiting paſtime muſt I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay ſports with troubled hearts agree: 170
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who ſuppliant to the king and peers, implores
A ſpeedy voyage to his native ſhores.
Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue, 175
The ſports of glory to the brave belong.

Ver. 165.] Theſe ready rhymes invited our Poet to diſregard his author. I can promiſe nothing beyond fidelity on this occaſion:

To glory give the moments of thy ſtay.
For now that ſtay muſt momentary be;
The ſailors ready, and the ſhip at ſea.

Ver. 167. ——— *Ulyſſes gave reply.*] Theſe are the firſt words ſpoken by Ulyſſes before the Phæacians; and we cannot but be curious to know how he makes his addreſs to engage a people, in whom he has no perſonal intereſt, in his favour. His ſpeech is excellently adapted to this purpoſe: he repreſents himſelf as a ſuppliant to the king and all the aſſembly; and all ſuppliants being eſteemed ſacred, he at once makes it a duty in all the aſſembly to protect him; if they refuſe to aſſiſt him, they become guilty of no leſs a crime, than a violation of the laws of hoſpitality. P.

Ver. 170.] The tranſlator's memory might preſent at the time to his fancy the beginning of Tickell's *elegy:*

Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
And flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Ver. 171.] Thus ſuperſede an ungrammatical form of the *verb:*

My days of old in ceaſeleſs ſorrows flow:
Long and laborious my career of woe;

(Retorts Euryalus:) he boasts no claim
Among the great, unlike the sons of Fame.
A wand'ring merchant he frequents the main,
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain; 180
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads th' athletick labours of the field.
Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies,
O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise! 184
With partial hands the Gods their gifts dispense;
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;
Here heav'n an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
This man with energy of thought controuls,
And steals with modest violence our souls, 190

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which will require the *singular number* in the next couplet, *implore* and *shore*.

Ver. 179.] Rather, in conformity with his author,
A *greedy* merchant.—

Ver. 181.] It were superfluous to mention the defect of these rhymes to the reader. They occurred above, verse 143.

Ver. 183.] Exactly, and, I think, better:
The sage Ulysses—.

Ver. 186.] Or thus:
Some *grace with genius, some with eloquence.*
If heaven an elegance of form denies,
Defect of form *a fluent speech* supplies:
He with *full* energy of thought controuls,
With modest violence *secures* our souls:

and the next couplet may be expunged, as mean and superfluous.

Ver. 190. *And steals with modest violence our souls,*
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force.]

There is a difficulty in the Greek expression, ἀσφαλέως ἀγορεύει,

He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
In publick more than mortal he appears,
And as he moves the gazing croud reveres.
While others beauteous as th' ætherial kind, 195
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show heav'n gives thee to excell,
But heav'n denies the praise of thinking well.

αἰδοῖ μειλιχίῃ; that is, "he speaks securely with a winning modesty." Dionysius Halicarnassus interprets it, in his Examination of Oratory, to signify that the orator argues *per concessa*, and so proceeds with certainty, or ἀσφαλέως; without danger of refutation. The word properly signifies without *stumbling*, ἀκροσπάστως, as in the proverb cited by Eustathius, βραδύτερον ποσὶν ἢ τῇ γλώσσῃ προσκόπτειν; that is, "it is better to stumble with the feet than "with the tongue." The words are concise, but of a very extensive comprehension, and take in every thing, both in sentiments and diction, that enters into the character of a compleat orator. Dacier concurs in the same interpretation; *He speaks reservedly, or with caution; he hazards nothing that he would afterwards wish* (repentir) *to alter. And all his words are full of sweetness and modesty.* These two lines are found almost literally in Hesiod's Theogony, verse 92.

Ἐρχομένου δ' αὐτοῦ ἄρα, θεὸν ὡς ἱλάσσασθαι
Αἰδοῖ μειλιχίῃ. Μετὰ δὲ πρέπει ἀγχιμάχοισιν.

Whether Homer borrowed these verses from Hesiod, or Hesiod from Homer, is not evident. Tully in his book *de Senectute* is of opinion, that Homer preceded Hesiod many ages, and consequently in his judgment the verses are Homer's. I question not but he had this very passage in view in his third book of his Orator. *Quem stupefacti dicentem intuentur, quem Deum, ut ita dicam, inter Homines putant*; which is almost a translation of Homer. P.

Ver. 197.] Rather, with more emphasis and fidelity:

Thus heav'n *in beauty gave* thee to excell,
But grudg'd the nobler praise of thinking well.

Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my gen'rous soul resents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroick exercise, I claim 201
A post of honour with the sons of Fame:
Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear, 205
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.

Ver. 201. *Skill'd in heroick exercise, I claim*
A post of honour with the sons of Fame.]

It may be thought that Ulysses, both here and in his subsequent speech, is too ostentatious, and that he dwells more than modesty allows upon his own accomplishments: but self-praise is sometimes no fault. Plutarch has wrote a dissertation, how a man may praise himself without envy: what Ulysses here speak is not a boast but a justification. Persons in distress, says Plutarch, may speak of themselves with dignity: it shews a greatness of soul, and that they bear up against the storms of fortune with bravery: they have too much courage to fly to pity and commiseration, which betray despair and an hopeless condition: such a man struggling with ill fortune shews himself a champion, and if by a bravery of speech he transforms himself from miserable and abject, into bold and noble, he is not to be censured as vain or obstinate, but great and invincible.

This is a full justification of Ulysses, he opposes virtue to calumny; and what Horace applies to himself we apply to this hero.

"Quæsitam meritis, sume superbiam."

Besides, it was necessary to shew himself a person of figure and distinction, to recommend his condition to the Phæacians: he was a stranger to the whole nation, and he therefore takes a probable method to engage their assistance by acquainting them with his worth; he describes himself as unfortunate, but yet as a hero in adversity. P.

Ver. 205.] The rhymes are incorrect, and the poetry itself is

Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.—Slander ſtings the brave.
Then ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more pond'rous and more huge by far, 211
Than what Phæacia's ſons diſcharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings;
Sonorous thro' the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies, 215
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the ſkies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down ruſhing, it up-turns a hill of ground.

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deſtitute, I think, of elevation. Thus? with more reſemblance of expreſſion:

Long toils have vex'd on Ocean's ſtormy flood;
With heroes conflicts dire, in fields of blood.

Ver. 210.] His original dictates,

Unrob'd, a *diſk he lifted* from the ground.

Ver. 211.] Bad rhymes. Thus? more exactly:

A diſk, by far more pond'rous and more *vaſt*,
Than what Phæacia's *ſtrongeſt* ſons *had caſt*.

Ver. 214.] Or thus? to avoid tautology and interpolation:

From his *nerv'd* arm th' enormous load he *flang*;
Th' enormous load whirl'd quick, and whirling ſang.

Ver. 217.] This paſſage is wide of his author, who ſays only,

— — — — o'er all their marks it flew,
Swift iſſuing from his hand: the limit fixt
Pallas, in human ſemblance; and thus ſpake:

but the tranſlator ſeems to have had in his memory Spencer's deſcription of Strength in his Faery Queen:

And, ſhooting in the earth, *caſts up a mount of clay*.

That inſtant Pallas, burſting from a cloud,
Fix'd a diſtinguiſh'd mark, and cry'd aloud. 220
Ev'n he who ſightleſs wants his viſual ray,
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy ſignal throw tranſcends the utmoſt bound
Of ev'ry champion by a length of ground:
Securely bid the ſtrongeſt of the train 225
Ariſe to throw: the ſtrongeſt throws in vain.

Ver. 219. *That inſtant Pallas, burſting from a cloud.*] There is not a paſſage in the whole Odyſſey, where a Deity is introduced with leſs apparent neceſſity: the Goddeſs of Wiſdom is brought down from heaven to act what might have been done as well by any of the ſpectators, namely to proclaim what was ſelf-evident, the victory of Ulyſſes. When a Deity appears, our expectations are awakened for the introduction of ſomething important, but what action of importance ſucceeds? It is true, her appearance encourages Ulyſſes, and immediately upon it he challenges the whole Phæacian aſſembly. But he was already victor, and no farther action is performed. If indeed ſhe had appeared openly in favour of Ulyſſes, this would have been greatly advantageous to him, and the Phæacians muſt have highly reverenced a perſon who was ſo remarkably honoured by a Goddeſs: but it is not evident that the Phæacians, or even Ulyſſes knew the Deity, but took her for a man as ſhe appeared to be; and Ulyſſes himſelf immediately rejoices that he had found a friend in the aſſembly. If this be true, the deſcent of Pallas will prove very unneceſſary; for if ſhe was eſteemed to be merely human, ſhe acts nothing in the character of a Deity, and performs no more than might have been performed by a man, and conſequently gave no greater courage to Ulyſſes than a friend actually gave, for ſuch only he believed her to be. Euſtathius appears to be of the ſame opinion, for he ſays the place is to be underſtood allegorically, and what is thus ſpoken by a Phæacian with Wiſdom, is, by the Poet, applied to the Goddeſs of it. P.

She ſpoke; and momentary mounts the ſky:
The friendly voice Ulyſſes hears with joy;
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
Riſe ye Phæacians, try your force, he cry'd; 230
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt caſter vye,
Still, further ſtill, I bid the Diſcus fly.
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or you, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wreſtlers, who theſe paſtimes grace!
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race. 236
In ſuch heroick games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtile him friend. 240

Ver. 227.] The ſtrange licentiouſneſs of our tranſlator will appear from Ogilby, who is ſufficiently exact:

These words buoy'd up Ulyſſes ſinking heart,
Glad he had found a friend would take his part.

Ver. 236.] He ſhould have rounded his period, thus:

I *box*, I *wreſtle*, and I run the race.

Ver. 239. *Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?*
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtile him friend.]

Nothing can be more artful than this addreſs of Ulyſſes; he finds a way in the middle of a bold challenge, to ſecure himſelf of a powerful advocate, by paying an ingenious and laudable deference to his friend. But it may be aſked, if decency be obſerved, and ought Ulyſſes to challenge the father Alcinous (for he ſpeaks univerſally) and yet except his ſon Laodamas, eſpecially when Alcinous was more properly his friend than Laodamas? And why ſhould he be excepted, rather than the other brothers? Spondanus

Ungen'rous were the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy; 245
Give me a man, that we our might may try.
Expert in ev'ry art, I boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:

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answers, that the two brothers are included in the person of Laodamas, they all have the same relation to Ulysses, as being equally a suppliant to them all, and consequently claim the same exemption from this challenge as Laodamas; and Alcinous is not concerned in it: he is the judge and arbitrator of the games (not a candidate) like Achilles in the Iliad. But why is Laodamas named in particular? He was the elder brother, and Ulysses might therefore be consigned to his care in particular, by the right due to his seniority; besides he might be the noblest personage, having conquered his antagonist at the gauntlet, which was the most dangerous, and consequently the most honourable exercise, and therefore Ulysses might pay him peculiar honours. *Spondanus.* P.

These are the rhymes of Ogilby and Chapman also; neither of whom the reader would thank me for producing.

Ver. 249. *Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,*
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe.]

There is an ambiguity in the original, and it may imply either, that if Ulysses and his friends were at the same time to aim their arrows against an enemy, his arrow would fly with more certainty and expedition than that of his companions: or that if his enemies had bent all their bows at once against him, yet his shaft would reach his adversary before they could discharge their ar-

Alone superiour in the field of Troy, 250
Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
From all the sons of earth unrivall'd praise
I justly claim; but yield to better days,
To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose, 255
And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;

---

rows. Eustathius follows the former, Dacier the latter interpretation. And certainly the latter argues the greater intrepidity and presence of mind: it shews Ulysses in the extremity of danger capable of acting with calmness and serenity, and shooting with the same certainty and steadiness, though multitudes of enemies endanger his life. I have followed this explication, as it is nobler, and shews Ulysses to be a consummate hero. P.

Ver. 251.] Wretched rhymes. Thus?

Of skill superiour in the *Trojan* field;
Great Philoctetes *only saw me yield.*

Ver. 255.] Or thus? as the present couplet seems strained and artificial:

Nor would I with the fam'd Alcides *vie,*
Nor Eurytus, who *dar'd* the Gods *defy.*

Ver. 257. *Vain Eurytus* ———] This Eurytus was King of Œchalia, famous for his skill in archery; he proposed his daughter Iole in marriage to any person that could conquer him at the exercise of the bow. Later writers differ from Homer, as Eustathius observes, concerning Eurytus. They write that Hercules overcame him, and he denying his daughter, was slain, and his daughter made captive by Hercules: whereas Homer writes that he was killed by Apollo, that is, died a sudden death, according to the import of that expression. The ancients differ much about Œchalia; some place it in Eubœa, and some in Messenia, of which opinion is Pausanias. But Homer in the Iliad places it in Thessaly: for he mentions with it Tricca and Ithomè, which, as Dacier observes, were cities of Thessaly. P.

Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durst defy the Bowyer-God.) 260
In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the contest I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints; and I resign

Ver. 260.] Thus Dryden, in his version of the *first Iliad:*
With hymns and pæans to the *Bowyer-King.*

Ver. 262.] Or, more perspicuously and closely:
As flies an arrow from *another's* bow.

Ver. 263. *Sole in the race the contest I decline.*] This is directly contrary to his challenge in the beginning of the speech, where he mentions the race amongst the other games. How then is this difference to be reconciled? Very naturally. Ulysses speaks with a generous warmth, and is transported with anger in the beginning of his oration: here the heat of it is cooled, and consequently reason takes place, and he has time to reflect, that a man so disabled by calamities is not an equal match for a younger and less fatigued antagonist. This is an exact representation of human nature; when our passions remit, the vehemence of our speech remits; at first he speaks like a man in anger, here like the wise Ulysses.

It is observable that Ulysses all along maintains a decency and reverence towards the Gods, even while his anger seems to be master over his reason; he gives Eurytus as an example of the just vengeance of Heaven, and shews himself in a very opposite light: he is so far from contending with the Gods, that he allows himself to be inferiour to some other heroes: an instance of modesty. P.

This conclusion seems but moderately executed, nor with suitable fidelity. I shall attempt a substitution in the simplicity of the original:

A contest in the race alone I fear;
Some swift Phæacian may outstrip me there.
Long toils and hunger on tempestuous seas
Have spent my vigour, and relax'd my knees.

By ſtorms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When ſtorms and hunger both at once aſſail. 266

Abaſh'd, the numbers hear the God-like man,
'Till great Alcinous mildly thus began.

Well haſt thou ſpoke, and well thy gen'rous tongue
With decent pride refutes a publick wrong: 270
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, ſecure in men of ſenſe:

Ver. 265. — — — — *age well may fail,*
When ſtorms and hunger ———]

This paſſage appears to me to refer to the late ſtorms and ſhipwreck, and the long abſtinence Ulyſſes ſuffered in ſailing from Calypſo to the Phæacian iſland; for when Nauſicaa found him, he was almoſt dead with hunger, as appears from the ſixth of the Odyſſey. Dacier is of a different opinion, and thinks it relates to his abſtinence and ſhipwreck upon his leaving Circe, before he came to Calypſo. This ſeems very improbable; for Ulyſſes had lived ſeven years with that Goddeſs in great affluence, and conſequently muſt be ſuppoſed to have recruited his loſs of ſtrength in ſo long a time, and with the particular care of a Goddeſs: beſides Alcinous was acquainted with his late ſhipwreck, and his daughter Nauſicaa was in ſome degree witneſs to it: is it not therefore more probable that he ſhould refer to this latter incident, than ſpeak of a calamity that happened ſeven years paſt, to which they were intirely ſtrangers?

Dacier likewiſe aſſerts, that Euſtathius is guilty of a miſtake, in making κομιδὴ or *proviſion*, to ſignify the ſhip itſelf; but in reality he makes an evident diſtinction: Οὐ γὰρ διὰ τὸ μὴ κομιδὴν ἔν βρώμασιν ἔχειν ἐδαμάσθη ὀδυσσεὺς τοῖς κύμασιν, ἀλλ' ὅτι ἐθραύσθη κύμασιν ἡ κομιδὴν ἔχουσα ναῦς; "Ulyſſes ſuffered not in the ſtorm becauſe "he had no proviſions to eat, but becauſe the ſhip that bore the "proviſions was broken by the ſtorm;" which ſhews a wide difference between the veſſel and the proviſions: ſo that the expreſſion really implies that the veſſel was broken, but Euſtathius is far from affirming that κομιδὴ and ναῦς (except in ſuch an improper ſenſe) have the ſame ſignification. P.

Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroick fame;
In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay, 275
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When bleſt with eaſe thy woes and wand'rings end,
Teach them thy conſort, bid thy ſons attend;
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our ſires with praiſe,
How we their offspring dignify our race. 280
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boaſt the glories of th' athletick field;

Ver. 275. *In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay.*] From this extravagant preface, it might be imagined that Alcinous was king of a nation of heroes: whereas when he comes to explain the excellence of his ſubjects, he has ſcarce any thing to boaſt of that is manly: they ſpend an idle life in ſinging, dancing, and feaſting. Thus the Poet all along writes conſiſtently: we may know the Phæacians by their character, which is always to be voluptuous; or as Horace expreſſes it,

" — — — — — — — *Alcinoique*
" In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus."

And Euſtathius rightly obſerves, that the Poet does not teach that we ought to live ſuch lives, but only relates hiſtorically what lives were led by the Phæacians; he deſcribes them as a contemptible people, and conſequently propoſes them as objects of our ſcorn, not imitation. P.

Ver. 279.] Rhymes utterly inadmiſſible: Thus?

Our ſires how Jove *gave glorious feats to grace*;
How *theſe tranſmitted* dignify *their* race.

We in the course unrivall'd speed display,
Or thro' cærulean billows plough the way,
To dress, to dance, to sing our sole delight, 285
The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
Rise then ye skill'd in measures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a distant air:
And faithful say, to you the pow'rs belong
To race, to sail, to dance, to chant the song. 290
But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear.
Swift at the word, obedient to the king
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey 295
The future games, the judges of the day;
With instant care they mark a spacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The Bard advancing meditates the lay, 300

Ver. 284.] This does not express his author with requisite precision. Thus?

With skill unrival'd plough the *watery* way.

Ver. 285. A better couplet arises from a correction of Ogilby:

Our constant joy the feast, the dance, the lyre,
The couch, warm baths, and change of rich attire.

Ver. 287.] These rhymes too soon recur. May we substitute as follows?

Come, that our guest his friends at home may tell
How far Phæacian dancers all excell.

Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heav'nly minstrel stand;
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
Their feet half-viewless quiver in the skies:

Ver. 301. *Skill'd in the dance* ———] I beg leave to translate Dacier's Annotation upon this passage, and to offer a remark upon it. This description, says that lady, is remarkable, not because the dancers moved to the sound of the harp and the song; for in this there is nothing extraordinary; but in that they danced, if I may so express it, an history; that is, by their gestures and movements they expressed what the musick of the harp and voice described, and the dance was a representation of what was the subject of the Poet's song. Homer only says they danced divinely, according to the obvious meaning of the words. I fancy Madam Dacier would have forborne her observation, if she had reflected upon the nature of the song to which the Phæacians danced: it was an intrigue between Mars and Venus; and they being taken in some very odd postures, she must allow that these dancers represented some very odd gestures, (or movements, as she expresses it) if they were now dancing an history, that is, acting in their motions what was the subject of the song. But I submit to the judgment of the ladies, and shall only add, that this is an instance how a critical eye can see some things in an author, that were never intended by him; though to do her justice she borrowed the general remark from Eustathius.

The words μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν are very expressive, they represent the *quick glancings* of the feet in the dance, *Motus pedum coruscans*; or

The glancing splendours as their sandals play. P.

Ver. 303.] This very difficult passage is, I think, finely done, though much expanded. The following is a literal translation:

The sage, as ply their steps the dance divine,
Their feet quick-glancing, rapt in wonder, views.

Ulyſſes gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey, 305
The glancing ſplendours as their ſandals play.
Meantime the Bard, alternate to the ſtrings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea ſings;

Chapman's attempt, to exhibit the fine expreſſion of his author, is not without ſucceſs:

And ſhooke a moſt divine dance from their feete
That *twinckld ſtar-like.*

Nor is Hobbes to be deſpiſed:

Such *ſparkling feet* Ulyſſes ne'er had ſeen.

Mr. Gray's imitation of the paſſage before us is well known: Progreſs of Poetry, verſe 35.

To briſk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their *many-twinkling feet:*

on which place the reader may conſult my note; and compare the concluſion of Pope's on ver. 301, of the preſent paſſage. The ſame idea is intended to be conveyed by Virgil, Æn. i. 164.

— — — — Tum *ſilvis* ſcena *coruſcis*
Deſuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.
— — — — a *glimmering* wood
Waves it's dark foliage o'er the ſubject flood.

Ver. 307. — — *the Bard alternate to the ſtrings*
The loves of Mars and Cytherea ſings.]

The reader may be pleaſed to look back to the beginning of the book for a general vindication of this ſtory. Scaliger in his Poeticks prefers the ſong of Iopas in Virgil, to this of Demodocus in Homer; Demodocus *Deorum canit fæditates, noſter Iöpas res rege dignas.* Monſieur Dacier in his Annotations upon Ariſtotle's Poeticks refutes the objection. The ſong of Demodocus, ſays he, is as well adapted to the inclinations and reliſh of the Phæacians, as the ſong of Iöpas is to Queen Dido. It may indeed be queſtioned, whether the ſubject of Virgil's ſong be well choſen, and whether the deepeſt points of philoſophy were intirely proper to be ſung to a Queen and her female attendants.

The various labours of the wand'ring moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun,
Th' original of men and beaſts, and whence
The rains ariſe, and fires their warmth diſpenſe, &c.

Dryden.

How the ſtern God enamour'd with her charms,
Claſp'd the gay panting Goddeſs in his arms, 310

Nor is Virgil more reſerved than Homer: in the fourth Georgick he introduces a nymph, who, in the court of the Goddeſs Cyrenè with her nymphs about her, ſings this very ſong of Demodocus.

To theſe Clymenè the ſweet theft declares
Of Mars; and Vulcan's unavailing cares;
And all the rapes of Gods, and every love
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove. *Dryden.*

So that if either of the Poets are to be blamed, it is certainly Virgil: but neither of them, adds that critick, are culpable: Virgil underſtood what a chaſte Queen ought to hear before ſtrangers, and what women might ſay when alone among themſelves: thus to the Queen he ſings a philoſophical ſong, but the intrigues of Mars and Venus among nymphs when they were alone.

Plutarch vindicates this ſtory of Homer: there is a way of teaching by mute actions, and thoſe very fables that have given much offence, furniſh us with uſeful contemplations: thus in the ſtory of Mars and Venus, ſome have by an unneceſſary violence endeavoured to reduce it into allegory: when Venus is in conjunction with the ſtar called Mars, they have an adulterous influence, but time, or the ſun, reveals it. But the Poet himſelf far better explains the meaning of his fable, for he teaches that light muſick and wanton ſongs debauch the manners, and incline men to an unmanly way of living in luxury and wantonneſs.

In ſhort, Virgil mentions this ſtory, Ovid tranſlates it, Plutarch commends it, and Scaliger cenſures it. I will add the judgment of a late writer, Monſieur Boileau, concerning Scaliger, in his Notes upon Longinus. "That proud ſcholar," ſays he, "intending to erect altars to Virgil, as he expreſſes it, ſpeaks of "Homer too profanely; but it is in a book which he calls in "part *hypercritical*, to ſhew that he tranſgreſſed the bounds of "true criticiſm: that piece was a diſhonour to Scaliger, and he "fell into ſuch groſs errors, that he drew upon him the ridicule "of all men of letters, and even of his own ſon." P.

Ver. 309.] This couplet but looſely expreſſes his original, and

By bribes seduc'd: and how the Sun, whose eye
Views the broad heav'ns, disclos'd the lawless joy.
Stung to the soul, indignant thro' the skies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies;
Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place 315
Th' eternal anvil on the massy base.
A wond'rous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indissolubly strong! Then instant bears
To his immortal dome the finish'd snares. 320
Above, below, around, with art dispread,
The sure inclosure folds the genial bed;
Whose texture ev'n the search of Gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.

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the next fails in it's rhymes. Let the reader accept with indulgence the following attempt:

In Vulcan's dome, enamour'd with her charms
The God, clandestine, *clasps her* in his arms:
Her husband's bed she sham'd, by presents won;
Nor scap'd th' observance of th' all-conscious sun.

Ver. 314.] His author prescribes:

To his black forge, *deep-musing*, Vulcan flies.

Ver. 315.] I cannot discover the propriety of the word *incessant* on this occasion. We might substitute, perhaps,

Arriv'd, his sinewy arms *that instant* place —.

Ver. 321.] Thus Ogilby:

Then raging to his chamber went, and *spread*
The artificial gin about his *bed*.

Ver. 323.] I should prefer,

— — — ev'n the *hen* of Gods —.

Then, as withdrawing from the ſtarry bow'rs,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian ſhores, 326
His fav'rite iſle! Obſervant Mars deſcries
His wiſh'd receſs, and to the Goddeſs flies;
He glows, he burns; the fair-hair'd Queen of love
Deſcends ſmooth gliding from the courts of Jove, 330
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he preſt
With eager joy, and with a ſigh addreſt.
Come, my belov'd! and taſte the ſoft delights;
Come, to repoſe the genial bed invites:
Thy abſent ſpouſe, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barb'rous Sintians to thy arms! 336

Ver. 325.] Literally, thus:

When thus the God had ſpread his curious guile,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian *iſle.*

Ver. 330.] His author ſays,

Had come ſmooth gliding —:

as if the more forward of the two lovers.

Ver. 336. *Prefers his barb'rous Sintians to thy arms.*] The Sintians were the inhabitants of Lemnos, by origin Thracians: Homer calls them barbarous of ſpeech, becauſe their language was a corruption of the Greek, Aſiatick, and Thracian. But there is a concealed raillery in the expreſſion, and Mars ridicules the ill taſte of Vulcan for leaving ſo beautiful a Goddeſs to viſit his rude and barbarous Sintians. The Poet calls Lemnos the favourite iſle of Vulcan; this alludes to the ſubterraneous fires frequent in that iſland, and he is feigned to have his forge there, as the God of fire. This is likewiſe the reaſon why he is ſaid to fall into the iſland Lemnos when Jupiter threw him from Heaven. *Dacier.* P.

Then, nothing loath, th' enamour'd fair he led,
And ſunk tranſported on the conſcious bed.
Down ruſh'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay,
The careleſs lovers in their wanton play: 340
In vain they ſtrive, th' intangling ſnares deny
(Inextricably firm) the pow'r to fly:
Warn'd by the God who ſheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the ſtarry way:
Arriv'd, he ſees, he grieves, with rage he burns;
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heav'n returns: 346
O Jove, he cried, oh all ye pow'rs above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!

Ver. 337.] Paradiſe Loſt, ix. 1039.

Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr'd,
He led her nothing loath.

Ver. 340.] More exactly to the original,

The lovers, *bent in vain* on *amorous* play.

Ver. 342.] With greater truth,

Inextricable, pow'r to *move or* fly.

Ver. 348. *See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love.*] The original ſeems to be corrupted; were it to be tranſlated according to the preſent editions, it muſt be, *See the ridiculous deeds of Venus.* I conceive, that few huſbands who ſhould take their ſpouſes in ſuch circumſtances would have any great appetite to laugh; neither is ſuch an interpretation conſonant to the words immediately following ἐκ ἐπιεικλὰ. It is therefore very probable that the verſe was originally,

Δεῦθ' ἵνα ἔργ' ἀγελαστὰ καὶ ἐκ ἐπιειχλὰ ἴδησθε.

Me, aukward me, ſhe ſcorns; and yields her charms
To that fair lecher, the ſtrong God of arms. 350
If I am lame, that ſtain my natal hour
By fate impos'd; ſuch me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O ſight tormenting to an huſband's eyes!
But yet I truſt, this once ev'n Mars would fly 355
His fair-one's arms — he thinks her, once, too nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my pow'r,
'Till Jove refunds his ſhameleſs daughter's dow'r.

Come ye Gods, behold the ſad and unſufferable deeds of Venus; and this agrees with the tenour of Vulcan's behaviour in this comedy, who has not the leaſt diſpoſition to be merry with his brother Deities. P.

Ver. 351.] Or thus:

Am I thus aukward, impotent, and lame?
Not I, but both my parents bear the blame.

Ver. 354.] Milton, Par. Loſt, iv. 505.

Sight hateful, *ſight tormenting!*

Ver. 358. *'Till Jove refunds his ſhameleſs daughter's dow'r.*] I doubt not but this was the uſage of antiquity; it has been obſerved that the bridegroom made preſents to the father of the bride, which were called ἴδνα; and if ſhe was afterwards falſe to his bed, this dower was reſtored by the father to the huſband. Beſides this reſtitution, there ſeems a pecuniary mulct to have been paid, as appears evident from what follows:

— — — — — the God of arms
Muſt pay the penalty for lawleſs charms.

Homer in this, as in many other places, ſeems to allude to the laws of Athens, where death was the puniſhment of adultery. Pauſanias relates, that Draco the Athenian lawgiver granted im-

Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace. 360
Meanwhile the Gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along;
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
But modesty with-held the Goddess-train.
All heav'n beholds, imprison'd as they lie, 365
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.

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punity to any person that took revenge upon an adulterer. Such also was the institution of Solon; "If any one seize an adulterer, "let him use him as he pleases;" ἐὰν τις μοιχὸν λάβῃ, ὅτι ἂν βουλῆται χρῆσθαι. And thus Eratosthenes answered a person who begged his life after he had injured his bed, ἐκ ἐγώ ζε ἀποκτείνω, ἀλλ' ὁ τῆς πόλεως νόμος, "It is not I who slay thee, but the law of thy "country." But still it was in the power of the injured person to take a pecuniary mulct by way of atonement: for thus the same Eratosthenes speaks in Lysias, ἠξιώσαν καὶ ἐκέτευν μὴ αὐτὸν κτεῖναι, ἀλλ' ἀργύριον πράξασθαι, "He entreated me not to take his life, but "exact a sum of money." Nay, such penalties were allowed by way of commutation for greater crimes than adultery, as in the case of murder: *Iliad* ix.

— — — — If a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed:
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives;
The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives. P.

Ver. 366.] A verse of Pope, in Iliad i. verse 771. and resemblances, either in single expressions or parts of verses, perpetually occur in the portions of his coadjutors; in part, I presume, from his corrections, and in part from their strict attention to his stile and manner. But Fenton, whose task was less burdensome, has more originality, in this respect, than Broome. Through the whole of this interlude, the rhymes are but little regarded: the same frequently recur, and many of them are most inaccurate.

Then mutual, thus they ſpoke: Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and Art ſubdues the ſtrong!
Dwells there a God on all th' Olympian brow
More ſwift than Mars, and more than Vulcan ſlow? 370
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms
Muſt pay the penalty for lawleſs charms.
Thus ſerious they: but he who gilds the ſkies,
The gay Apollo thus to Hermes cries: 374
Woud'ſt thou enchain'd like Mars, oh Hermes, lie,
And bear the ſhame like Mars, to ſhare the joy?
O envy'd ſhame! (the ſmiling youth rejoin'd,)
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye Gods, and ev'ry Goddeſs gaze,
Yet eager would I bleſs the ſweet diſgrace. 380
Loud laugh the reſt, ev'n Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet ſues importunate to looſe the God:

Ver. 367. — — — — — *Behold on wrong*
Swift vengeance waits — — —]

Plutarch, in his diſſertation upon reading the Poets, quotes this as an inſtance of Homer's judgment, in cloſing a ludicrous ſcene with decency and inſtruction. He artfully inſerts a ſentence by which he diſcovers his own judgment, and lets the reader into the moral of his fables; by this conduct he makes even the repreſentation of evil actions uſeful, by ſhewing the ſhame and detriment they draw upon thoſe who are guilty of them. P.

Ver. 382. *Neptune ſues to looſe the God.*] It may be aſked why Neptune in particular intereſts himſelf in the deliverance of Mars,

And free, he cries, oh Vulcan! free from ſhame
Thy captives; I enſure the penal claim. 384
Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithleſs truſt?
He ſuffers who gives ſurety for th' unjuſt:

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rather than the other Gods? Dacier confeſſes ſhe can find no reaſon for it; but Euſtathius is of opinion, that Homer aſcribes it to that God out of decency, and deference to his ſuperiour majeſty and eminence amongſt the other Deities: it is ſuitable to the character of that moſt ancient, and conſequently honourable God, to interrupt ſuch an indecent ſcene of mirth, which is not ſo becoming his perſonage, as thoſe more youthful Deities Apollo and Mercury. Beſides, it agrees well with Neptune's gravity to be the firſt who is firſt mindful of friendſhip; ſo that what is here ſaid of Neptune is not accidental, but ſpoken judiciouſly by the Poet in honour of that Deity. P.

Ver. 386. *He ſuffers who gives ſurety for th' unjuſt.*] This verſe is very obſcure, and made ſtill more obſcure by the explanations of criticks. Some think it implies, that it is wicked to be ſurety for a wicked perſon; and therefore Neptune ſhould not give his promiſe for Mars thus taken in adultery. Some take it generally; ſuretyſhip is detrimental, and it is the lot of unhappy men to be ſureties; the words then are to be conſtrued in the following order, δειλαί τοι ἐγγύαι, καὶ δειλῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐγγυάασθαι. *Sponſiones ſunt infelices, & hominum eſt infelicium ſponſiones dare.* Others underſtand it very differently, *viz.* to imply that the ſureties of men of inferiour condition, ſhould be to men of inferiour condition; then the ſentence will bear this import: If Mars, ſays Vulcan, refuſes to diſcharge the penalty, how ſhall I compel Neptune to pay it, who is ſo greatly my ſuperiour? And therefore adds by way of ſentence, that the ſponſor ought to be of the ſame ſtation with the perſon to whom he becomes ſurety; or in Latin, *Simplicium hominum ſimplices eſſe debent ſponſores.* I have followed Plutarch, who in his banquet of the ſeven wiſe men, explains it to ſignify that it is dangerous to be ſurety for a wicked perſon, according to the ancient ſentence, ἐγγύα, παρὰ δ' ἄτα. *Loſs follows ſuretyſhip.* Agreeably to the opinion of a much wiſer perſon, *He that is ſurety for a ſtranger ſhall ſmart for it; and he that hateth ſuretyſhip is ſure.* Prov. xi. 15. P.

Conceal'd ſhe bathes in conſecrated bow'rs,
The Graces unguents ſhed, ambroſial ſhow'rs, 400
Unguents that charm the Gods! ſhe laſt aſſumes
Her wond'rous robes; and full the Goddeſs blooms.
Thus ſung the Bard: Ulyſſes hears with joy,
And loud applauſes rend the vaulted ſky.
Then to the ſports his ſons the king commands, 405
Each blooming youth before the monarch ſtands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wond'rous ball is brought,
(The work of Polybus, divinely wrought)
This youth with ſtrength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the ſky; 410

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as Pope, in the nobleſt ſpecimen of rhyming poetry, that the Engliſh language can produce:

See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the ſkies.

Ver. 399.] Or thus, with greater accuracy, and leſs exceptionable rhymes:

Then bath'd the queen in conſecrated bowers;
The Graces o'er her charms ambroſial ſhowers,
Unguent of Gods! diffus'd; and round her threw
Her veſt of wond'rous frame and lovely hue.

Ver. 403.] His author is but little ſeen in this poor couplet. Take a literal and commenſurate tranſlation:

Thus ſang the Bard renown'd: Ulyſſes hears
With ſoul enraptur'd; nor Phæacia's tribes
Delight not, ſkill'd in every naval art.

Ver. 407.] Homer ſays,

— — — a *purple* ball is brought.

Ver. 410. *And bending backward whirls it to the ſky.*] This is

His brother ſpringing with an active bound,
At diſtance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball diſmiſs'd, in dance they ſkim the ſtrand,
Turn and return, and ſcarce imprint the ſand.
Th' aſſembly gazes with aſtoniſh'd eyes, 415
And ſends in ſhouts applauſes to the ſkies.
Then thus Ulyſſes: Happy king, whoſe name
The brighteſt ſhines in all the rolls of fame:
In ſubjects happy! with ſurpriſe I gaze; 419
Thy praiſe was juſt; their ſkill tranſcends thy praiſe.

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a literal tranſlation of ἰδνωθεὶς ὀπίσω; and it gives us a lively image of a perſon in the act of throwing towards the ſkies. Euſtathius is moſt learnedly trifling about this exerciſe of the ball, which was called οὐρανία, or *aërial*; it was a kind of dance, and while they ſprung from the ground to catch the ball, they played with their feet in the air after the manner of dancers. He reckons up ſeveral other exerciſes at the ball, ἀπόῤῥαξις, φαινίνδα, ἐπίσκυρος, and θερμαϊστρὶς; and explains them all largely. Homer ſeems to oppoſe this aërial dance to the common one, κατὰ χθονὶ, or *on the ground*, which appears to be added to make an evident diſtinction between the ſports; otherwiſe it is unneceſſary; and to dance upon the ground is implied in ὠρχήσαθην, for how ſhould a dance be performed but upon the ground? P.

Ver. 413.] Our tranſlator did not ſee the meaning of his author here. I ſhall give a verbal exhibition of him:

Then danc'd the pair, with quick alternate ſtep,
Tripping the ground: the youthful circle ſtrike
From claſhing fingers loud accordant ſounds:

compare Horace, ode iv. 6. 35.

Ver. 418.] Or, more exactly and vigorouſly:

Shines *far* the brighteſt in the rolls of fame:
In *wonder rapt, theſe feats of ſkill* I gaze.

Ver. 420. *Thy praiſe was juſt*——] The original ſays, You

Pleas'd with his people's fame the monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accosts the peers.
Since Wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share, 425
O'er whom supreme, imperial pow'r I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A vest, a robe; and imitate your king:
Be swift to give; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere. 430
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong:
A gen'rous heart repairs a sland'rous tongue.
Th' assenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.

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promised that your subjects were excellent dancers, ἀπείλησας, that is, *threatened: Minans* is used in the same sense by the Latins, as Dacier observes; thus Horace,

"Multa & præclara minantem."

Eustathius remarks, that the address of Ulysses is very artful, he calls it a seasonable flattery: in reality to excel in dancing, is but to excel in trifles, but in the opinion of Alcinous it was a most noble qualification: Ulysses therefore pleases his vanity by adapting his praise to his notions; and that which would have been an affront in some nations, is esteemed as the highest compliment by Alcinous. P.

Ver. 429.] Vicious rhymes, and lately employed. Thus?

Nor be your gifts delay'd; that he this night
May share the social banquet with delight.

There is a display of true benevolent politeness in the mutual demeanour of Alcinous and Ulysses. The Iliad is undoubtedly, as a whole, a much nobler poem than the Odyssey: but, for myself, I would not exchange this interview with the Phæacians for any proportionate quantity of Homer's works.

Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whose sway 435
Rules this blest realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt, a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terrour to the wearer's side. 440
He said, and to his hand the sword consign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds bear,
And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air! 444
Crown, oh ye heav'ns, with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his spouse and native shores!
And blest be thou, my friend, Ulysses cries,
Crown him with ev'ry joy, ye fav'ring skies;
To thy calm hours continu'd peace afford,
And never, never may'st thou want this sword! 450

Ver. 445.] Odious rhymes! A more faithful and pleasing couplet may be constructed from those of Ogilby:

And you, ye Gods! reward the pilgrim's toil
With his dear wife, his friends, and native soil.

Ver. 450. *And never, never may'st thou want this sword.*] It can scarce be imagined how greatly this beautiful passage is misrepresented by Eustathius. He would have it to imply, *May I never want this sword*, taking τοὶ adverbially: the presents of enemies were reckoned fatal, Ulysses therefore to avert the omen, prays that he may never have occasion to have recourse to this sword of Euryalus, but keep it amongst his treasures as a testimony of this reconciliation. This appears to be a very forced interpretation, and disagreeable to the general import of the rest of the sentence; he addresses to Euryalus, to whom then can this

He ſaid, and o'er his ſhoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth aſcends the evening ſhade:
The precious gifts th' illuſtrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' ſons unfold 455
The veſts, the robes, and heaps of ſhining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in ſtate:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial ſat.
Thence to the queen. O partner of our reign,
O ſole belov'd! command thy menial train 460
A poliſh'd cheſt and ſtately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That bath'd, our gueſt may bid his ſorrows ceaſe,
Hear the ſweet ſong, and taſte the feaſt in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wond'rous frame,
Ourſelf we give, memorial of our name: 466

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compliment be naturally paid but to Euryalus? *Thou haſt given me a ſword*, ſays he, *may thy days be ſo peaceable as never to want it!* This is an inſtance of the polite addreſs, and the forgiving temper, of Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 452.] Theſe open vowels are moſt unpleaſing. Thus?
Now ſet the ſun, and Night unwrapt her ſhade.

Ver. 454.] With more dignity, and a more palatable ſound:
The peers, embody'd, to the court repair.

Ver. 459.] Paradiſe Loſt, v. 28.
O ſole, in whom my thoughts find all repoſe.

Ver. 464.] There is an unpleaſant concurrence of harſh and ſimilar ſounds. Thus, perhaps, more agreeably:
The *banquet* taſte, and hear the ſong in peace.

Ver. 465.] Or, more fully:
To all theſe gifts, a bowl of wond'rous frame,
All gold, *I add*, memorial of *my* name.

To raiſe in off'rings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treads the courts above.
Inſtant the queen, obſervant of the king,
Commands her train a ſpacious vaſe to bring, 470
The ſpacious vaſe with ample ſtreams ſuffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames ariſe.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herſelf the cheſt prepares: in order roll'd 475
The robes, the veſts are rang'd, and heaps of gold;
And adding a rich dreſs inwrought with art,
A gift expreſſive of her bounteous heart,
Thus ſpoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Inſolvable theſe gifts, thy care demands: 480
Leſt, in thy ſlumbers on the wat'ry main,
The hand of Rapine make our bounty vain.
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends 485
Around the bath: the bath the king aſcends:

Ver. 474.] A correſpondent rhyme was at hand:
The fuming waters bubble o'er the *vaſe*.

Ver. 476.] Or, with more fidelity:
The *beauteous gifts* are rang'd, the veſts and gold.

Ver. 483.] More faithfully:
Then *ſtraight he fits the lid, and round it* roll'd——.

Ver. 485. *Clos'd with Circæan art.*——] Such paſſages as theſe have more of nature than art, and are too narrative, and different from modern ways of ſpeaking, to be capable of much

(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour,
He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bow'r)
Where, happy as the Gods that range the sky,
He feasted ev'ry sense, with ev'ry joy. 490
He bathes; the damsels with officious toil,
Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a show'r of oil:

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ornament in poetry. Eustathius observes that keys were not in use in these ages, but were afterwards invented by the Lacedæmonians; but they used to bind their carriages with intricate knots. Thus the Gordian knot was famous in antiquity. And this knot of Ulysses became a proverb, to express any insolvable difficulty, ὁ τῇ ὀδυσσέως δεσμός; this is the reason why he is said to have learned it from Circe; it was of great esteem amongst the ancients, and not being capable to be untied by human art, the invention of it is ascribed, not to a man, but to a Goddess.

A Poet would now appear ridiculous if he should introduce a Goddess only to teach a hero such an art, as to tie a knot with intricacy: but we must not judge of what has been, from what now is; customs and arts are never at a stay, and consequently the ideas of customs and arts are as changeable as those arts and customs: this knot in all probability was in as high estimation formerly, as the finest watch-work or machines are at this day; and were a person famed for an uncommon skill in such works, it would be no absurdity in the language of poetry, to ascribe his knowledge in them to the assistance of a Deity. P.

Ver. 489.] The rhymes will not pass. Thus?

For then th' enamour'd nymph's assiduous care
Gave e'en the bliss of Gods themselves to share.

Chapman is not contemptible:

But all the time he spent in her abode,
He liv'd respected, as he were a God.

Ver. 492.] Our ingenious translator seems to imitate a very happy verse of Milton, Par. Lost, viii. 517.

——— fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he ſpreads,
And to the feaſt magnificently treads. 494
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Nauſicaa blooming as a Goddeſs ſtands,
With wond'ring eyes the hero ſhe ſurvey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid.
Hail God-like ſtranger! and when heav'n reſtores
To thy fond wiſh thy long-expected ſhores, 500
This ever grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'ſt, to me, the vital air.
O royal maid, Ulyſſes ſtraight returns,
Whoſe worth the ſplendours of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whoſe arm in vengeance forms 505
The writhen bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms,)
Reſtore me ſafe, thro' weary wand'rings toſt,
To my dear country's ever-pleaſing coaſt,

Ver. 493.] I ſhould prefer,
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous *veſt* he *throws*;
Then to the feaſt, *with ſtep majeſtic, goes.*

Ver. 503.] Sad rhymes! Thus?
O royal maid! whoſe worth (*the chief replies*)
With the *full* ſplendours of thy *lineage vies*—.

Ver. 507.] Or, with better rhymes,
Reſtore me ſafely, thro' the billowy main,
To the dear boſom of my home again;
As in this *breaſt* while *vital* ſpirit glows.

As while the ſpirit in this boſom glows,
To thee, my Goddeſs, I addreſs my vows; 510
My life, thy gift I boaſt! He ſaid, and ſat,
Faſt by Alcinous on a throne of ſtate.
Now each partakes the feaſt, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion ſhares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng 515
Pay low obeiſance as he moves along:
Beneath a ſculptur'd arch he ſits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then from the chine, Ulyſſes carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part; 520

Ver. 510. *To thee, my Goddeſs, I addreſs my vows.*] This may ſeem an extravagant compliment, eſpecially in the mouth of the wiſe Ulyſſes, and rather profane than polite. Dacier commends it as the higheſt piece of addreſs and gallantry; but perhaps it may want explication to reconcile it to decency. Ulyſſes only ſpeaks comparatively, and with relation to that one action of her ſaving his life: "As therefore, ſays he, I owe my thanks to the "heavens for giving me life originally, ſo I ought to pay my "thanks to thee for preſerving it; thou haſt been to me as a "Deity. To preſerve a life, is in one ſenſe to give it." If this appears not to ſoften the expreſſion ſufficiently, it may be aſcribed to an overflow of gratitude in the generous diſpoſition of Ulyſſes; he is ſo touched with the memory of her benevolence and protection, that his ſoul labours for an expreſſion great enough to repreſent it, and no wonder if in this ſtruggle of thought, his words fly out into an exceſſive but laudable boldneſs. P.

Ver. 517.] Theſe are no rhymes. Thus? more faithfully:

Beneath a column tall the bard he plac'd:
The bard a tribe of gueſts encircling grac'd.

Ver. 519. —— *From the chine Ulyſſes carves with art.*] Were this literally to be tranſlated, it would be that Ulyſſes cut a piece from the chine of the white-toothed boar, round which there was

This, let the Maſter of the Lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the ſpacious ſkies,
Who ſacred honours to the Bard denies?
The Muſe the Bard inſpires, exalts his mind; 525
The Muſe indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flatt'ry, nor unpleas'd with praiſe.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyriſt wiſe Ulyſſes ſaid. 530
O more than man! thy ſoul the Muſe inſpires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:

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much fat. This looks like burleſque to a perſon unacquainted with the uſages of antiquity: but it was the higheſt honour that could be paid to Demodocus. The greateſt heroes in the Iliad are thus rewarded after victory, and it was eſteemed an equivalent for all dangers. So that what Ulyſſes here offers to the Poet, is offered out of a particular regard and honour to his poetry. P.

Ver. 525.] Or thus:

The Muſe herſelf the minſtrel train inſpires;
Their mind irradiates, and their boſom fires.

Ver. 531. —— *Thy ſoul the Muſe inſpires,*
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires.]

Ulyſſes here aſcribes the ſongs of Demodocus to immediate inſpiration; and Apollo is made the patron of the Poets, as Euſtathius obſerves, becauſe he is the God of Prophecy. He adds, that Homer here again repreſents himſelf in the perſon of Demodocus: it is he who wrote the war of Troy with as much faithfulneſs, as if he had been preſent at it; it is he who had little or no aſſiſtance from former relations of that ſtory, and conſequently receives it from Apollo and the Muſes. This is a ſecret but artful inſinuation that we are not to look upon the Iliad as all fiction and fable, but in general as a real hiſtory, related with as much certainty as if the Poet had been preſent at thoſe memorable actions.

For who by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and ſing ſo well the woe?
Juſt to the tale, as preſent at the fray, 535
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day:
The ſong recalls paſt horrours to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Th' Epœan fabrick, fram'd by Pallas, ſing: 540
How ſtern Ulyſſes, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The God himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with flame:

Plutarch in his chapter of reading poems admires the conduct of Homer with relation to Ulyſſes: he diverts Demodocus from idle fables, and gives him a noble theme, the deſtruction of Troy. Such ſubjects ſuit well with the ſage character of Ulyſſes. It is for the ſame reaſon that he here paſſes over in ſilence the amour of Mars and Venus, and commends the ſong at the beginning of this book, concerning the contention of the worthies before Troy: an inſtruction, what ſongs a wiſe man ought to hear, and that Poets ſhould recite nothing but what may be heard by a wiſe man. P.

To prevent a ſimilarity of rhymes to thoſe of the couplet juſt propoſed, I would thus ſubſtitute in the preſent paſſage:

What praiſes, matchleſs bard! to thee belong!
The Muſe divine, or Phœbus, prompts thy ſong.

Ver. 536.] More accurately,

Or *ſome ſpectator* taught *that* dreadful day.

Ver. 537.] A ſpirited couplet, invented by our tranſlator.

Ver. 543.] His author's meaning is but ill repreſented here. Chapman is faithful, and not inelegant:

With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expreſſion quicke and elegant

And mine ſhall be the taſk, henceforth to raiſe
In ev'ry land, thy monument of praiſe. 545
Full of the God he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,
How the Greeks ruſh'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the ſkies,
While from the ſhores the winged navy flies: 550
How ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the ſtern Greeks by Troy's aſſiſting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the ſteed; of diff'ring mind,
Various the Trojans counſell'd; part conſign'd.

You ſung the reſt; I will pronounce you cleare
Inſpir'd by God, paſt all that ever were.

Thus?

This great adventure ſhould thy tuneful lay
In faithful meaſures to our ear convey,
Then through the ſpacious world theſe lips proclaim
Thy raptures kindled by cœleſtial flame.

Ver. 551.] A material circumſtance of his author is ſuppreſſed. Thus, with greater accuracy:

How in Troy's forum, fill'd with Græcians, ſtood
(Ulyſſes led their bands) the faſhion'd wood.

Ver. 554.] *Various the Trojans counſell'd*——] It is obſervable that the Poet gives us only the heads of this ſong, and though he had an opportunity to expatiate and introduce a variety of noble images, by painting the fall of Troy, yet this being foreign to his ſtory, he judiciouſly reſtrains his fancy, and paſſes on to the more immediate actions of the Odyſſey. Virgil, lib. ii. of his Æneis, has tranſlated theſe verſes:

" Scinditur incertum ſtudia in contraria vulgus:
" At Capys, & quorum melior ſententia menti,
" Aut Pelago Danaum inſidias ſuſpectaque dona.
" Præcipitare jubent, ſubjectiſque urere flammis;
" Aut terebrare cavas uteri & tentare latebras."

Scaliger prefers theſe before thoſe of Homer, and ſays that Homer trifles in deſcribing ſo particularly the diviſions of the Trojan

The monſter to the ſword, part ſentence gave 555
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwiſe award to lodge it in the tow'rs,
An off'ring ſacred to the immortal pow'rs:
Th' unwiſe prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the Gods' decree proud Ilion falls; 560
Deſtruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
And vengeful Slaughter, fierce for human blood.
He ſung the Greeks ſtern-iſſuing from the ſteed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! aſcends 565
The Spartan king; how Ithacus attends,

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counſels: that Virgil chuſes to burn the horſe, rather than deſcribe it as thrown from the rocks: for how ſhould the Trojans raiſe it thither? Such objections are ſcarce worthy of a ſerious anſwer, for it is no difficulty to imagine that the ſame men who heaved this machine into Troy, ſhould be able to raiſe it upon a rock: and as for the former objection, Virgil recites almoſt the ſame diviſions in counſel as Homer, nay borrows them, with little variation.

Ariſtotle obſerves the great art of Homer, in naturally bringing about the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Alcinous by this ſong. He calls this a Remembrance; that is, when a preſent object ſtirs up a paſt image in the memory, as a picture recalls the figure of an abſent friend: thus Ulyſſes hearing Demodocus ſing to the harp his former hardſhips, breaks out into tears, and theſe tears bring about his diſcovery. P.

Ver. 562.] More elegantly, perhaps,

And vengeful Slaughter, *thirſting* human blood.

Ver. 563.] The figurative expreſſions of the original may be more clearly preſerved thus:

How from the ſteed the Græcians pour'd around,
He ſang; and Ilion levell'd with the ground.

(Horrid as Mars) and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues: for Pallas ſtrings his arms.
Thus while he ſung, Ulyſſes' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew: 570
As ſome fond matron views in mortal fight
Her huſband falling in his country's right:

Ver. 569.] A more juſt repreſentation of this *ſimile* may be ſeen in Ogilby's verſion, corrected and completed:

Thus *ſang* the *minſtrell*, whilſt Ulyſſes ſteeps
His cheeks with tears: and, as a woman weeps,
Her deareſt lord embracing on the plain,
For *his dear* children and his country ſlain:
He in the pangs of death convulſive lies;
She claſps the corſe, and rends the air with cries:
Each ſtrike *her back and ſhoulders with their ſpear,*
To bondage then the wretched victim tear;
From the dear object of her love to part
Conſtrain'd, grief waſtes her eyes, and care her heart.
So from the ſluices—.

Ver. 571. *As ſome fond matron*——.] This is undoubtedly a very moving and beautiful compariſon; but it may be aſked if it be proper to compare ſo great a hero as Ulyſſes to a woman, the weakneſs of whoſe ſex juſtifies her tears? Beſides ſhe appears to have a ſufficient cauſe for her ſorrows, as being under the greateſt calamities; but why ſhould Ulyſſes weep? Nothing but his valour and ſucceſs is recorded, and why ſhould this be an occaſion of ſorrow? Euſtathius replies, that they who think that Ulyſſes is compared to the matron, miſtake the point of the compariſon: whereas the tears alone of Ulyſſes are intended to be compared to the tears of the matron. It is the ſorrow of the two perſons, not the perſons themſelves, that is repreſented in the compariſon. But there appears no ſufficient cauſe for the tears of Ulyſſes; this objection would not have been made, if the ſubject of the ſong had been conſidered; it ſets before his eyes all the calamities of a long war, all the ſcenes of ſlaughter of friends and enemies that he had beheld

Frantick thro' clashing swords she runs, she flies,
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground, 575
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, she shrieks; the fierce insulting foe
Relentless mocks her violence of woe:
To chains condemn'd, as wildly she deplores;
A widow, and a slave on foreign shores. 580
So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the King observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the Bard aloud: O cease to sing, 585
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:
To ev'ry note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;
Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet ev'ry heart be gay: 590
This social right demands: for him the sails
Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales:

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in it: it is also to be remembered, that we have only the abridgment of the song, and yet we see spectacles of horrour, blood, and commiseration. Tears discover a tender, not an abject spirit. Achilles is not less a hero for weeping over the ashes of Patroclus, nor Ulysses for lamenting the calamities and deaths of thousands of his friends. P.

Ver. 583.] Compare the version of these lines above, verse 91.

Ver. 586.] Pope, in his Elegy:

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Ver. 588.] Or, more closely to his author:

And heaves his *bosom* with *unceasing* woe.

His are the gifts of love: the wise and good
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, discover faithful what I crave, 595
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour distinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)
Say from what city, from what regions tost, 601
And what inhabitants those regions boast?
So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,
In wond'rous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind;

Ver. 593.] The Greek expression of this passage is superlatively beautiful, but neither preserved nor attempted, as it should appear, by any translator. The reader must not expect an adequate delineation of it in the subjoined effort, which can pretend to nothing beyond fidelity:

A suppliant pilgrim he a brother deems,
Whose bosom Virtue's slightest touch can feel.

A passage in Macbeth comes the nearest to Homer's expression, of any that recurs to my memory: iv. 2.

— — — — He loves not us:
He wants the natural touch:

and this seems very apposite.

Ver. 597.] A bad couplet, but not easily mended. Thus? more closely:

Without disguise be then thy name disclos'd;
The name, thy parents and thy friends impos'd.

Ver. 601.] The rhymes may be improved thus:

Say, from what city, from what *distant coast?*

Ver. 604. *In wond'rous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind.*]

No helm ſecures their courſe, no pilot guides;
Like man intelligent, they plough the tides, 606
Conſcious of every coaſt, and every bay,
That lies beneath the ſun's all-ſeeing ray;
Tho' clouds and darkneſs veil th' encumber'd ſky,
Fearleſs thro' darkneſs and thro' clouds they fly: 610

There is not a paſſage that more outrages all the rules of credibility than the deſcription of theſe ſhips of Alcinous. The Poet inſerts theſe wonders only to ſhew the great dexterity of the Phæacians in navigation; and indeed it was neceſſary to be very full in the deſcription of their ſkill, who were to convey Ulyſſes home in deſpight of the very God of the Ocean. It is for the ſame reaſon that they are deſcribed as ſailing almoſt inviſibly, to eſcape the notice of that God. Antiquity animated every thing in Poetry; thus Argo is ſaid to have had a maſt made of Dodonæan oak, endued with the faculty of ſpeech. But this is defending one abſurdity, by inſtancing in a fable equally abſurd; all that can be ſaid in defence of it is, that ſuch extravagant fables were believed, at leaſt by the vulgar, in former ages; and conſequently might be introduced without blame in poetry; if ſo, by whom could a boaſt of this nature be better made, than by a vain Phæacian? Beſides, theſe extravagancies let Ulyſſes into the humour of the Phæacians, and in the following books he adapts his ſtory to it, and returns fable for fable. It muſt likewiſe certainly be a great encouragement to Ulyſſes to find himſelf in ſuch hands as could ſo eaſily reſtore him to his country: for it was natural to conclude, that though Alcinous was guilty of great amplification, yet that his ſubjects were very expert navigators. P.

Ver. 608.] This thought is foreign to his author. Better, perhaps:

They paſs, unerring, thro' the floating way.

Ver. 610.] Or, more melodiouſly to my ears:

Thro' clouds and darkneſs, *unappal'd*, they fly.

Tho' tempeſts rage, tho' rolls the ſwelling main,
The ſeas may roll, the tempeſts rage in vain;
Ev'n the ſtern God that o'er the waves preſides,
Safe as they paſs, and ſafe repaſs the tides,
With fury burns; while careleſs they convey 615
Promiſcuous every gueſt to every bay.
Theſe ears have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
Firm rooted in a ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand 620

Ver. 611.] This couplet is a fanciful appendage by the tranſlator. Thus?

Tho' blaſts tempeſtuous ſcour the ſwelling main,
Tempeſtuous blaſts pour out their rage in vain.

Ver. 619. — — — — — *How, by his command,*
Firm rooted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand.]

The ancients, as Euſtathius obſerves, mark theſe verſes with an obeliſk and aſteriſm. The obeliſk ſhewed that they judged what relates to the oracle was miſplaced, the aſteriſm denoted that they thought the verſes very beautiful. For they thought it not probable that Alcinous would have called to memory this prediction and the menace of Neptune, and yet perſiſted to conduct to his own country the enemy of that Deity: whereas if this oracle be ſuppoſed to be forgotten by Alcinous, (as it will, if theſe verſes be taken away) then there will be an appearance of truth, that he who was a friend to all ſtrangers, ſhould be perſuaded to land ſo great and worthy a hero as Ulyſſes in his own dominions, and therefore they reject them to the 13th of the Odyſſey. But, as Euſtathius obſerves, Alcinous immediately ſubjoins,

But this the Gods may fruſtrate or fulfill,
As ſuits the purpoſe of th' eternal will.

And therefore the verſes may be very proper in this book, for Alcinous believes that the Gods might be prevailed upon not to

A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud tow'rs beneath the ground.

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fulfil this denunciation. It has been likewise remarked that the conduct of Alcinous is very justifiable: the Phæacians had been warned by an oracle, that an evil threatened them for the care they should shew to a stranger: yet they forbear not to perform an act of piety to Ulysses, being persuaded that men ought to do their duty, and trust the issue to the goodness of the Gods. This will seem to be more probable, if we remember Alcinous is ignorant that Ulysses is the person intended by the prediction, so that he is not guilty of a voluntary opposition to the Gods, but really acts with piety in assisting his guest, and only complies with the common laws of hospitality.

It is but a conjecture, yet it is not without probability, that there was a rock which looked like a vessel, in the entrance of the haven of the Phæacians, the fable may be built upon this foundation, and because it was environed by the ocean, the transformation might be ascribed to the God of it. P.

Ver. 621. — — — — — *How mound on mound*
Should bury these proud tow'rs beneath the ground.]

The Greek word is ἀμφικαλύψω, which does not necessarily imply that the city should be buried actually, but that a mountain should surround it, or cover it round; and in the thirteenth book we find that when the ship was transformed into a rock, the city continues out of danger. Eustathius is fully of opinion, that the city was threatened to be overwhelmed by a mountain; the Poet, says he, invents this fiction to prevent posterity from searching after this isle of the Phæacians, and to preserve his story from detection of falsification; after the same manner as he introduces Neptune and the rivers of Troy, bearing away the wall which the Greeks had raised as a fortification before their navy. But Dacier in the omissions which she inserts at the end of the second volume of her Odyssey, is of a contrary opinion, for the mountain is not said to cover the city, but to threaten to cover it: as appears from the thirteenth book of the Odyssey, where Alcinous commands a sacrifice to the Gods to avert the execution of this denunciation.

But this the Gods may fruſtrate or fulfill,
As ſuits the purpoſe of th' eternal will. 624
But ſay thro' what waſte regions haſt thou ſtray'd,
What cuſtoms noted, and what coaſts ſurvey'd?
Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy boſom, and why flow'd thy tears? 630

But the difference in reality is ſmall, the city is equally threatened to be buried, as the veſſel to be transformed; and therefore Alcinous might pronounce the ſame fate to both, ſince both were threatened equally by the prediction: it was indeed impoſſible for him to ſpeak after any other manner, for he only repeats the words of the oracle, and cannot foreſee that the ſacrifice of the Phæacians would appeaſe the anger of Neptune. P.

The following ſubſtitution is a ſafer repreſentation of the original:

A monument of wrath! and, here convey'd,
O'er-gloom our city with it's horrid ſhade.

But the former paragraph is unfaithful alſo to the original, which can be ſeen truly in a literal verſion only:

Neptune he ſaid, ſome trim Phæacian ſhip,
From convoy ſailing home, would wreck at ſea,
And with a mountain huge our city ſhroud.

Compare book xiii. verſe 172.

Ver. 623.] This couplet is perfectly good, in ſimplicity of expreſſion, in eaſe of meaſure, and the fidelity of tranſlation.

Ver. 625.] Compare book i. verſe 5, and book vi. verſe 141.

Ver. 629.] Theſe rhymes are inaccurate, and the remaining paragraph is ſlovenly and imperfectly repreſented. I ſhall ſubmit a ſubſtitution to the candour of the reader:

Say, why in floods of tears thy ſorrow roſe,
Pour'd to the tale of Greek and Trojan woes?

Juſt are the ways of heav'n: from heav'n proceed
The woes of man; heav'n doom'd the Greeks to bleed,
A theme of future ſong! Say then if ſlain
Some dear-lov'd brother preſs'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled ſome friend, who bore a brother's part, 635
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

Theſe woes, by heaven decreed, to man belong,
The future ſubject of the minſtrel's ſong.
Some dear relation there, perchance, might fall,
Thy wife's fond ſire, beneath the Trojan wall;
Or ſon-in-law belov'd! who fondneſs claim,
Next to a parent's ever-honour'd name.
Some virtuous friend might bleed: congenial mind!
Sweet ſympathy of ſoul with ſoul entwin'd!
For ſure a friend deſerves, diſcreet and true,
The warm affection to a brother due.

Ver. 635. *Or bled ſome friend, who bore a brother's part,*
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?]

This excellent ſentence of Homer at once guides us in the choice, and inſtructs us in the regard, that is to be paid to the perſon of a friend. If it be lawful to judge of a man from his writings, Homer had a ſoul ſuſceptible of real friendſhip, and was a lover of ſincerity. It would be endleſs to take notice of every caſual inſtruction inſerted in the Odyſſey; but ſuch ſentences ſhew Homer to have been a man of an amiable character as well as excellent in poetry: the great abhorrence he had of lies cannot be more ſtrongly expreſt than in thoſe two paſſages of the ninth Iliad, and in the fourteenth Odyſſey: in the firſt of which he makes the man of the greateſt ſoul, Achilles, bear teſtimony to his averſion of them; and in the latter declares, that "the pooreſt man, though "compelled by the utmoſt neceſſity, ought not to ſtoop to ſuch a "practice." In this place he ſhews that worth creates a kind of relation, and that we are to look upon a worthy friend, as a brother.

This book takes up the whole thirty-third day, and part of the evening: for the council opens in the morning, and at ſun-ſetting the Phæacians return to the palace from the games; after which Ulyſſes bathes and ſups, and ſpends ſome time of the evening in diſcourſing, and hearing the ſongs of Demodocus. Then Alcinous requeſts him to relate his own ſtory, which he begins in the next book, and continues it through the four ſubſequent books of the Odyſſey. P.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, and Cyclops.

ULYSSES begins the relation of his adventures; how after the deſtruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incurſion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulſed; and meeting with a ſtorm, were driven to the coaſt of the Lotophagi. From thence they ſailed to the land of the Cyclops, whoſe manners and ſituation are particularly characteriſed. The giant Polyphemus and his cave deſcribed; the uſage Ulyſſes and his companions met with there; and laſtly, the method and artifice by which he eſcaped. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

AS we are now come to the episodical part of the Odyssey, it may be thought necessary to speak something of the nature of episodes.

As the action of the epick is always one, entire, and great action; so the most trivial episodes must be so interwoven with it, as to be necessary parts, or convenient, as Mr. Dryden observes, to carry on the main design; either so necessary, as without them the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they stand: there is nothing to be left void in a firm building, even the cavities ought not to be filled up with rubbish destructive to the strength of it, but with materials of the same kind, though of less pieces, and fitted to the main fabrick.

Aristotle tells us, that what is comprehended in the first platform of the fable is proper, the rest is episode: let us examine the Odyssey by this rule: the ground-work of the poem is, a prince absent from his country several years, Neptune hinders his return, yet at last he breaks through all obstacles, and returns, where he finds great disorders, the authors of which he punishes, and restores peace to his kingdoms. This is all that is essential to the model; this the Poet is not at liberty to change; this is so necessary, that any alteration destroys the design, spoils the fable, and makes another poem of it. But episodes are changeable; for instance, though it was necessary that Ulysses being absent should spend several years with foreign princes, yet it was not necessary that one of these princes should be Antiphates, another Alcinous, or that Circe or Calypso should be the persons who entertained him: it was in the Poet's choice to have changed these persons and states, without changing his design or fable. Thus though these adventures or episodes become parts of the subject after they are chosen, yet they are not originally essential to the subject. But in what sense then are they necessary? The reply is, Since the absence of Ulysses was absolutely necessary, it follows that not being at home, he must be in some other country; and therefore though the Poet was at liberty to make use of none of these particular adventures, yet it was not in his choice to make use of none at all; if these had been omitted, he must have substituted others, or else he would have omitted part of the matter contained in his model, *viz.* the adventures of a person long absent from his country; and the poem would have been defective. So that

epiſodes are not actions, but parts of an action. It is in poetry, as Ariſtotle obſerves, as in painting; a painter puts many actions into one piece, but they all conſpire to form one entire and perfect action: a Poet likewiſe uſes many epiſodes, but all thoſe epiſodes taken ſeparately finiſh nothing, they are but imperfect members, which altogether make one and the ſame action, like the parts of a human body, they all conſpire to conſtitute the whole man.

In a word, the epiſodes of Homer are complete epiſodes; they are proper to the ſubject, becauſe they are drawn from the ground of the fable; they are ſo joined to the principal action, that one is the neceſſary conſequence of the other, either truly or probably: and laſtly, they are imperfect members which do not make a complete and finiſhed body; for an epiſode that makes a complete action, cannot be part of a principal action; as is eſſential to all epiſodes.

An epiſode may then be defined, "A neceſſary part of an "action, extended by probable circumſtances." They are part of an action, for they are not added to the principal action, but only dilate and amplify that principal action: thus the Poet to ſhew the ſufferings of Ulyſſes brings in the ſeveral epiſodes of Polyphemus, Scylla, the Syrens, *&c.* But why ſhould the words, "extended by probable circumſtances," enter the definition? Becauſe the ſufferings of Ulyſſes are propoſed in the model of the fable in general only, but by relating the circumſtances, the manner how he ſuffered is diſcovered; and this connects it with the principal action, and ſhews very evidently the neceſſary relation the epiſode bears to the main deſign of the Odyſſey. What I have ſaid, I hope, plainly diſcovers the difference between the epiſodick and principal action, as well as the nature of epiſodes. See Boſſu more largely upon this ſubject. P.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THEN thus Ulyſſes. Thou, whom firſt in ſway,
As firſt in virtue, theſe thy realms obey;
How ſweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heav'n-taught Poet, and enchanting ſtrain;

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *How ſweet the products of a peaceful reign*, &c.] This paſſage has given great joy to the criticks, as it has afforded them the ill-natured pleaſure of railing, and the ſatisfaction of believing they have found a fault in a good writer. It is fitter, ſay they, for the mouth of Epicurus than for the ſage Ulyſſes, to extol the pleaſures of feaſting and drinking in this manner: he whom the Poet propoſes as the ſtandard of human wiſdom, ſays Rapin, ſuffers himſelf to be made drunk by the Phæacians. But it may rather be imagined, that the critick was not very ſober when he made

The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast, 5
A land rejoicing, and a people bleſt!

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the reflection; for there is not the leaſt appearance of a reaſon for that imputation. Plato indeed in his third book *de Repub.* writes, that what Ulyſſes here ſpeaks is no very proper example of temperance; but every body knows that Plato, with reſpect to Homer, wrote with great partiality. Athenæus in his twelfth book gives us the following interpretation. Ulyſſes accommodates his diſcourſe to the preſent occaſion; he in appearance approves of the voluptuous lives of the Phæacians, and having heard Alcinous before ſay, that feaſting and ſinging, *&c.* was their ſupreme delight; he by a ſeaſonable flattery ſeems to comply with their inclinations; it being the moſt proper method to attain his deſires of being conveyed to his own country. He compares Ulyſſes to the Polypus, which is fabled to aſſume the colour of every rock to which he approaches: thus Sophocles,

Νόει πρὸς ἀνδρὶ σῶμα Πολύπου, ὅπως
Πέτρᾳ τράπεσθαι γνησίῳ φρονήματι.

That is, "In your acceſſes to mankind obſerve the Polypus, "and adapt yourſelf to the humour of the perſon to whom you "apply." Euſtathius obſerves that this paſſage has been condemned, but he defends it after the very ſame way with Athenæus.

It is not impoſſible but that there may be ſome compliance with the nature and manners of the Phæacians, eſpecially becauſe Ulyſſes is always deſcribed as an artful man, not without ſome mixture of diſſimulation: but it is no difficult matter to take the paſſage literally, and give it an irreproachable ſenſe. Ulyſſes had gone through innumerable calamities, he had lived to ſee a great part of Europe and Aſia laid deſolate by a bloody war; and after ſo many troubles, he arrives among a nation that was unacquainted with all the miſeries of war, where all the people were happy, and paſſed their lives with eaſe and pleaſures: this calm life fills him with admiration, and he artfully praiſes what he found praiſeworthy in it; namely, the entertainments and muſick, and paſſes over the gallantries of the people, as Dacier obſerves, without any mention. Maximus Tyrius fully vindicates Homer. It is my opinion, ſays that author, that the Poet, by repreſenting theſe guests in the midſt of their entertainments, delighted with the ſong and muſick, intended to recommend a more noble pleaſure

How goodly ſeems it, ever to employ
Man's ſocial days in union and in joy;
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine! 10

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than eating and drinking, ſuch a pleaſure as a wiſe man may imitate, by approving the better part, and rejecting the worſe, and chuſing to pleaſe the ear rather than the belly. 12 Diſſert.

If we underſtand the paſſage otherwiſe, the meaning may be this. I am perſuaded, ſays Ulyſſes, that the moſt agreeable end which a king can propoſe, is to ſee a whole nation in univerſal joy, when muſick and feaſting are in every houſe, when plenty is on every table, and wines to entertain every gueſt: this to me appears a ſtate of the greateſt felicity.

In this ſenſe Ulyſſes pays Alcinous a very agreeable compliment; as it is certainly the moſt glorious aim of a king to make his ſubjects happy, and diffuſe an univerſal joy through his dominions: he muſt be a rigid cenſor indeed who blames ſuch pleaſures as theſe, which have nothing contrary in them to virtue and ſtrict morality; eſpecially as they here bear a beautiful oppoſition to all the horrours which Ulyſſes had ſeen in the wars of Troy, and ſhew Phæacia as happy as Troy was miſerable. I will only add, that this agrees with the oriental way of ſpeaking; and in the poetical parts of the ſcriptures, the voice of melody, feaſting and dancing, are uſed to expreſs the happineſs of a nation. P.

This verſe has no prototype in the original. Thus?

What bliſs to hear, amid this jovial throng,
The tuneful lyriſt and his heavenly ſong?
What bliſs the palace, fill'd with many a gueſt—:

for the rhimes of the *third* couplet are not admiſſible in correct poetry. But our Poet ſeems to have derived his unauthorized thought from Chapman's verſion:

In any common weale, what more doth give
Note of the juſt and bleſſed empery,
Than to ſee Comfort univerſally
Cheare up the people.

Ver. 9.] Or thus, with leſs ſuperfluity of expreſſion, and more cloſeneſs:

Amid these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy series of a wand'rer's woe;
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew?
And oh, what first, what last shall I relate, 15
Of woes unnumber'd sent by Heav'n and Fate?
Know first the man (tho' now a wretch distrest)
Who hopes thee, Monarch, for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heav'n my fame. 20

How sweet the board high-heap'd with cates divine!
In copious cups dispens'd, nectareous wine!

Ver. 15.] The following couplet is perfectly literal:

What first, what next, what last, shall be disclos'd
Of woes unnumber'd, by the Gods impos'd?

not that I mean to prefer it to the version before us.

Ver. 19. *Behold Ulysses!*———] The Poet begins with declaring the name of Ulysses: the Phæacians had already been acquainted with it by the song of Demodocus, and therefore it could not fail of raising the utmost attention and curiosity (as Eustathius observes) of the whole assembly, to hear the story of so great a hero. Perhaps it may be thought that Ulysses is ostentatious, and speaks of himself too favourably; but the necessity of it will appear, if we consider that Ulysses had nothing but his personal qualifications to engage the Phæacians in his favour. It was therefore necessary to make those qualifications known, and this was not possible to be done but by his own relation, he being a stranger among strangers. Besides, he speaks before a vainglorious people, who thought even boasting no fault. It may be questioned whether Virgil be so happy in those respects, when he puts almost the same words into the mouth of Æneas;

"Sum pius Æneas, raptos qui ex hoste penates
"Classe veho mecum, famâ super æthera notus."

My native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:

For his boast contributes nothing to the re-establishment of his affairs, for he speaks to the Goddess Venus. Yet Scaliger infinitely prefers Virgil before Homer, though there be no other difference in the words, than *raptos qui ex hoste penates*, instead of

— — — Ὅς πᾶσι δόλοισιν
Ἀνθρώποισι μέλω. — — —

He questions whether subtilties, or δόλοι, ever raised any person's glory to the heavens; whereas that is the reward of piety. But the word is to be understood to imply Wisdom, and all the stratagems of war, &c. according to the first verse of the Odyssey,

The man for Wisdom's various arts renown'd.

He is not less severe upon the verses immediately preceding.

Σοὶ δ' ἐμὰ κήδεα θυμὸς ἐπείρασε γοώεντα, &c.

which lines are undoubtedly very beautiful, and admirably express the number of the sufferings of Ulysses; the multitude of them is so great, that they almost confound him; and he seems to be at a loss where to begin, how to proceed, or where to end; and they agree very well with the proposition in the opening of the Odyssey, which was to relate the sufferings of a brave man. The verses which Scaliger quotes are

"Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem;
"Trojanas ut opes, &c."

Omnia fanè non sine suâ divinitate; and he concludes, that Virgil has not so much imitated Homer, as taught us how Homer ought to have wrote. P.

I am not acquainted with any passage in ancient or modern poetry more interesting, to myself at least, than this discovery of Ulysses to the Phæacians: and our incomparable translator has exerted himself with great success in his representation of it.

Ver. 21. — — — — *Ithaca the fair,*
Where high Neritus, &c.]

Eustathius gives various interpretations of this position of Ithaca; some understand it to signify that it lies low; others explain it to signify that it is of low position, but high with respect to the neighbouring islands; others take παντοιοτάτη (*excellentissima*) in

Dulichium, Samè, and Zacynthus crown'd
With ſhady mountains, ſpread their iſles around.
(Theſe to the north and night's dark regions run,
Thoſe to Aurora and the riſing ſun.) 26
Low lies our iſle, yet bleſt in fruitful ſtores;
Strong are her ſons, tho' rocky are her ſhores;
And none, ah none ſo lovely to my ſight,
Of all the lands that heav'n o'erſpreads with light!

---

another ſenſe to imply the excellence of the country, which though it lies low, is productive of brave inhabitants, for Homer immediately adds ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος. Strabo gives a different expoſition; Ithaca is χθαμαλὴ, as it lies near to the continent, and παντοπερράτη as it is the utmoſt of all the iſlands towards the north, πρὸς ἄρκτον, for thus πρὸς ζόφον is to be underſtood. So that Ithaca, adds he, is not of a low ſituation, but as it lies oppoſed to the continent, nor the moſt lofty (ὑψηλοτάτη) but the moſt extreme of the northern iſlands; for ſo παντοπερράτη ſignifies. Dacier differs from Strabo in the explication of πρὸς ἠῶ τ' ἠέλιόν τε, which he believes to mean the South; ſhe applies the words to the Eaſt, or South-eaſt, and appeals to the maps which ſo deſcribe it. It is the moſt northern of the iſlands, and joins to the continent of Epirus; it has Dulichium on the eaſt, and on the ſouth Samos and Zacynthus. P.

Ver. 22.] This vicious accent he found in Chapman and Ogilby. Hobbes is correct. Thus? more exactly:

Where his *thick* woods waves Neritus in air.

Ver. 23.] Thus Ogilby:

Dulychium, Samos, Zanthus, *crown'd* with wood.

Ver. 24.] Or, more juſtly to his author:

With *ſpreading foliage, range* their iſles around.

Ver. 26.] Chapman probably ſuggeſted theſe rhymes: but conformity to the original demands the following corrections:

Low, *tow'rds* Aurora and the riſing ſun,
Lies our *rough iſland*; bleſs'd in *generous* ſtores
Of hardy ſons—

In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay, 31
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magick, to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot, 35
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.

Ver. 31. *In vain Calypso* ———] Eustathius observes, that Ulysses repeats his refusal of the Goddess Calypso and Circe in the same words, to shew Alcinous, by a secret denial, that he could not be induced to stay from his country, or marry his daughter: he calls Circe Δολόεσσα, because she is skilled in magical incantations: he describes Ithaca with all its inconveniencies, to convince Alcinous of his veracity, and that he will not deceive him in other circumstances, when he gives so disadvantageous a character of a country for which he expresses so great a fondness; and lastly, in relating the death of his friends, he seems to be guilty of a tautology, in θάνατόν τε μόρον τε. But Aulus Gellius gives us the reason of it, *Atrocitatem rei bis idem dicendo auxit, inculcavitque, non igitur illa ejusdem significationis repetitio, ignava & frigida videri debet.* P.

Compare b. i. v. 21, by Fenton, probably the original artist.

Ver. 36.] This should have been delivered as a general sentiment, in conformity to his author:

Our country's image never *is* forgot,
Our absent parents *rise* before our sight,
And distant *lies* contentment and delight.

But the translation is by no means accurate. Thus? very faithfully:

If from our friends in climes remote we live,
'Midst all the bliss that wealth and plenty give,
Our soul expatiates homeward still for rest;
Our parents' dear idea still controuls our breast!

or,

Still rise our home, our parents, to the sight,
And soothe the soul with unimpair'd delight.

Hear then the woes, which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land. 40
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus, our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,

Ver. 39.] The rhyme is bad. Perhaps, thus:

— — — which mighty Jove *bad plan'd*—.

Ver. 41. — — — *to the Cicons' shore.*] Here is the natural and true beginning of the Odyssey, which comprehends all the sufferings of Ulysses, and these sufferings take their date immediately after his leaving the shores of Troy; from that moment he endeavours to return to his own country, and all the difficulties he meets with in returning, enter into the subject of the poem. But it may then be asked, if the Odyssey does not take up the space of ten years, since Ulysses wastes so many in his return; and is not this contrary to the nature of epick poetry, which is agreed must not at the longest exceed the duration of one year, or rather campaign? The answer is, the Poet lets all the time pass which exceeds the bounds of epick action, before he opens the poem; thus Ulysses spends some time before he arrives at the island of Circe, with her he continues one year, and seven with Calypso; he begins artificially at the conclusion of the action, and finds an opportunity to repeat the most considerable and necessary incidents which preceded the opening of the Odyssey; by this method he reduces the duration of it into less compass than the space of two months. This conduct is absolutely necessary, for from the time that the Poet introduces his hero upon the stage, he ought to continue his action to the very end of it, that he may never afterwards appear idle or out of motion: this is verified in Ulysses; from the moment he leaves the island of Ogygia to the death of the suitors, he is never out of view, never idle; he is always either in action, or preparing for it, till he is re-established in his dominions. If the Poet had followed the natural order of the action, he, like Lucan, would not have wrote an epick poem, but an history in verse. P.

Ver. 44. *And sack'd the city* ———] The Poet assigns no

Their wives made captive, their poſſeſſions ſhar'd,
And ev'ry ſoldier found a like reward. 45
I then advis'd to fly; not ſo the reſt,
Who ſtaid to revel, and prolong the feaſt:
The fatted ſheep and ſable bulls they ſlay,
And bowls flow round, and riot waſtes the day. 50
Meantime the Cicons, to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons, with new fury fir'd,
With early morn the gather'd country ſwarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms:
Thick, as the budding leaves or riſing flow'rs 55
O'erſpread the land, when ſpring deſcends in ſhow'rs:
All expert ſoldiers, ſkill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courſer urge the war.

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reaſon why Ulyſſes deſtroys this city of the Ciconians, but we may learn from the Iliad that they were auxiliaries of Troy; book the ſecond.

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trœzenian Cœus, lov'd of Jove.

And therefore Ulyſſes aſſaults them as enemies. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 47.] I know not, whether the following ſubſtitution be preferable to the preſent faulty rhymes:

— — — not ſo the *throng*,
Who ſtaid to revel, and the feaſt prolong.

Ver. 51.] The ſenſe would be better compreſſed in a ſingle couplet, with the rhymes of Ogilby:

Meanwhile, the routed Cicons ſpread th' alarm;
With early morn their numerous neighbours arm.

Ver. 57.] Vicious rhymes. Thus?

They, warriours ſkill'd, on foot to battle go,
Or from the chariot fiercely meet the foe.

Now fortune changes (ſo the Fates ordain)
Our hour was come to taſte our ſhare of pain. 60
Cloſe at the ſhips the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning ſun increaſing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Promiſcuous death the form of war confounds, 65
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conqueſt crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ſhip we loſt,
The reſt eſcape in haſte, and quit the coaſt. 70

Ver. 63.] Compare Iliad viii. verſe 83.

Ver. 69. *Six brave companions from each ſhip we loſt.*] This is one of the paſſages which fell under the cenſure of Zoilus; it is very improbable, ſays that critick, that each veſſel ſhould loſe ſix men exactly; this ſeems a too equal diſtribution to be true, conſidering the chance of battle. But it has been anſwered, that Ulyſſes had twelve veſſels, and that in this engagement he loſt ſeventy-two ſoldiers; ſo that the meaning is, that taking the total of his loſs, and dividing it equally through the whole fleet, he found it amounted exactly to ſix men in every veſſel. This will appear to be a true ſolution, if we remember that there was a neceſſity to ſupply the loſs of any one ſhip out of the others that had ſuffered leſs: ſo that though one veſſel loſt more than the reſt, yet being recruited equally from the reſt of the fleet, there would be exactly ſix men wanting in every veſſel. *Euſtathius.* P.

Or, on account of the faulty rhymes, and with greater fidelity:

Six brave companions from each ſhip lay dead;
In haſte the reſt from death and ruin fled.

Ogilby, with very ſlight correction, is by no means to be deſpiſed:

Six from *each* veſſel *of our crews* were ſlain;
The reſt *in ſafety reach't their ſhips again.*
But, e'er we ply'd our oars, or canvaſs ſpread,
We thrice invok'd the Manes of the dead.

With ſails outſpread we fly th' unequal ſtrife,
Sad for their loſs, but joyful of our life.
Yet as we fled, our fellows rites we pay'd,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy ſhade.
Meanwhile the God, whoſe hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms:
Wide o'er the waſte the rage of Boreas ſweeps,
And Night ruſh'd headlong on the ſhaded deeps.

Ver. 74. *And thrice we call'd on each unhappy ſhade.*] This paſſage preſerves a piece of antiquity: it was the cuſtom of the Grecians, when their friends died upon foreign ſhores, to uſe this ceremony of recalling their ſouls, though they obtained not their bodies, believing by this method that they tranſported them to their own country: Pindar mentions the ſame practice,

Κίλλαι γὰρ ἰὰν
Ψυχὰν κόμιζε Φρίξε, &c.

That is, "Phrixus commands thee to call his ſoul into his own "country." Thus the Athenians, when they loſt any men at ſea, went to the ſhores, and calling thrice on their names, raiſed a cenotaph or empty monument to their memories; by performing which ſolemnity, they invited the ſhades of the departed to return, and performed all rites as if the bodies of the dead had really been buried by them in their ſepulchres. *Euſtathius.*

The Romans as well as the Greeks followed the ſame cuſtom: thus Virgil,

"— — — Et magnâ Manes ter voce vocavi."

The occaſion of this practice aroſe from the opinion, that the ſouls of the departed were not admitted into the ſtate of the happy, without the performance of the ſepulchral ſolemnities. P.

Ver. 77.] Or, perhaps, as follows, not worſe:

Wide o'er the waſte bade raging Boreas *fly*;
And Night ruſht headlong from the *frowning ſky*.

Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn. 80
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the lab'ring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings, 85
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd. 90
Strong was the tide, which by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore:

Ver. 79.] Thus Ogilby:

And we, dispers'd, off from our course were *born*,
Our masts were shatter'd, sails and tackle *torn*.

Ver. 84.] Or rather, if we wish fidelity, thus:

Whilst toil and sorrow pin'd our souls away.

Chapman is still more literal:

Labours and sorrowes eating up our minds.

Ver. 85.] Exactly:

When the third *morn fair-tress'd* Aurora brings:

that *epithet* is too beautiful and picturesque to be neglected: see my note on *the Rape of the Lock*, v. 130.

Ver. 92.] Homer says,

— — — our vessels *from* Cythera cast:

but our translator followed Chapman, who alone is erroneous:

— — — calling backe our fleete,
As far forth as Cythera.

The tenth we touch'd by various errours toſt, 95
The land of Lotos, and the flow'ry coaſt.

Ver. 95. *The tenth we touch'd* ——
The land of Lotos ——]

This paſſage has given occaſion for much controverſy: for ſince the Lotophagi in reality are diſtant from the Malean cape twenty-two thouſand five hundred ſtades, Ulyſſes muſt ſail above two thouſand every day, if in nine days he ſailed to the Lotophagi. This objection would be unanſwerable, if we place the nation in the Atlantick ocean; but Dacier obſerves from Strabo, that Polybius examined this point, and thus gives us the reſult of it. This great hiſtorian maintains, that Homer has not placed the Lotophagi in the Atlantic Ocean, as he does the iſlands of Circe and Calypſo, becauſe it was improbable that in the compaſs of ten days the moſt favourable winds could have carried Ulyſſes from the Malean cape into that ocean; it therefore follows, that the Poet has given us the true ſituation of this nation, conformable to geography, and placed it as it really lies, in the Mediterranean; now in ten days a good wind will carry a veſſel from Malea into the Mediterranean, as Homer relates.

This is an inſtance that Homer ſometimes follows truth without fiction, at other times diſguiſes it. But I confeſs I think Homer's poetry would have been as beautiful if he had deſcribed all his iſlands in their true poſitions: his inconſiſtency in this point, may ſeem to introduce confuſion and ambiguity, when the truth would have been more clear, and as beautiful in his poetry.

Nothing can better ſhew the great deference which former ages paid Homer, than theſe defences of the learned ancients; they continually aſcribe his deviations from truth, (as in the inſtance before us) to deſign, not to ignorance; to his art as a Poet, and not to want of ſkill as a geographer. In a writer of leſs fame, ſuch relations might be thought errours, but in Homer they are either underſtood to be no errours, or if errours, they are vindicated by the greateſt names of antiquity.

Euſtathius adds, that the ancients diſagree about this iſland: ſome place it about Cyrene, from Mauruſia of the African Moors: it is alſo named Meninx, and lies upon the African coaſt, near the leſſer Syrte. It is about three hundred and fifty ſtades in

We climb'd the beach, and ſprings of water found,
Then ſpread our haſty banquet on the ground.
Three men were ſent, deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coaſt to view, 100
And learn what habitants poſſeſt the place.
They went, and found a hoſpitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor ſtrange to foreign gueſt,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feaſt;
The trees around them, all their fruit produce; 105
Lotos, the name; divine nectareous juice!

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length, and ſomewhat leſs in breadth: it is alſo named Lotophagitis from Lotos. P.

The rhymes are faulty, and the ſenſe unfaithful. Thus!

The tenth, our wand'rings ceaſe, the land we gain,
Whoſe men with flowery Lotos life ſuſtain.

In the following account of theſe people, our tranſlator is paraphraſtical and inaccurate. For preciſion the reader muſt have recourſe to Mr. Cowper.

Ver. 100. *An herald one.*] The reaſon why the Poet mentions the herald in particular, is becauſe his office was ſacred; and by the common law of nations his perſon inviolable: Ulyſſes therefore joins an herald in this commiſſion, for the greater ſecurity of thoſe whom he ſends to ſearch the country. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 106. *Lotos.*] Euſtathius aſſures us, that there are various kinds of it. It has been a queſtion whether it is an herb, a root, or a tree: he is of opinion, that Homer ſpeaks of it as an herb; for he calls it ἄνθινον εἶδας, and that the word ἐρέπεσθαι is in its proper ſenſe applied to the grazing of beaſts, and therefore he judges it not to be a tree, or root. He adds, there is an Ægyptian Lotos, which, as Herodotus affirms, grows in great abundance along the Nile in the time of its inundations; it reſembles (ſays that hiſtorian in his Euterpe) a lily; the Ægyptians dry it in the ſun, then take the pulp out of it, which grows like the head of a

(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoſo taſtes,
Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts,
Nor other home nor other care intends, 109
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends:
The three we ſent, from off th' inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:

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poppy, and bake it as bread; this kind of it agrees likewiſe with the Ἄνθινον εἶδαρ of Homer. Athenæus writes of the Lybian Lotos in the fourteenth book of his Deipnoſophiſt; he quotes the words of Polybius in the twelfth book of his hiſtory, now not extant; that Hiſtorian ſpeaks of it as an eye-witneſs, having examined the nature of it. "The Lotos is a tree of no great height, rough "and thorny: it bears a green leaf, ſomewhat thicker and "broader than that of the bramble or briar; its fruit at firſt is "like the ripe berries of the myrtle, both in ſize and colour, but "when it ripens it turns to purple; it is then about the bigneſs "of an olive; it is round, and contains a very ſmall kernel; "when it is ripe they gather it, and bruiſing it among bread-"corn, they put it up into a veſſel, and keep it as food for their "ſlaves; they dreſs it after the ſame manner for their other "domeſticks, but firſt take out the kernel from it: it has the taſte "of a fig, or dates, but is of a far better ſmell: they likewiſe "make a wine of it, by ſteeping and bruiſing it in water; it has "a very agreeable taſte, like wine tempered with honey. They "drink it without mixing it with water, but it will not keep "above ten days, they therefore make it only in ſmall quantities, "for immediate uſe." Perhaps it was this laſt kind of Lotos, which the companions of Ulyſſes taſted; and if it was thus prepared, it gives a reaſon why they were overcome with it; for being a wine, it had the power of intoxication. P.

Ver. 111.] Thus, more fully:

The three we dragg'd from off th' enchanting ground,
Weeping, reluctant ——.

He probably borrowed an *epithet* from Chapman:

I made out after, and was faine to ſever
Th' *enchanted* knot.

The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep 115
The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour thro' the tide,
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd: 120

Ver. 114. *The charm once tasted, had return'd no more.*] It must be confessed, that the effects of this Lotos are extraordinary, and seem fabulous; how then shall we reconcile the relation to credibility? The foundation of it might perhaps be no more than this: the companions of Ulysses might be willing to settle amongst these Lotophagi, being won by the pleasure of the place, and tired with a life of danger and the perils of seas. Or perhaps it is only an allegory, to teach us that those who indulge themselves in pleasures, are with difficulty withdrawn from them, and want an Ulysses to lead them by a kind of violence into the paths of glory. P.

Ver. 119. *The land of Cyclops first.*] Homer here confines himself to the true geography of Sicily: for, in reality, a ship may easily sail in one day from the land of the Lotophagi to Sicily: these Cyclops inhabited the western part of that island, about Drepane and Lilybæum. Bochart shews us, that they derive their name from the place of their habitation; for the Phæacians call them Chek-lub, by contraction for Chek-lelub; that is, the gulf of Lilybæum, or the men who dwell about the Lilybæan gulf. The Greeks (who understood not the Phænician language) formed the word Cyclop, from Chek-lub, from the affinity of sound; which word in the Greek language, signifying a circular eye, might give occasion to fable that they had but one large round eye in the middle of their foreheads. *Dacier.*

Eustathius tells us, that the eye of Cyclops is an allegory, to represent that in anger, or any other violent passion, men see but one single object, as that passion directs, or see but with one eye: εἰς ἴν τι, καὶ μόνον ἰφορᾷ: and passion transforms us into a kind of savages, and makes us brutal and sanguinary, like this Polypheme;

Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.

and he that by reason extinguishes such a passion, may, like Ulysses, be said to put out that eye that made him see but one single object.

I have already given another reason of this fiction; namely, their wearing a head-piece, or martial vizor, that had but one sight through it. The vulgar form their judgments from appearances; and a mariner, who passed these coasts at a distance, observing the resemblance of a broad eye in the forehead of one of these Cyclops, might relate it accordingly, and impose it as a truth upon the credulity of the ignorant: it is notorious that things equally monstrous have found belief in all ages.

But it may be asked if there were any such persons who bore the name of Cyclops? No less an historian than Thucydides informs us, that Sicily was at first possessed and inhabited by giants, by the Læstrigons and Cyclops, a barbarous and inhuman people: but he adds, that these savages dwelt only in one part of that island.

Cedrenus gives us an exact description of the Cyclops: Ἐκεῖθεν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐμπίπτει Κύκλωπι ἐν Σικελίᾳ ὄντι ἑνὶ ὀφθαλμῷ, &c. "Ulysses fell among the Cyclops in Sicily; a people not one-"ey'd, according to the mythologists, but men like other men, "only of a more gigantick stature, and of a barbarous and sa-"vage temper." From this description, we may see what Homer writes as a Poet, and what as an Historian; he paints these people in general agreeably to their persons, only disguises some features, to give an ornament to his relation, and to introduce the marvellous, which demands a place chiefly in Epick poetry.

What Homer speaks of the fertility of Sicily, is agreeable to history: it was called anciently *Romani Imperii Horreum.* Pliny, *lib.* x. *cap.* 10. writes, that the Leontine plains bear for every grain of corn, an hundred. Diodorus Siculus relates in his history what Homer speaks in poetry, that the fields of Leontium yield wheat without the culture of the husbandman: he was an eye-witness, being a native of the island. From hence in general it may be observed, that wherever we can trace Homer, we find, if not historick truth, yet the resemblance of it; that is, as plain truth as can be related without converting his poem into an history. P.

Ver. 121.] Ogilby is more close to his author, and might easily be polished into a tolerable couplet:

The ſoil untill'd a ready harveſt yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty cluſters pour,
And Jove deſcends in each prolifick ſhow'r. 126
By theſe no ſtatutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,

Who, the Gods truſting, neither plant nor ſow,
Where all things without human labour grow.

I ſhall give a literal verſion of the paſſage to ſhew more advantageouſly the beauty of our Poet's execution:

— — — — confiding in th' immortal Gods,
Their hands nor plant inſert, nor plow the ſoil;
Unſown, unplow'd, their crops ſpontaneous riſe,
Wheat, barley, vines, (whoſe ample grapes produce
A copious vintage) fed by ſhowers from Jove.

Ver. 126.] This verſe is tranſlated from Virgil's eclogue, vii. 67.

Jupiter et læto deſcendet plurimus imbri:
And Jove deſcends in ſhowers of kindly rain,

as Dryden excellently renders it.

Ver. 127. *By theſe no ſtatutes and no rights are known,*
No council held, no monarch fills the throne.]

Plato (obſerves Spondanus) in his third book of laws, treats of government as practiſed in the firſt ages of the world; and refers to this paſſage of Homer; mankind was originally independant, every "Maſter of a family was a kind of king of his family, "and reigned over his wife and children like the Cyclopeans," according to the expreſſion of Homer,

Τοῖσιν δ' ὅτ' ἀγοραὶ βουληφόροι, ὅτι θέμιστες.

Ariſtotle likewiſe complains, that even in his times, in many places, men lived without laws, according to their own fancies, ζῇ ἕκαστος ὡς βούλεται, κυκλωπικῶς θεμιστεύων παίδων, ἢ ἀλόχου, referring likewiſe to this paſſage of Homer.

Dacier adds from Plato, that after the deluge, three manners of life ſucceeded among mankind; the firſt was rude and ſavage;

But high on hills or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell. 130

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men were afraid of a second flood: and therefore inhabited the summits of mountains, without any dependance upon one another, and each was absolute in his own family: the second was less brutal; as the fear of the deluge wore away by degrees, they descended towards the bottom of mountains, and began to have some intercourse: the third was more polished; when a full security from the apprehensions of a flood was established by time, they then began to inhabit the plains, and a more general commerce by degrees prevailing, they entered into societies, and established laws for the general good of the whole community. These Cyclopeans maintained the first state of life in the days of Ulysses; they had no intercourse with other societies, by reason of their barbarities, and consequently their manners were not at all polished by the general laws of humanity. This account agrees excellently with the holy Scriptures, and perhaps Plato borrowed it from the writings of Moses; after the deluge men retreated to the mountains for fear of a second flood; the chief riches, like these Cyclopeans, consisted in flocks and herds; and every master of a family ruled his house without any controul or subordination. P.

Ver. 128.] The proper *participle* is *holden*. We might substitute,

No council *meets*.

Ver. 129. *But high on hills — — or deep in caves.*] This is said, to give an air of probability to the revenge which Ulysses takes upon this giant, and indeed to the whole story. He describes his solitary life, to shew that he was utterly destitute of assistance; and it is for the same reason, continues Eustathius, that the Poet relates that he left his fleet under a desart neighbouring island, namely to make it probable, that the Cyclops could not seize it, or pursue Ulysses, having no shipping. P.

Ver. 130.] An abominable line! without the least authority for the latter clause in his original. A very slight correction of Ogilby pleases me more:

These by no power supreme, or laws, are ty'd;
But in vast caves on mountain-tops reside:

Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.
Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove, 135
Where savage goats thro' pathless thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, thro' the wint'ry cold
Pursue their flight; but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desart ground. 140
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;

With private laws their wives and children sway:
Nor *councils heed*, nor *law-givers* obey.

Ver. 134. *An isle, whose hills*, &c.] This little isle is now called Ægusa, which signifies the isle of goats. Cluverius describes it after the manner of Homer, *Prata mollia, & irrigua, solum fertile, portum commodum, fontes limpidos.* It is not certain whether the Poet gives any name to it; perhaps it had not received any in those ages, it being without inhabitants; though some take λάχεια for a proper name, as is observed by Eustathius. P.

Ver. 135.] Our Poet injudiciously follows the opinion of some interpreters, mentioned by Eustathius, in making a proper name of an *epithet* signifying *little*. The version of Chapman is very exact:

— — — — But there stood
Another *little* ile, well stor'd with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie
The Cyclops ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.

Ver. 138.] Thus Hobbes:
Nor *wretched* hunters ever enter in.

But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermilion prore, 145
Or bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gave on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil. 150
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murm'ring main, 155
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.
A port there is, inclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd;

Ver. 144. *Bleating goat.*] It is exactly thus in the original, verse 124, μηκάδας, *balantes*; which Pollux, *lib.* v. observes not to be the proper term for the voice of goats, which is φριμαγμὰς. P.

Ver. 153.] The translator misrepresents his author, and may be rectified by the following adjustment, which is exact:

There waving harvests soon would load the field,
There vines unfading a full vintage yield:
By the hoar ocean stretch the blooming meads;
Deep is the soil, and fertile moisture feeds.

Ver. 157.] The latter clause is interpolated: perhaps, from Ogilby. Thus?

A port there is, where ships *secure* may *ride*,
May ride secure, unanchor'd and unty'd.

'Till the glad mariners incline to ſail,
And the ſea whitens with the riſing gale. 160
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a guſhing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green
The buſhing alders form'd a ſhady ſcene.
Hither ſome fav'ring God, beyond our thought, 165
Thro' all-ſurrounding ſhade our navy brought;
For gloomy Night deſcended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in th' ethereal plain:
But all unſeen the clouded iſland lay,
And all unſeen the ſurge and rolling ſea, 170
'Till ſafe we anchor'd in the ſhelter'd bay:

Ver. 161.] The rhyme is inaccurate. Our Poet could have included the verſes in one good couplet:

High at it's head, beneath the rocky ground,
Guſh'd forth a limpid rill, with poplars crown'd.

Or, the rhymes of our Poet may thus be ſuperſeded:

High at it's head, from out the cavern'd *ground*,
In *limpid* rills a fountain *ſtream'd around*.
Above, *high-floating and* for ever green —.

Ver. 165. *Hither ſome fav'ring God* ———] This circumſtance is inſerted with great judgment, Ulyſſes otherwiſe might have landed in Sicily, and fallen into the hands of the Cyclopeans, and conſequently been loſt inevitably: he therefore piouſly aſcribes his ſafety, by being driven upon this deſolate iſland, to the guidance of the Gods; he uſes it as a retreat, leaves his navy there, and paſſes over into Sicily in one ſingle veſſel, undiſcovered by theſe gigantick ſavages; this reconciles the relation to probability, and renders his eſcape practicable. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 167.] Or thus:

All-gloomy Night *ſat brooding* on the main,
Nor Phœbe's *glimmerings ſhew'd* th' ætherial plain.

Ver. 170.] The rhyme is unhappily incorrect. Thus? with ſuperiour fidelity:

Our ſails we gather'd, caſt our cables o'er,
And ſlept ſecure along the ſandy ſhore.
Soon as again the roſy morning ſhone, 174
Reveal'd the landſcape and the ſcene unknown,
With wonder ſeiz'd, we view the pleaſing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the lawn:

No ſurges rolling landward we ſurvey —.

Ver. 177.] Or thus, with repetition:

We view transported, and expatiate round.

Nor would the Greek term be unſucceſsfully repreſented by a beauty, elſewhere furniſhed by our tranſlator:

Tranſported view, and ramble round and round.

Ver. 178. *The woodland nymphs.*] This paſſage is not without obſcurity, and it is not eaſy to underſtand what is meant by *the daughters of Jupiter*. Euſtathius tells us, the Poet ſpeaks allegorically, and that he means to ſpecify the plants and herbs of the field. Jupiter denotes the air, not only in Homer, but in the Latin Poets. Thus Virgil:

"Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus æther
"Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit ——"

and conſequently the herbs and plants, being nouriſhed by the mild air and fruitful rains, may be ſaid to be the daughters of Jupiter, or offſpring of the ſkies; and theſe goats and beaſts of the field, being fed by theſe plants and herbs, may be ſaid to be awakened by the daughters of Jupiter, that is, they awake to feed upon the herbage early in the morning. Κῦραι Διὸς, ἀλληγορικῶς αἱ τῶν φυτῶν αὐξητικαὶ δυνάμεις, ἃς ὁ Ζεὺς ποιεῖ. Thus Homer makes Deities of the vegetative faculties and virtues of the field. I fear ſuch boldneſſes would not be allowed in modern poetry.

It muſt be confeſſed that this interpretation is very refined: but I am ſure it will be a more natural explication to take theſe for

In haste our fellows to the ships repair, 180
For arms and weapons of the silvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away: 185
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supply'd, (for twelve were all the fleet).
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars. 191
The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear,
And from their mountains rising smokes appear.

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the real mountain nymphs (*Oreades*) as they are in many places of the Odyssey; the very expression is found in the sixth book,

— — — Νύμφαι κοῦραι Διὸς———

and there signifies the nymphs attending upon Diana in her sports: and immediately after Ulysses, being awakened by a sudden noise, mistakes Nausicaa and her damsels for nymphs of the mountains or floods. This conjecture will not be without probability, if we remember that these nymphs were huntresses, as is evident from their relation to Diana. Why then may not this other expression be meant of the nymphs that are fabled to inhabit the mountains? P.

Ver. 180.] Rhymes not justly correct. Thus? more closely:

In haste our comrades from the vessels bear
The bearded arrow and the quivering spear.

Ver. 194.] The full sense of his author may be thus exhibited:

And *noise of men*; *whilst* rising smokes appear.

Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er 195
The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
Satiate we slept: but when the sacred dawn
Arising glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and these words addrest.
My dear associates, here indulge your rest: 200
While, with my single ship, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,
Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right;
Or such who harbour pity in their breast, 205
Revere the Gods, and succour the distrest?
This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;
My train obey'd me and the ship unty'd.

Ver. 198.] Or thus:

With rising light impearl'd the dewy lawn.

Ver. 201. *While, with my single ship, advent'rous I.*] The reader may be pleased to observe, that the Poet has here given the reins to his fancy, and run out into a luxuriant description of Ægusa and Sicily: he refreshes the mind of the reader with a pleasing and beautiful scene, before he enters upon a story of so much horrour, as this of the Cyclops.

A very sufficient reason may be assigned, why Ulysses here goes in person to search this land: he dares not, as Eustathius remarks, trust his companions: their disobedience among the Ciconians, and their unworthy conduct among the Lotophagi, have convinced him that no confidence is to be reposed in them; this seems probable, and upon this probability Homer proceeds to bring about the punishment of Polypheme, which the wisdom of Ulysses effects, and it is an action of importance, and consequently ought to be performed by the hero of the poem. P.

Ver. 205.] The reader may compare the translation of these verses at book vi. verse 141, and book viii. verse 627.

In order ſeated on their banks, they ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the neareſt verge of land we drew,
Faſt by the ſea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with dark'ning laurels cover'd o'er;
Where ſheep and goats lay ſlumb'ring round the ſhore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine, and ſpreading oak.
A giant-ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature, or in face;

Ver. 215.] Thoſe rhymes are juſtly exceptionable. Thus? with more fidelity:

A marble fence ran round, high, deeply laid;
Tall pines and towering oaks diffus'd their ſhade.

But our Poet ſeiz'd what he found in Ogilby:

— — — cut from the *rocks*
Appear'd a court built high with pines, and *oaks*.

Ver. 217.] There is ſomething not perfectly unconſtrained in the ſecond line of this couplet. Thus? in connection with the ſubſtitution juſt propoſed:

Far from the reſt, beneath this gloom of rock,
A ſolitary giant kept his flock.

Ver. 221. *A form enormous! far unlike the race of human birth.*] Goropius Becanus, an Antwerpian, has wrote a large diſcourſe to prove, that there never were any ſuch men as giants; contrary to the teſtimony both of profane and ſacred hiſtory: thus Moſes

As ſome lone mountain's monſtrous growth he ſtood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.

ſpeaks of the Rephaims of Aſteroth, the Zamzummims of Ham, the Emims of Moab, and Anakims of Hebron. See Deut. ii. ver. 20. "That alſo was called a land of giants, it was a great "people, and tall as the Zamzummims." Thus Goliah muſt be allowed to be a giant, for he was ſix cubits and a ſpan, that is, nine feet and a ſpan in height; his coat of mail weighed five thouſand ſhekels of braſs, about one hundred and fifty pounds: (but I confeſs others underſtand the leſſer ſhekel) the head of his ſpear alone weighed ſix hundred ſhekels of iron, that is, about eighteen or nineteen pounds. We find the like relations in profane hiſtory: Plutarch in his life of Theſeus ſays, that age was productive of men of prodigious ſtature, giants. Thus Diodorus Siculus; *Ægyptii ſcribunt, Iſidis ætate, fuiſſe vaſto corpore homines, quos Græci dixere gigantes.* Herodotus affirms that the body of Oreſtes was dug up, and appeared to be ſeven cubits long; but Aulus Gellius believes this to be an errour. Joſephus writes, *l.* xviii. *c.* 6. that Vitellius ſent a Jew named Eleazar, ſeven cubits in height, as a preſent from Artabanes king of the Parthians, to Tiberius Cæſar; this man was ten feet and a half high. Pliny vii. 16. ſpeaks of a man that was nine feet nine inches high; and in another place, vi. 30. *Sybortas, gentem Æthiopum Nomadum, octona cubita longitudine excedere.*

Thus it is evident, that there have been men of very extraordinary ſtature in former ages. Though perhaps ſuch inſtances were not frequent in any age or any nation. So that Homer only amplifies, not invents; and as there was really a people called Cyclopeans, ſo they might be men of great ſtature, or giants.

It may ſeem ſtrange that in all ancient ſtories the firſt planters of moſt nations are recorded to be giants; I ſcarce can perſuade myſelf but ſuch accounts are generally fabulous; and hope to be pardoned for a conjecture which may give a ſeeming reaſon how ſuch ſtories came to prevail. The Greeks were a people of very great antiquity; they made many expeditions, as appears from Jaſon, &c. and ſent out frequent colonies: now the head of every colony was called Ἄναξ, and theſe adventurers being perſons of great figure in ſtory, were recorded as men of war, of might and renown,

I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve the boldest and the best,
I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.
Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron, of Evantheus' line,
(The priest of Phœbus at th' Ismarian shrine:)
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;

---

through the old world: it is therefore not impossible but the Hebrews might form their word *Anac*, from the Greek ἄναξ, and use it to denote persons of uncommon might and abilities. These they called *Anac*, and sons of Anac; and afterwards in a less proper sense used it to signify men of uncommon stature, or giants. So that in this sense, all nations may be said to be originally peopled by a son of Anac, or a giant. But this is submitted as a conjecture to the reader's judgment. P.

Ver. 223.] Thus Ogilby:

Who a prodigious size shew'd when *he stood*,
Like a tall mountain *crown'd with* stately *wood*.

Hobbes has treated his readers on this occasion with a *metaphor*, which diverted us heretofore in some part of these remarks, in a quotation from another poetaster:

It was a huge and ugly monster, and
Lookt not unlike a rocky mountains head
That does 'mongst other hills as under stand,
With a great *perriwig of trees* o'erspread.

Ver. 229. *Precious wine, the gift of Maron.*] Such digressions as these are frequent in Homer, but I am far from thinking them always beauties: it is true, they give variety to poetry; but whether that be an equivalent for calling off the attention of the reader from the more important action, and diverting it with small incidents, is what I much question. It is not indeed impossible but this Maron might have been the friend of Homer; and this praise of him will then be a monument of his grateful disposition;

Him, and his house, heav'n mov'd my mind to save;
And costly presents in return he gave; 235
Seven golden talents to perfection wrought;
A silver bowl, that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now some ages from his race conceal'd, 240
The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd.
Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam,
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream

---

and in this view a beauty. It must be confessed that Ulysses makes use of this wine to a very good effect, *viz.* to bring about the destruction of Polypheme, and his own deliverance; and therefore it was necessary to set it off very particularly, but this might have been done in fewer lines. As it now stands it is a little episode; our expectations are raised to learn the event of so uncommon an adventure, when all of a sudden Homer breaks the story, and gives us a history of Maron. But I distrust my judgment much rather than Homer's. P.

Thus Ogilby:

And a barachio full of mighty *wine*,
Which Maron gave me who kept Phœbus *shrine*.

Ver. 238.] So Chapman:

— — — fill'd with such *wine*,
As was incorruptible and *divine*.

Ver. 243. *Scarce twenty measures from the living stream*
To cool one cup suffic'd ———]

There is no wine of so strong a body as to bear such a disproportionable quantity; but Homer amplifies the strength of it to prepare the reader for its surprising effects immediately upon Polypheme. P.

Or, more faithfully:

Full twenty measures from the living stream
But cool'd one cup: *with this* the goblet crown'd,
Gales of resistless fragrance breath'd around.

To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatick fragrancies around. 245
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul foreboded I should find the bow'r
Of some fell monster, fierce with barb'rous pow'r,
Some rustick wretch, who liv'd in heav'n's despight, 250
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within,
(His flock the giant tended on the green)

The thought of Homer, which I have endeavoured to represent by the word *resistless*, is thus quaintly, but significantly, exhibited in Chapman's version:

Had you the odour smelt, and sent it cast,
It would have vext you to forbeare the taste.

Ver. 250. *Some rustick wretch, who liv'd, &c.*] This whole passage must be considered as told by a person long after the adventure was past, otherwise how should Ulysses know that this cave was the habitation of a savage monster before he had seen him? and when he tells us that himself and twelve companions went to search what people were inhabitants of this island? Eustathius and Dacier seem both to overlook this observation; for in a following note she condemns Ulysses for not flying from the island, as he was advised by his companions. But if, on the other hand, we suppose that Ulysses was under apprehensions, from the savageness of the place, of finding a savage race of people, it will be natural enough that his mind should forebode as much; and it appears from other passages, that this sort of instinctive presage was a favourite opinion of Homer's. P.

Ver. 251.] Or thus:

Contemning *law divine* and *human* right.

Ver. 252.] These shocking rhymes he filcht from Ogilby;

The cave we found, but found not him *within*;
He fed his fleecy flocks *upon the green*.

But round the grot we gaze; and all we view,
In order rang'd, our admiration drew: 255
The bending ſhelves with loads of cheeſes preſt,
The folded flocks each ſep'rate from the reſt,
(The larger here, and there the leſſer lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid diſtinguiſh'd from the lambkin lies:) 260
The cavern echoes with reſponſive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and veſſels of the milking trade.
With freſh proviſions hence our fleet to ſtore
My friends adviſe me, and to quit the ſhore; 265
Or drive a flock of ſheep and goats away,
Conſult our ſafety, and put off to ſea.
Their wholeſome counſel raſhly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monſtrous kind,
And try what ſocial rites a ſavage lends: 270
Dire rites alas! and fatal to my friends!

Thus, perhaps:

The cave we found; *no ſhepherd there was ſeen.*

Ver. 257.] His author dictates,

The *crouded* flocks—.

Ver. 261.] A paltry line, interpolated by the tranſlator.

Ver. 266.] A couplet, perhaps, with Chapman's rhymes would be preferable to theſe:

Firſt from the coats his cattle to convey;
Conſult our ſafety then, and ſail away.

Ver. 271.] Or thus, more agreeably to Homer's language:

Sad trial, view unlovely, to my friends!

Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and pray'r.
The loaden shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last. 275
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the pond'rous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now driv'n before him, thro' the arching rock, 280
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind,
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind)
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate.
(Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars, compact and strong, 286
The massy load could bear, or roll along.)

Ver. 272.] This devout couplet is expanded from the following words of his author:

A fire we lit for sacrifice.

Ver. 278.] Thus Ogilby:

Which *thunder'd* as he threw it on the ground:
Amaz'd we fly, and dark *recesses* found.

I should prefer, for closer conformity to the Greek;

— — — We, *trembling* then
Rushi to the *dark* recesses of the den.

Ver. 282.] He borrows his *epithet* from Ogilby:

There his *full udder'd* ewes he milks.

He next betakes him to his ev'ning cares,
And sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams, 290
Then to the mother's teat submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hard'ning cheese he press,
And high in wicker-baskets heap'd: the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd his nightly feast.
His labour done, he fir'd the pile that gave 295
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires.
What are ye, guests? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander thro' the wat'ry way? 300

Ver. 290.] Thus the same translator:

— — — when all were milk'd, the *lambs*
And wanton kids he lets forth to their *dams*.

Ver. 297.] This connection, between the *fire* and their discovery, seems natural and just, though not marked in the original, which may be verbally given thus:

Then lit the fire, and saw and question'd us.

But so Chapman too:

— — — he began his fire;
Which blowne, he saw us:

and Hobbes:

He made a fire, and thereby spy'd us out:

with Dacier: "Il alluma du feu, & nous ayont apperçus, à la "clarté du feu, il nous cria."

Ver. 299.] See this passage, rendered in book iii. verse 84. more diffusely. Our Poet seems to have had an eye on Ogilby, whose execution is curious:

Strangers, who are you, from whence come you, *say?*
Merchants are you, or have you lost your *way?*

Pirates perhaps, who ſeek thro' ſeas unknown
The lives of others, and expoſe your own?
His voice like thunder thro' the cavern ſounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at ſight of more than mortal man! 305
At length, with heart recover'd, I began.
From Troy's fam'd fields, ſad wand'rers o'er the main,
Behold the relicks of the Grecian train!
Thro' various ſeas by various perils toſt, 309
And forc'd by ſtorms, unwilling, on your coaſt;

Or piccaroons, who wander through the floods
To make a prey of honeſt peoples goods?

Ver. 307. *From Troy's fam'd fields*, &c.] This ſpeech is very well adapted to make an impreſſion upon Polypheme. Ulyſſes applies to move either his fears or his compaſſion; he tells him he is an unfortunate perſon, and comes as a ſuppliant; and if this prevails nothing, he adds, he is a ſubject of the great Agamemnon, who had lately deſtroyed a mighty kingdom: which is ſpoken to make him afraid to offer violence to the ſubject of a king who had power to revenge any injuries offered his people. To intimidate him further, he concludes with the mention of the Gods, and in particular of Jupiter, as avengers of any breach of the laws of hoſpitality: theſe are arguments well choſen to move any perſon, but an inhuman Polypheme. *Euſtathius.* P.

Or thus? with more vivacity:

From Troy's fam'd fields, *lorn* wand'rers o'er the main,
See the ſad relics of the Grecian train!

Ver. 309.] Our tranſlator might glance on Chapman, whoſe verſion is ſimple and pleaſing; and there find his faulty rhyme:

— — — Erring Grecians we
From Troy were turning homewards; but by force
Of adverſe winds, in far diverted courſe,
Such unknowne waies tooke, and on rude ſeas *toſt*
(As Jove decreed) are caſt upon this *coaſt*.

Ver. 310.] This epithet *unwilling*, which is not furniſhed by

Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command!
Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides's friends, (in arms a mighty name) 310
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow;
'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe: 320
'Tis what the Gods require: those Gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.
Fools that ye are! (the savage thus replies, 325
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)

Homer, implies no great compliment of engaging form or agreeable speech to soothe the formidable stranger; and reminds me of a couplet in Hudibras, part iii. cant. i. verse 1185.

Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more (quoth he) *than I love you.*

Ver. 313.] The following is a literal version of this passage:

The host of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Ourselves we stile; whose glory scales the sky:
He sackt so great a city, and destroy'd
So many people!

Military heroism could not be depicted in truer colours.

Ver. 325.] Ogilby's version of this passage bids *loud* defiance to the delicacy of modern manners:

Then roughly he reply'd: A fool thou art,
Or stranger: I not value Gods a—.

Ver. 326.] This line is added by the invention of the translator.

Or ſtrangers, diſtant far from our abodes,
To bid me rev'rence or regard the Gods.
Know then we Cyclops are a race, above 329
Thoſe air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourſelves incline.
But anſwer, the good ſhip that brought ye o'er,
Where lies ſhe anchor'd? near, or off the ſhore?
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find, 335
(Vers'd in the turns of various human kind)
And cautious, thus. Againſt a dreadful rock,
Faſt by your ſhore the gallant veſſel broke.
Scarce with theſe few I 'ſcap'd; of all my train, 339
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main;
The ſcatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.
He anſwer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;

Ver. 330.] For this happy turn of the ſtanding epithet, *ægis-bearing* Jove, our Poet was indebted to his predeceſſors. So Chapman:

We Cyclops care not for your *goat-fed* Jove:

and thus Ogilby:

We Cyclops not *goat-foſter'd* Jove regard.

Ver. 337.] Imperfect rhymes. Thus?

— — — *Full on the rocky* ſhore,
At your *iſle's verge, our* gallant veſſel bore.

Ver. 342.] Dryden, at the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Æn. iii. 818.

Theſe eyes beheld, when with his ſpacious *hand*
He ſeiz'd two captives of our Grecian *band*.

And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor: 344
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast;
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:

Ver. 344. *And dash'd like dogs——*
The pavement swims, &c.]

There is a great beauty in the versification in the original.

Σὺν δὲ δύω μάψας, ὥστε Σκύλακας ἀντὶ γαίῃ
Κόπτ' ἐν δ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ῥέε, δῦε δὲ γαῖαν.

Dionysius Halicarn. takes notice of it, in his Dissertation upon placing words: when the companions of Ulysses, says that author, are dash'd against the rock, to express the horrour of the action, Homer dwells upon the most inharmonious harsh letters and syllables: he no where uses any softness, or any run of verses to please the ear. Scaliger injudiciously condemns this description; "Homer, (says he) makes use of the most offensive and loathsome "expressions, more fit for a butcher's shambles than the majesty "of heroick poetry." *Macrobius, lib.* v. *cap.* 13. of his *Saturnalia,* commends these lines of Homer, and even prefers them before the same description in Virgil; his words are, *Narrationem facti nudam Maro posuit, Homerus πάθος miscuit, & dolore narrandi invidiam crudelitatis æquavit.* And indeed he must be a strange critick that expects soft verses upon a horrible occasion, whereas the verses ought, if possible, to represent the thought they are intended to convey; and every person's ear will inform him that Homer has not in this passage executed this rule unsuccessfully. P.

Ogilby renders thus:

——— like whelps, and dash'd against the *floor,*
Sprinkling the ground with reeking brains and *gore.*

I know not, if the following variation will be deemed an improvement;

Dasht *on the ground,* like dogs! The stony floor
Swims with *bespatter'd* brains and *gushing* gore.

Dryden, in the parallel place of Virgil:

With spouting blood the purple *pavement swims.*

He ſucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, fleſh, nor ſolid bone remains.
We ſee the death from which we cannot move, 350
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant ſwill'd;
Then ſtretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay ſenſeleſs, and ſupine, amidſt the flock. 355
To ſeize the time, and with a ſudden wound
To fix the ſlumb'ring monſter to the ground,
My ſoul impels me; and in act I ſtand
To draw the ſword; but Wiſdom held my hand.
A deed ſo raſh had finiſh'd all our fate, 360
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeleſs grief we lay,
And ſigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies 365

Ver. 351.] Thus, conformably to the words of his author:

And ſtretch with tears deſpairing hands to Jove.

Ver. 361.] Or, with more ſimplicity and fidelity:

Our force too feeble from the lofty gate
To puſh the rock.

Ver. 363.] We may thus conſult the nicety of Homer's language:

And *groaning wait* the *kindly beams* of day.

Ver. 365.] There is an unuſual tardineſs in this verſe. It may be accelerated thus:

And ſhed her ſacred *radiance thro'* the ſkies.

He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams;
And to the mother's teat submits the lambs.
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd and whistling, drives his flock before;
Removes the rocky mountain from the door, 371
And shuts again: with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills. 375
Thus left behind, e'en in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my breast;
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:
The monster's club within the cave I spy'd, 380
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.

Ver. 374.] This embellishment is not from Homer, but Dacier: "*Faisant retentir toute la campagne* du son effroyable de son chalu-"meau."

Ver. 382.] Our Poet much curtails his author here; of whom the following version is literal:

Green from the wood; cut off to help his steps,
When dry'd. Our eyes it's monst'rous bulk compar'd,
To the tall mast of some large merchant ship,
That skims the spacious deep with twenty oars:
Such was it's length, it's thickness such, to view.

This ſhorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to ſhape it and to plain; 385
The narrow'r end I ſharpen'd to a ſpire;
Whoſe point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the duſt that ſtrow'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who firſt the vent'rous deed ſhould try?
In the broad orbit of his monſtrous eye 391
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When ſlumber next ſhould tame the man of blood.
Juſt as I wiſh'd, the lots were caſt on four:
Myſelf the fifth. We ſtand and wait the hour. 395
He comes with ev'ning: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:

Ver. 385.] So Chapman:

— — — — which I, in part, hew'd ſmall,
And cut a fathome off.

Ver. 388.] Hobbes is preciſe:

And laid it by with *dung* all cover'd o'er.

And ſo Chapman. Our tranſlator follows Ogilby:

— — — — — — then thruſt,
Of which his cave had ſtore, amidſt the *duſt*.

Ver. 392.] Rather,

To *grind* the brand *of hard* and pointed wood.

Ver. 394. *The lots were caſt* ———] Ulyſſes bids his friends to caſt lots; this is done to ſhew that he would not voluntarily expoſe them to ſo imminent danger. If he had made the choice himſelf, they whom he had choſen might have thought he had given them up to deſtruction, and they whom he had rejected might have judged it a ſtain upon them as a want of merit, and ſo have complained of injuſtice; but by this method he avoids theſe inconveniencies. P.

Not one, or male or female ſtaid behind;
(So fortune chanc'd, or ſo ſome God deſign'd)
Then heaving high the ſtone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate. 401
Firſt down he ſits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next ſeiz'd two wretches more, and headlong caſt,
Brain'd on the rock; his ſecond dire repaſt. 405
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:

Ver. 398.] The proper force of his author is not to be diſcovered through this tranſlation. We may rectify it thus:

None, male or female, *left he then* behind;
Or from ſuſpicion, or ſo ſome God deſign'd.

Ver. 399. *Or ſo ſome God deſign'd.*] Ulyſſes aſcribes it to the influence of the Gods that Polypheme drives the whole flock into his den, and does not ſeparate the females from the males as he had before done; for by this accident Ulyſſes makes his eſcape, as appears from the following part of the ſtory. Homer here uſes the word ὀισσάμενος, to ſhew the ſuſpicion which Polypheme might entertain that Ulyſſes had other companions abroad who might plunder his flocks; and this gives another reaſon why he drove them all into his cave, namely for the greater ſecurity. P.

Ver. 404.] This part is very ill done: I ſhall attempt ſomething more exact:

When all his work was order'd as before,
He ſnatch'd for ſupper two companions more,
Then to the Cyclops with theſe words I went,
And a full bowl of purple wine preſent:

in which effort almoſt every word of Homer is exhibited, without interpolation.

Ver. 405.] A miſtake of the tranſlator. This was the *third* meal. See verſes 343 and 369.

Cyclop! ſince human flesh has been thy feaſt,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digeſt:
Know hence what treaſures in our ſhip we loſt,
And what rich liquors other climates boaſt. 411
We to thy ſhore the precious freight ſhall bear,
If home thou ſend us, and vouchſafe to ſpare.
But oh! thus furious, thirſting thus for gore,
The ſons of men ſhall ne'er approach thy ſhore,
And never ſhalt thou taſte this nectar more. 416

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted, ſwill'd the large luxurious draught.
More! give me more, he cry'd: the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'ſt celeſtial wine! 420
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unbleſt Cyclopean climes produce,
(Tho' ſure our vine the largeſt cluſter yields,
And Jove's ſcorn'd thunder ſerves to drench our fields)

Ver. 408.] Faulty rhymes! Thus?
Cyclop! *receive* this goblet *from thy guest*:
Wine with thy meal of human fleſh digeſt.

Ver. 410.] Or thus, with correcter rhymes and more fidelity:
Know hence what treaſures in our ſhip *were ſtor'd*,
And what rich liquors other *climes afford*.

Ver. 417.] Bad rhymes! I would propoſe, as follows, a more faithful verſion:
He heard, he took; and, *to his inmoſt ſoul*
Enrapt'ur'd, ſwill'd the large luxurious *bowl*.

Ver. 424.] He goes wide of his author here. Thus?
And Jove's *own ſhowers but fertilize* our fields.

But this descended from the blest abodes, 425
A rill of nectar, streaming from the Gods.
He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful speech I resume. 430
Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title: Noman is my name.

Ver. 425.] Or thus, for a reason perpetually stated:

This juice, of blissful origin, distils
From founts ambrosial and nectareous rills.

Ver. 428.] The latter clause of this verse is nobly conceived, with an energetic diction, characteristic of the true powers of poetry. The next verse is prosaic in comparison.

Ver. 432. — — *Noman is my name.*] I will not trouble the reader with a long account of ὄτις to be found in Eustathius, who seems delighted with this piece of pleasantry; nor with what Dacier observes, who declares she approves of it extremely, and calls it a very happy imagination. If it were modesty in me to dissent from Homer, and two commentators, I would own my opinion of it, and acknowledge the whole to be nothing but a collusion of words, and fitter to have place in a farce or comedy, than in Epick poetry. Lucian has thus used it, and applied it to raise laughter in one of his facetious dialogues. The whole wit or jest lies in the ambiguity of ὄτις, which Ulysses imposes upon Polypheme as his own name, which in reality signifies *No Man.* I doubt not but Homer was well pleased with it, for afterwards he plays upon the word, and calls Ulysses ἐτιδαὸς ὄτις. But the faults of Homer have a kind of veneration, perhaps like old age, from their antiquity.

Euripides has translated this whole passage in his tragedy, called the Cyclops. The chorus begins thus, *Why dost thou thus cry out, Cyclops?* Cyc. *I am undone.* Cho. *You seem to be in a woeful condition.* Cyc. *I am utterly miserable.* Cho. *You have been drunk and fallen into the embers.* Cyc. *Noman has undone me.* Cho. *Will*

By that diſtinguiſh'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.
The giant then. Our promis'd grace receive,
The hoſpitable boon we mean to give;
When all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,
Noman ſhall be the laſt I will devour.
He ſaid; then nodding with the fumes of wine
Dropt his huge head, and ſnoring lay ſupine.
His neck obliquely o'er his ſhoulders hung,
Preſt with the weight of ſleep that tames the ſtrong:

---

then, No man has injured you. Cyc. *Noman has blinded me.* Cho. *Then you are not blind.*

This appears to me more fit for the two Soſias in Plautus, than for tragick or epick poetry; and I fancy an author who ſhould introduce ſuch a ſport of words upon the ſtage, even in the comedy of our days, would meet with ſmall applauſe. P.

So both Chapman and Hobbes;

My name is No-man.

Ver. 435.] This reply ſeems to me but lamely done, not to mention the faulty rhymes. Thus?

Receive the hoſpitable favour due;
No-man I eat the laſt of all his crew;
(The monſter thus with ruthleſs ſoul replies)
His crew devour'd, not ſooner, No-man dies.

Ver. 439.] Dryden, in the parallel paſſage of Virgil:

For gorg'd with fleſh, and drunk with human *wine*,
While faſt aſleep the giant *lay ſupine*,
Staring aloud, and *belching* from his maw
His *indigeſted* foam, and morſels raw —.

Ver. 442.] Theſe are no rhymes. I cannot challenge the reader's approbation to any thing but the fidelity of my own attempt:

There belcht the mingled ſtreams of wine and
blood,
And human fleſh, his indigeſted food.
Sudden I ſtir the embers, and inſpire 445
With animating breath the ſeeds of fire;
Each drooping ſpirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The ſtake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and ſparkled fiery red. 450
Then forth the vengeful inſtrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by ſome preſent God, they ſwift let fall
The pointed torment on his viſual ball.
Myſelf above them from a riſing ground 455
Guide the ſharp ſtake, and twirl it round and
round.

With ſlacken'd nerves his neck ſee! backward fall;
Preſs'd by the hand of Sleep that conquers all.

Ver. 445.] The verſion here is not accurate, which Hobbes will ſerve to demonſtrate:

The bar with embers then I covered,
'Till (green as 'twas) with heat I made it ſhine;
And with few words my men encouraged,
Leſt any ſhould have ſhrunk from the deſign.

The ſequel of our Poet's verſion here is grand indeed.

Ver. 454.] A verſe uncommonly dignified in it's expreſſion, and of Miltonian ſublimity.

Ver. 456.] So, with wit moſt exquiſite, in the Dunciad, ii, 263, and incomparable felicity of diction:

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round.

See the note above, on verſe 177.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out: 460
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows, the scorching lids grow black;
The gelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when arm'rers temper in the ford 465
The keen-edg'd pole-ax, or the shining sword,

Ver. 458. *Who ply the wimble.*] This and the following comparison are drawn from low life, but ennobled with a dignity of expression. Instead of πολὺς, Aristarchus reads ἰχνοῦς, as Eustathius informs us. The similitudes are natural and lively, we are made spectators of what they represent. Sophocles has imitated this, in the tragedy where Œdipus tears out his own eyes; and Euripides has transferred this whole adventure into his Cyclops with very little alteration, and in particular the former comparison. But to instance in all that Euripides has imitated, would be to transcribe a great part of that tragedy. In short, this episode in general is very noble; but if the interlude about Οἶνος be at all allowable in so grave and majestick a poem, it is only allowable because it is here related before a light and injudicious assembly; I mean the Phæacians, to whom any thing more great or serious would have been less pleasing; so that the Poet writes to his audience. I wonder this has never been offered in defence of this low entertainment. P.

Ver. 464.] So Chapman:

——— his eye-strings did *cracke*:

And Shakespere's Cymbeline, i. 4.

I would have broke mine eye-strings, *crack'd* them, but
To look upon him.

The red-hot metal hiſſes in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiſs'd the plunging ſtake.
He ſends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Thro' all their inmoſt winding caves reſound. 470
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantick hand
He tore, and daſh'd on earth the goary brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair, 475
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haſte aſſembled, at his well-known roar,
Enquire the cauſe, and croud the cavern door.
What hurts thee, Polypheme? what ſtrange affright 479
Thus breaks our ſlumbers, and diſturbs the night?

Ver. 469.] The paſſage is finely done; but a cloſe inſpection of the original may ſuggeſt, perhaps, ſome improvements: thus:

He *roars* a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their caves *the dreadful groan* reſound.
Scar'd we *fly back*: he *pluck'd* with frantic hand,
And *down, in anguiſh*, daſh'd the gory brand.

Dryden, at the parallel relation in the Æneid:

The neighbouring Ætna trembling all *around*:
The *winding* caverns echo to the *ſound*.

Ver. 473.] Thus Ogilby:

Who near in caves, on mountain tops did *dwell*;
They gather ſtraight, alarum'd at the *yell*.

who derived his rhymes from Chapman.

Ver. 479.] The rhymes are from Chapman, whom the reader would not thank me for quoting.

Does any mortal in th' unguarded hour
Of ſleep, oppreſs thee, or by fraud or pow'r?
Or thieves inſidious the fair flock ſurpriſe?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies. 484
Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of ſleep, oppreſſes me with fraudful pow'r.
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
"Inflict diſeaſe, it fits thee to reſign:
"To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray:"
The brethren cry'd, and inſtant ſtrode away. 490
Joy touch'd my ſecret ſoul, and conſcious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and ſearches round and round:
At laſt, the ſtone removing from the gate, 495
With hands extended in the midſt he ſat:

Ver. 489.] His author dictates this:

Come, to thy father, *ſovereign* Neptune, pray.

Ver. 491.] A very meagre couplet. On Ogilby's rhymes may be conſtructed a better, and one literally faithful:

My ſecret ſoul with conſcious rapture ſmil'd,
That thus the name and artful ſcheme beguil'd.

Ver. 495. — — *The ſtone removing from the gate.*] This conduct of Polypheme may ſeem very abſurd, and it looks to be improbable that he ſhould not call the other giants to aſſiſt him, in the detection of the perſons who had taken his ſight from him; eſpecially when it was now day-light, and they at hand. Euſtathius was aware of the objection, and imputes it to his folly and dullneſs. Tully, 5 Tuſcul. gives the ſame character of Polypheme; and becauſe it vindicates Homer for introducing a ſpeech

And ſearch'd each paſſing ſheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to ſeize us ere we reach'd the door.
(Such as his ſhallow wit, he deem'd was mine)
But ſecret I revolv'd the deep deſign; 500
'Twas for our lives my lab'ring boſom wrought;
Each ſcheme I turn'd, and ſharpen'd ev'ry thought;
This way and that, I caſt to ſave my friends,
'Till one reſolve my varying counſel ends.
Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largeſt of the fleecy care. 506
Theſe three and three, with oſier bands we ty'd,
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed ſupply'd)

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of Polypheme to his ram; I will beg leave to tranſcribe it: *Tireſiam, quem ſapientem fingunt poetæ, nunquam inducunt deploranteu cæcitatem ſuam; at verò Polyphemum Homerus, cum immanem ferumque finxiſſet, cum ariete etiam colloquentem facit, ejuſque laudare fortunas, quod quà vellet, ingredi poſſet, & quæ vellet attingere: recte hic equidem; nihilo enim erat ipſe Cyclops quam aries ille prudentior.* This is a full defence of Homer; but Tully has miſtaken the words of Polypheme to the ram, for there is no reſemblance to *ejus laudare fortunas, quod quà vellet ingredi poſſet, &c.* I ſuppoſe Tully quoted by memory. P.

Ver. 496.] Rather, according to his author,
With hands *expanded*:
as he occupied the entrance, he had no occaſion to *extend* his hands, on account of his ſize: but thus Ogilby:
Then ſate with palms *extended* midſt the gap.

Ver. 497.] More accurately, thus:
And *ſearch'd* each *coming* ſheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to ſeize us *iſſuing at* the door.

Ver. 507.] Thus, with greater fidelity:

The midmost bore a man; the outward two
Secur'd each side: so bound we all the crew. 510
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.

In silence these with osier bands we ty'd,
By threes; our hands the Cyclop's bed supply'd.

Ver. 511. *One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock.*] This passage has been misunderstood, to imply that Ulysses took more care of himself than of his companions, in chusing the largest ram for his own convenience: an imputation unworthy of the character of an hero. But there is no ground for it, he takes more care of his friends than of his own person, for he allots them three sheep, and lets them escape before him. Besides, this conduct was necessary; for all his friends were bound, and, by chusing this ram, he keeps himself at liberty to unbind the rest after their escape. Neither was there any other method practicable; for he, being the last, there was no person to bind him. *Eustathius.*

The care Ulysses takes of his companions agrees with the character of Horace.

"Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
"Pertulit"———

But it may seem improbable that a ram should be able to carry so great a burthen as Ulysses; the generation of sheep, as well as men, may appear to have decreased since the days of Ulysses. Homer himself seems to have guarded against this objection, he describes these sheep as εὐτριφέες, καλοὶ, μεγάλοι; the ram is spoken of as μακρὸ βίοιο, (an expression applied to Ajax, as Eustathius observes, in the Iliad.) History informs us of sheep of a very large size in other countries, and a Poet is at liberty to chuse the largest, if by that method he gives his story a greater appearance of probability. P.

Ver. 514.] The latter clause is interpolated, as furnishing a ready rhyme. Perhaps, too similar ideas are too frequently inculcated within so small a compass in the words *grasping, lock, inwove,*

When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales, 515
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along. 520
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.
The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.

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cling, implicit. I shall venture on a substitution, more nearly expressive of Homer's language:

There cling beneath, in woolly curls *intwin'd*;
And *call up all the patience of my mind.*

Ver. 515.] Before this verse our translator has omitted the following:

Thus the bless'd morn we wait with groaning hearts.

A good couplet may be formed from Ogilby chastised:

We, sighing *deep*, in this sad posture stay;
And *with firm hold* expect the *genial* day.

Ver. 517. *The ewes still folded,*
Unmilk'd, lay bleating——]

This particularity may seem of no importance, and consequently unnecessary: but it is in poetry as in painting; they both with very good effect use circumstances that are not absolutely necessary to the subject, but only appendages and embellishments. This particular has that effect, it represents Nature, and therefore gives an air of truth and probability to the story. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 519.] The rhyme is not correct, but an easy and elegant substitution does not present itself.

Ver. 522.] A verse of exquisite skill and beauty.

Him while he paſt the monſter blind beſpoke: 525
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
Firſt thou wert wont to crop the flow'ry mead,
Firſt to the field and river's bank to lead;
And firſt with ſtately ſtep at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows uſher to their bow'r. 530
Now far the laſt, with penſive pace and ſlow
Thou mov'ſt, as conſcious of thy maſter's woe!
Seeſt thou theſe lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train)
Oh! didſt thou feel for thy afflicted Lord, 535
And wou'd but Fate the pow'r of ſpeech afford;
Soon might'ſt thou tell me, where in ſecret here
The daſtard lurks, all trembling with his fear:

Ver. 525.] The rhymes may be rendered unexceptionable by the following adjuſtment of the couplet, and with advantage to fidelity:

Him, while he paſt, *beſpake* the monſter blind:
What makes *thee*, *deareſt* ram! *thus* lag *behind?*

Ver. 527.] Theſe rhymes are from Ogilby, whoſe diſtich, with little correction, is very good:

Accuſtom'd ever, far the firſt, to lead,
With pace majeſtic, to the flow'ry mead.

Ver. 537.] A very mean couplet; but cenſure is one thing, and amendment another, much more arduous. Thus? more faithfully:

Soon might'ſt thou tell me, where in ſecret lies
The ſculking daſtard, and my power defies:

or,

Then would'ſt thou tell me, in what corner hides
The ſculking villain, and my ſtrength derides.

Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock
to rock,
His batter'd brains shou'd on the pavement
smoke. 540
No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.
The giant spoke, and thro' the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and thro' th' enclosure past, 545
First I release myself, my fellows last;
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd. 550
Big tears of transport stand in ev'ry eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.

Ver. 539.] The rhymes will not pass; and too soon recur. Thus?

Dash'd on the rock, and whirling round and round,
His batter'd brains should sprinkle all the ground.
Revenge on No-man vile would give me rest,
And soothe the torturing anguish of my breast.

Ver. 547.] Thus, precisely:

We drive *the* sheep, *by circuit wide*, before.

Ver. 550.] This verse is untrue to it's original; but the couplet may be rendered faithful, thus:

With joy their friends our dear associates hail;
They greet the living, but the dead bewail.
While tears in sorrow stream from every eye,
I nod forbearance, and command to fly.
Aboard I bid them heave good store of sheep,
To take their stations, and to ply the deep.

Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.
Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear, 555
As far as human voice cou'd reach the ear;
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
Hear me, oh Cyclop! hear ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave; 560
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove,
Thy barb'rous breach of hospitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.
These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke; 565
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thund'ring on the flood.

Ver. 559.] Our Poet again exhibits a wrong conception of his author. The subjoined attempt is exact:

Thy lawless force devour'd in yonder cave
The dear companions of no coward slave.

Ver. 562.] Remove this ungracious open vowel:

— — — *an* instrument of Jove.

Ver. 565.] The rhymes are bad. I shall borrow Chapman's:

These words provoke the Cyclop's *fury more:*
From the tall hill a pointed rock he *tore.*

Ver. 567.] Wretched rhymes. Thus?

High *his strong arm* the massy *fragment drove:*
Close by the ship *it thunder'd* on the *wave.*

It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before: 569
The whole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.

Ver. 569. *It almost brush'd the helm, &c.*] The antients, remarks Eustathius, placed an obelisk and asterism before this verse; the former, to note that they thought it misplaced; the latter, to shew that they looked upon it as a beauty. Apparently it is not agreeable to the description; for how is it possible that this huge rock falling *before* the vessel should endanger the rudder, which is in the stern? Can a ship sail with the stern foremost? Some ancient criticks, to take away the contradiction, have asserted that Ulysses turned his ship to speak to Polypheme; but this is absurd; for why could not Ulysses speak from the stern as well as from the prow; it therefore seems that the verse ought to be entirely omitted, as undoubtedly it may without any chasm in the author. We find it inserted a little lower, and there it corresponds with the description, and stands with propriety.

But if we suppose that the ship of Ulysses lay at such a distance from the cave of Polypheme, as to make it necessary to bring it nearer, to be heard distinctly; then indeed we may solve the difficulty, and let the verse stand: for if we suppose Ulysses approaching towards Polypheme, then the rock may be said to be thrown before the vessel, that is, beyond it, and endanger the rudder, and this bears some appearance of probability.

This passage brings to my memory a description of Polypheme in Apollonius Argonaut. I.

Καὶ ὁ· ἀνὴρ καὶ πόντον ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
Οἰδμάτων, οὐδὲ θοὺς βάπτεν πόδας ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄκροις
Ἴχνεσι τιγόμενος διερῇ περιφόρητο κελεύθῳ.

If Polypheme had really this quality of running upon the waves, he might have destroyed Ulysses without throwing this mountain; but Apollonius is undoubtedly guilty of an absurdity, and one might rather believe that he would sink the earth at every step, than run upon the waters with such lightness as not to wet his feet. Virgil has more judiciously applied those lines to Camilla in his Æneis.

"— — Mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti
"Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas."

The Poet expresses the swiftness of Camilla in the nimble flow of the verse, which consists almost entirely of dactyles, and runs

The ſtrong concuſſion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the veſſel to the iſland's ſide:
Again I ſhov'd her off; our fate to fly,
Each nerve we ſtretch, and ev'ry oar we ply.
Juſt 'ſcap'd impending death, when now again 575
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raiſe my voice; my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my deſign diſſuade.
What boots the god-leſs giant to provoke?
Whoſe arm may ſink us at a ſingle ſtroke. 580
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old Ocean ſhook, and back his ſurges flew.
The ſounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'ſcap'd in vain.
But I, of mind elate, and ſcorning fear, 585
Thus with new taunts inſult the monſter's ear.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy diſgrace,
Aſk who disfigur'd thus that eye-leſs face?
Stay 'twas Ulyſſes; 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair; 590
Ulyſſes, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whoſe arm Troy tumbled to the ground.

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off with the utmoſt rapidity, like the laſt of thoſe quoted from Apollonius. P.

Ver. 584.] Our tranſlator might have included the whole ſenſe of his author in a triplet:

The rock *o'ertakes* us, and we *'ſcap'd* in vain;
Ourſelves and veſſel daſh'd, and plung'd beneath the main.

Ver. 592.] His author gives no ſpecification, thus:

Whoſe prowes tumbles cities to the ground.

Th' aſtoniſh'd ſavage with a roar replies:
Oh heav'ns! oh faith of antient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold, 595
(The mighty ſeer who on theſe hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long ſince he menac'd, ſuch was Fate's command;
And nam'd Ulyſſes as the deſtin'd hand. 600

Ver. 595. *This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold.*] This incident ſufficiently ſhews the uſe of that diſſimulation which enters into the character of Ulyſſes: if he had diſcovered his name, the Cyclops had deſtroyed him as his moſt dangerous enemy. Plutarch in his diſcourſe upon Garrulity, commends the fidelity of the companions of Ulyſſes, who when they were dragged by this giant and daſh'd againſt the rock, confeſſed not a word concerning their lord, and ſcorned to purchaſe their lives at the expence of their honeſty. Ulyſſes himſelf, adds he, was the moſt *eloquent* and moſt *ſilent* of men; he knew that a word ſpoken never wrought ſo much good, as a word concealed; Men teach us to ſpeak, but the Gods teach us ſilence; for ſilence is the firſt thing that is taught us at our initiation into ſacred myſteries; and we find theſe companions had profited under ſo great a maſter in ſilence as Ulyſſes.

Ovid relates this prophecy in the ſtory of Polypheme and Galatea.

" Telemus interea Siculum delatus in æquor,
" Telemus Eurymedes, quem nulla fefellerat ales,
" Terribilem Polyphemon adit; lumenque quod unum
" Fronte geris mediâ, rapiet tibi, dixit, Ulyſſes:
" Riſit, et, O vatum ſtolidiſſime, falleris, inquit,
" Altera jam rapuit:"—— P.

Ver. 596.] Theſe *three* verſes are expanded from the following portion of his original:

— — — who in prophecy excell'd,
And here grew old in practice of his art.

I deem'd ſome god-like giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean deſign,
Who not by ſtrength ſubdu'd me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray 605
Great Neptune's bleſſing on the wat'ry way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own;
Th' immortal father no leſs boaſts the ſon.
His pow'r can heal me, and re-light my eye;
And only his, of all the Gods on high. 610

Ver. 601.] Thus, more faithfully:

I deem'd ſome *noble hero* to behold,
Of ſize majeſtick, comely, ſtrong, and bold.

Ver. 603. *Not this weak pigmy-wretch——*] This is ſpoken in compliance with the character of a giant; the Phæacians wondered at the manly ſtature of Ulyſſes; Polypheme ſpeaks of him as a dwarf; his rage undoubtedly made him treat him with ſo much contempt. Nothing in nature can be better imagined than this ſtory of the Cyclops, if we conſider the aſſembly before which it was ſpoken; I mean the Phæacians, who had been driven from their habitation by the Cyclopeans, as appears from the ſixth book of the Odyſſey, and compelled to make a new ſettlement in their preſent country: Ulyſſes gratifies them by ſhewing what revenge he took upon one of their antient enemies, and they could not decently refuſe aſſiſtance to a perſon, who had puniſhed thoſe who had inſulted their fore-fathers. P.

This phraſe *of mean deſign* is a botch for the rhyme only. Not a worſe diſtich, perhaps, may be made from Ogilby:

Now *a poor deſpicable* dwarf, I find,
In wine my ſenſes drown'd, has made me blind.

Ver. 609.] The ſounds at the concluſion of this verſe are peculiarly unpleaſant to the ear. Thus? with more preciſion:

His pow'r can heal me, and *relume this* eye;
And only his, *of men, or* Gods on high.

Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vaſt bulk diſlodge thy bloody mind,
And ſend thee howling to the realms of night!
As ſure, as Neptune cannot give thee ſight.
Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries, 615
With hands uplifted to the ſtarry ſkies.
Hear me, oh Neptune! thou whoſe arms are hurl'd
From ſhore to ſhore, and gird the ſolid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth diſown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy ſon; 620
Let not Ulyſſes breathe his native air,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair.

Ver. 614.] Our tranſlator has fortunately been guided here by Dacier and Hobbes, inſtead of his mere cuſtomary directors, Chapman and Ogilby, who have groſsly miſtaken and miſrepreſented this plain paſſage of their author.

Ver. 617. *The prayer of the Cyclops.*] This is a maſter-piece of art in Ulyſſes; he ſhews Neptune to be his enemy, which might deter the Phæacians from aſſiſting in his tranſportation, yet brings this very circumſtance as an argument to induce them to it. *O Neptune, ſays the Cyclops, deſtroy Ulyſſes, or if he be fated to return, may it be in a veſſel not of his own!* Here he plainly tells the Phæacians that the prayer of Cyclops was almoſt accompliſhed, for his own ſhips were deſtroyed by Neptune, and now he was ready to ſail in a foreign veſſel; by which the whole prayer would be compleated. By this he perſuades them, that they were the people ordained by the Fates to land him in his own country. P.

His original may be fully rendered thus:

> Thou, Neptune! hear, whoſe *liquid* arms are hurl'd,
> *God with green treſſes!* round the ſolid world.

If to review his country be his fate,
Be it thro' toils and suff'rings, long and late;
His lost companions let him first deplore; 625
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign suff'rings freed,
More near and deep, domestick woes succeed!
With imprecations thus he fill'd the air, 629
And angry Neptune heard th' unrighteous pray'r.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it sung across the main:
It fell, and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the shore.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea, 635
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
Our sight the whole collected navy chear'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.

Ver. 624.] Thus, more precisely:

Be it thro' suff'rings *dire*, and *be it* late.

Ver. 627.] Homer says only,

— — — and havoc find at home:

out of which our Poet has fabricated this couplet, not without an eye, perhaps, on Ogilby; who is concise, and by no means to be despised:

Drown'd his companions first, then let him come
In a strange vessel, to *more mischief* home.

Ver. 635.] The rhyme is insufferable, and the sentiment unknown to his author here. The following substitution is faithful:

The surge absorbt us backward in the bay.
At length the island, where our vessels lay,
We gain'd: our sight the *crews* collected cheard—.

There disembarking on the green sea-side,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide: 640
Of these due shares to ev'ry sailor fall;
The master ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
With pious mind to heav'n I consecrate.
But the great God, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice; 646
And sees me wand'ring still from coast to coast;
And all my vessels, all my people, lost!

Ver. 642. *The master ram was voted mine*——] This perhaps might be a present of honour and distinction: but I should rather take it with Eustathius to be the ram which brought Ulysses out of the den of Polyphemo. That hero immediately offers it in sacrifice to Jupiter, in gratitude for his deliverance; an instance of piety to be imitated in more enlightened ages. P.

Ver. 643.] This explanatory clause is not from Homer, but from Dacier: "Et d'un commun consentement ils me firent pre-"sent à moi seul du belier, *qui m'avoit sauvé*."

Ver. 645.] Thus Ogilby:

Which I to Jove, who rules both earth and *skies*,
Offer'd, but he contemn'd our *sacrifice*.

But our Poet, had he known to be accurate, would have written thus:

With pious mind to *Jove* I consecrate.
That sov'reign God, whose *clouds involve* the skies—.

Ver. 647.] The rhymes must not pass. I shall submit a corrected couplet to the indulgence of the reader:

From *shore* to *shore* still *dooms* to *view* me *toss*;
My vessels *shatter'd*, and my people lost:

or, more nearly:

My vessels *wreck'd*, my *dear companions* lost.

While thoughtleſs we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite; 650
'Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the ſhore in careleſs eaſe we reſt,
'Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the eaſt.
Then from their anchors all our ſhips unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now rang'd in order on our banks, we ſweep 656
With haſty ſtrokes the hoarſe reſounding deep;
Blind to the future, penſive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

Ver. 652.] Bad rhymes! Thus?

Stretch'd on the ſhore we *ſink* in *ſweet repoſe*,
'Till the red morn with chearing beam aroſe.

Ver. 654.] Or thus, without interpolated thoughts:

Without delay my comrades I command,
To mount the decks, and looſe the ſhip from land.

Ver. 656.] It may be doubted, whether our Poet have improved Ogilby:

Then plac'd in order on their bancks, they ſweep
The briny ſurface of the foamy deep. EDITOR.

The book concludes with a teſtimony of this hero's humanity; in the midſt of the joy for his own ſafety his generous heart finds room for a tender ſentiment for the loſs of his companions; both his joys and his ſorrows are commendable and virtuous.

Virgil has borrowed this epiſode of Polyphemus, and inſerted it into the third of the Æneis. I will not preſume to decide which author has the greateſt ſucceſs, they both have their peculiar excellencies. Rapin confeſſes this epiſode to be equal to any parts of the Iliad, that it is an original, and that Homer introduced that monſtrous character to ſhew the marvellous, and paint it in a new ſet of colours. Demetrius Phalereus calls it a

piece of ſublime ſtrangely horrible; and Longinus, even while he is condemning the Odyſſey, allows this adventure of Polypheme to be very great and beautiful; (for ſo Monſieur Boileau underſtands Longinus, though Monſieur Dacier differs from his judgment.) In Homer we find a greater variety of natural incidents than in Virgil, but in Virgil a greater pomp of verſe. Homer is not uniform in his deſcription, but ſometimes ſtoops perhaps below the dignity of epick poetry; Virgil walks along with an even, grave, and majeſtick pace: they both raiſe our admiration, mixed with delight and terrour. P.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.